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LIFE IN THE CLOISTER
IN THE PAPAL COURT
AND
IN EXILE

An Autobiography

BY

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA



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1877

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DEDICATION.

TO GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE MIO,

Inspired as an Italian by gratitude to the Liberator of our Country, and animated as a Friend by the most ardent affection, I venture to Dedicate this Book to you, assured that you will not disdain the offering, but, with your usual benevolence, will give to me and to all who read it the pleasure to see my Work united with your name.

May you be well and happy is my earnest hope and that of my Family.

Your Friend,

G. M. CAMPANELLA.

PREFACE.

THE kind reception given to the First Volume of my Life, and the favourable opinion of the free English press, have encouraged me to publish another volume. The lamented death of Giuseppe Mazzini in 1872 has made me earnestly desirous to offer a tribute to the memory of one to whom Italy owes so much, by a short notice of his devoted life and invaluable service in the cause of progress, not only to Italy, but to the progress of humanity throughout Europe. I have made some extracts in this work from his warm-hearted addresses to the working men.

I have also made some change in the title of the whole work, as the real interest it has, and the sole reason of its having been offered to the English public is, that it is a faithful record of Life in the Cloister, at the Papal Court, in Venice in '48 (during a short but most interesting period), and in Exile. The life of an unknown foreigner could not otherwise have a general interest.

GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA.

34, St. Charles Square,
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*David Aaron Hunt -
16 Mago Row, Coburn*

CHAPTER I.

PATRAS.

THOSE who have been kindly interested in the events related in my first volume, having followed me in the various vicissitudes of Life in the Convent, at the Papal Court, and in the memorable Defence of Venice in 1848-9, will now, I trust, feel an interest in Life in Exile, as related by one amongst the many Italians who emigrated after the Capitulation of Venice, on the twenty-second of August, eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

The hope which had kept up our courage even to the last hour had vanished—Venice, the beautiful, the beloved, had capitulated; and we, her defenders, whither should we go?

After much serious consideration we determined to direct our course to Corfu, and, if possible, to land there.

The Ionian Republic, however, of which Corfu was then the capital, refused to receive us.

It was at that time under the protection, or rather, we may say, the rule of a Lord High Com-

missioner from Great Britain, resident at Corfu, from whom the refusal emanated.

It was a severe disappointment to the hopes which had been excited in our minds by the well-known hospitable shelter given in England to emigrants from every country.

We were, however, obliged in consequence of this decision to change our course, and we made for Patras.

Now, again, as upon our melancholy departure from Venice, the winds are propitious, and we land without difficulty at Patras.

It is a beautiful seaport upon the gulf which bears its name, the seat of a Greek archbishopric, with a population at that time (1849) of about 18,000 inhabitants, animated by a most active commerce.

The Greek Government did not make the slightest objection to our landing. The people of Patras, on their part, received us in the most kind and cordial manner. As the days of our sojourn amongst them passed on, we became still more and more in favour with these good people of Patras.

It was a commercial community, and as such was not displeased to find that, together with other good qualities in us, we had the means to pay our way amongst them.

In fact, we had been, as it were, obliged to accumulate, since in the last months of the defence of Venice we should not have known where, or in what way, to spend money, had we desired to do so. Besides this, upon our departure we had each received three months' pay, to which was again added the sum of money which Manin had ordered to be distributed to each one of us in the Gulf of Corfu.

These were favourable circumstances; and contributed, as I have said, to make us welcome at Patras during the first weeks of our abode there. The Italian emigration, however, since our arrival, had been continually increasing on account of many emigrants from the kingdom of Piedmont. These unfortunate men had been sent to Patras, as vagabonds and dangerous to order, by the Government, and were—the greater number of them—without the means of subsistence. In fact, it must be said that they were, with very few exceptions, the very lowest of society.

They were for the most part young and healthy. But for them the *dolce far nulla* was the rule of practice, and full confidence that the bread of existence would come down to them from Heaven was their faith. With the usual *pazienza* (patience) they waited in expectation of this miracle, and only

lost their trust in it when they found that in fact this bread never came. Then, indeed, *pazienza* gave way to the despair which too often leads to deplorable excesses.

It will be easily imagined that the doctrines of Communism were quite in favour with such men. I am sorry to be obliged to confess, also, that they were often pushed to the extreme by these "brothers in exile."

In these sad circumstances there were not wanting earnest efforts on the part of those sincere patriots and true Liberals amongst us, who had assumed the moral responsibility of guiding the emigration. They were enabled to maintain its honour, and to prevent excesses and disorder.

The conduct of these excellent men is above all praise. Even in exile they render homage to their unhappy country.

If it were not too long, I would say a few words of each of them. I must, however, mention one, Major Rossi, formerly an officer in the Austrian Marine, a native of Venice. Brave and distinguished as a soldier, he was always a sincere and affectionate friend to me.

Several others, who with him had formerly belonged to the Austrian Marine, having become patriotic defenders in the siege of Venice, were

now amongst us as exiles at Patras, and were our good friends. Our excellent Major Materazzo* was still with us, but soon after he left for Constantinople.

The true Italian, General Rizzardi, continued with us at Patras; and I formed there a sincere friendship with him. He was then advanced in years, but kept himself upright and active—above all, with a youthful freshness in mind.

Frequently, as we were walking together, he reasoned with me frankly upon the miseries of humanity, and upon the defects of our social arrangements. His words are engraven upon my memory when he, himself a military man, spoke to me upon the military profession and upon a standing army. He said he had arrived at the conclusion that, as long as amongst men any can be found proud of decorating themselves with swords and other deadly weapons, real harmony and concord cannot be permanent. “No, no,” he exclaimed one day, when we were speaking upon this subject, “there will not be peace, in equal justice, and in respect to the rights of each and of all, until standing armies—that negation of all right, in the affirmation of brute force—shall entirely disappear, to give place to the armed and educated nation, in which every citizen is a soldier for the defence of his country.”

* Vol. I. chap. xviii. p. 246, Major Materazzo.

Amongst the forty citizens who were especially named as exiled by the Austrians at the capitulation of Venice many had emigrated with us to Patras. Il Padre Rainieri (*cappuccino*) was one of these. He was a learned and eloquent priest, and at heart a lover of his country. He had not, however, been able to divest himself of his belief in the absurdities of dogmatic Romanism. He loved the religion of his childhood, and clung to his early faith in it almost as a poetical illusion dear to him from its many associations. But, to his honour it must be said, that he rejected with indignation the evil consequences resulting from them, when made use of by monk or priest in order to mislead the ignorant people, to enrich the Church, or merely to promote selfish ends.

In accordance with his own faith, Padre Rainieri often spoke earnestly to me; seeking by every means in his power to bring me back to the Roman Church. I could only answer that it was not possible for me to accept the tenets of any religious system so long as they seemed to me to be absurd. We remained together, opposite in opinion upon this subject, but not upon that account the less sincere in our mutual good-will and friendship.

I should be truly happy to know that he still lives, and to press his hand again with sincere

affection. He was a visionary, but in good faith; and most pure and gentle in his life and character.

We had now been some months in Patras, and a few amongst us had made good use of the money they had, investing it in some honest trade; thus assuring for themselves a continuation of the means of subsistence. The greater number, however, true to their faith in patience and the *dolce far niente*, as I before said, were now reduced to extreme poverty. These poor men, knowing that I had studied music, and my passionate love for it, as well as my singularly powerful voice, came and begged me to give a concert for their benefit.

This I gladly promised to do, since I could thus be of use to these unfortunate emigrants, a thing which above all did my heart good.

It was also a pleasure, because my intense love for music had not abandoned me; on the contrary, the forced privation of this delight during the siege of Venice had very much increased my passion for it. The idea of finding myself in a public concert was quite welcome, and, as it were, smiled cheerfully upon me.

Therefore the necessary measures were soon taken, and the concert was arranged. An artist as conductor was found; but the vocalists were not there to be had, and the question was—What is

to be done for the execution of the vocal music?

This difficulty, however, was not allowed to defeat our object. I was not at all deterred, but rather amused, that thus—on my first concert—the want of other singers placed me in the necessity to sing all alone. And in this way the concert took place. It consisted of seven or eight pieces—I do not exactly recollect, but I think there were eight—which, with a simple instrumental accompaniment, I sang solo.

I was not at all put out, singing thus for the first time, in a room face to face with a select audience, so different to the mass of people I had been accustomed to see from the *cantorie* (organ-loft) below in the churches. I did my best, gave pleasure, and was rewarded with applause.

I was much pleased with the success of this my first experiment in secular music, and still more gratified when it was ascertained that the number of the audience had been great, and in consequence that the profit thence accruing to the poorest emigrants was not inconsiderable. It was in fact sufficient, and was immediately distributed amongst them. By its help they were enabled to leave for the Levant, where they hoped more easily to find an opening, some in Smyrna, some in Constantinople, some in Alexandria.

I took as a good omen this fortunate result of my first concert, and in this I was not deceived, as my readers will have opportunities to observe in the course of this narrative.

It was the good genius of my venerated *maestro*, Francesco Stabile,* who in this, to me, entirely new career, gave the power, and with the power, the ineffable satisfaction to be useful to those who were less fortunate than myself.

I continued for some time after this to live in peace at Patras ; and, indeed, had no idea of going anywhere else, since upon the whole, all the circumstances being taken into consideration, I did not find myself at all badly off there.

One morning, however, I received a letter from Malta, enclosing a programme for a patriotic rising in Sicily. The programme was printed, but several signatures were affixed to it. The first of these was the signature of the illustrious Sicilian patriot, Ruggiero Settimo. There is certainly no one in Italy who has at heart the love of his country, and does not reverently raise his hat at the name of this fearless patriot, this venerable citizen.

When the great outbreak of 1848 was preparing, I had travelled through Sicily and Upper Italy in the years 1846-7, as I have narrated, in connection with several of the Liberal Committees, in order to

* Vol. I. chap. vi. p. 100, Francesco Stabile.

complete the line of communication, and thus prepare the movement, so that at the slightest intimation a general rising should take place. It was upon that occasion, at Palermo, that I became acquainted with Ruggiero Settimo,* he being also most actively interested in this work. The friendship we then formed had not been forgotten by him. He had followed my various course of action; and finding me still constant in working for Italy, he had directed to my care the paper upon which his signature was the first.

It invited all sincere and conscientious patriots to endeavour in every possible way to obtain permission from the Government of Malta to remain there. This, once obtained, they were desired to concert a landing in some part of Sicily, whence a general Italian rising might be excited.

So strong was still in me the ardent desire to be able to do something to free Italy from foreign and domestic tyranny, that the seed of this invitation could scarcely have fallen upon ground better prepared to receive it. It came to me as an electric shock, and with all my powers I gave myself to the work. Several generous companions united to assist in the difficult mission of finding suitable men to help us towards the end in view. We made use of the caution and prudence so im-

* Vol. I. chap. xv. p. 203, Ruggiero Settimo.

periously demanded by the circumstances, and succeeded in engaging trustworthy and courageous men for this service.

I then wrote to Malta, informing the Committee there, from whom the programme came, of the good result of our endeavours,—that the men were ready, and only waited the order to move forward. The answer soon came, and made known to us that it was already quite time to move; that Corfu was the point of departure for Malta, where those who came from Patras would find others who had been disposed to join in the enterprise from other parts of the Ionian Islands. The letter further intimated that on the journey and at Corfu the greatest care must be taken to separate entirely one from the other, and to act simply as individuals and men of business. This was necessary to our success, because the English protectorate of Corfu would certainly forbid our landing if it had the slightest suspicion of our connivance with the revolutionary movement.

We therefore observed the greatest secrecy respecting our mission, and were careful not even to appear as if known to each other.

In this manner we set out on our voyage to Corfu. The expedition was never mentioned but to those only who were engaged in it. It may be

truly said that we merely disappeared. On one fine morning Patras lost sight of us. Only to the General Rizzardi, knowing him perfectly trustworthy, and from the warm affection which bound me to him, I could not keep the secret from this beloved friend.

To him, just before our departure, I revealed everything. This excellent one encouraged me, pressing me to his heart; and with tears of affection he said, "I weep—yes—I weep from regret that my advanced age prevents my taking part also in such an enterprise. Oh, how happy I should be if I could go with you!"

To one other I made known my intended visit to Corfu, carefully concealing, however, its object. This was to the Count Roma of Zante, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted at Patras.

United with full twenty valid and resolute patriots we left Corfu for Malta in a wretched sailing vessel, intending to land at night, and hoping thus to elude the vigilance of the authorities—a vigilance which we well knew to be extreme, but which we had certainly under-rated. The passage was long and tedious, and seemed still more so to us from the increasing anxiety we felt as to the result of the arduous enterprise, which to us, at a distance,

had appeared certain of success ! We already found ourselves in front of the rocks which form the group of Malta, rich in historical records of the glorious deeds of the ancient order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Of that Malta whose fate, similar to that of Venice, once illustrious and Italian, but seized by the French near the end of the last century, and then, as a piece of merchandise, ceded by them to England—a brutal story, in which force and power overcame reason and right.. But we at that moment could not dwell upon these past sorrows.

Instead of this we were carefully looking out with the greatest anxiety to find if it were possible that the so ardently desired landing could be effected unobserved by any one.

Too certainly we became convinced that the surveillance was at every point, and that it was most active. In fact, that it was quite impossible to carry out our plan.

Whilst we were in this state of painful disappointment and anxiety an order came to us from Malta itself. I do not remember if it were from Ruggiero Settimo or from Luigi Stabile, another promoter of the enterprise. In this order we were desired to send a few of our number direct to the English Governor of Malta, in order to have per-

mission from him to land, and then afterwards ask of him personally leave for us all to remain in the Island of Malta.

In compliance with this order four of us, of which number I was one, left the boat, and soon, without any difficulty, we found ourselves face to face with the Representative of the free Great Britain in Malta. It had been the policy of England to select him as one exactly suited to the genius of the Maltese population, for who does not know that the Maltese are zealous Papists?

Now in the United Kingdom itself there is no limit to the diversity of religious belief. The Protestants, divided into their innumerable sects, are as free and ardent in England and Scotland as the Romanists in Ireland.

But, unfortunately for us, it was not so in Malta. The Governor, whose word must be law for us, was an Irishman, and in matters of religious belief most strict and dogmatic. Elegant and even *recherché* in dress and manner, he was quite a contrast to us with our anxious faces and somewhat worn and shabby dress. And yet those rich vestments of his covered a weak spirit, enslaved by a narrow and cruel superstition; whilst amongst us were men who on trial had proved how strong in them was the love of humanity and of Italy, and

who, even in misfortune, had remained faithful to the fallen cause, and firm in the unwearied prosecution of a self-imposed apostleship.

The Governor looked at us from head to foot with an expression which seemed as if it would reproach us for the poverty of our dress, and sought to scrutinize our inmost thoughts

Notwithstanding this, and almost as if I had not observed his discourteous manner, I presented our request earnestly to him, and asked him to grant us permission to remain on the island. It was a waste of words. When he opened his mouth it was only to say, "I cannot, I cannot, I cannot;" and when I again urged our request, he added, "No; I cannot, I ought not, and I will not, because you are nothing but brigands, assassins, and heretics." And then, turning to me, he said, "And, besides, you are nothing else but one possessed by the Devil, and a detestable apostate."

It was with great effort that I kept down the anger which these words excited in me. But I succeeded. This, my natural displeasure, was overcome by the still more powerful longing desire I felt to be able to join the projected patriotic rising in Sicily. I therefore was able to answer him with perfect calmness, assuring him that we really were very different men from such as he thought us;

that our intentions in Malta were peaceful; and that we could not understand the cause of his refusal to receive us. It was useless to reason with a man of a similar temperament to his. Firm in his *non possumus*, a fit prelude to that of Pionono, he not only strongly repeated his refusal, but when I ventured once again to urge our petition he became extremely irritated. It was clear that the affair might end for us as a second San Bartholomew! as he dismissed us saying fiercely, "Not another word; for if you do not immediately depart, every one of you, I will have you all thrown into the sea."

After a refusal thus strongly repeated, and enforced by *so serious a menace*, it became a necessity to return at once to Corfu. We were all mournfully disappointed, and I, perhaps, most of all. We might not have been able to succeed; our attempt might have been totally insufficient to excite a movement for the redemption of Italy; the only result might have been to find ourselves prisoners in the hands of the Bourbons; or we might have been wounded or killed. Yet notwithstanding all these possible risks in our adventure, the bare idea of doing something for the freedom of Italy had so powerfully encouraged and animated us that the reversal was, indeed, most mournful!

As soon as we landed at Corfu each one took his way whence he came, and thus quite sadly I returned to Patras in a most melancholy state of mind.

- Here I tried with the greatest care to conceal my disappointment. To the inquisitive who besieged me to find out where I could have been, I answered that I had not been seen for the last few days as I had not been well. This did not at all satisfy them. However, they never got to know the cause of my disappearance, and this was the thing of most importance to me, because I would not upon any account that the failure of our enterprise should be the means of creating embarrassment and difficulties between the Italian emigration and the Greek Government. I returned, therefore, at once to make my home as before in Patras. But the excitement had been too great, and the reaction too painful. Uneasy and, as it were, without any fixed object as to what I ought to do, Patras had lost its charm for me, when a letter from Athens gave a welcome change to my thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRIGANDS.

THE letter came from the Princess Belgioso, and invited me to Athens for the purpose of giving a concert there in favour of the necessitous part of the Italian emigration.

After having myself witnessed in Naples how much had been done by the excellent Princess Belgioso for her country, the slightest wish—a simple intimation from her—had the force of a law for me.

Besides, the request to employ any musical talent I had in the service of my unfortunate companions in exile was at that moment of painful discouragement beyond measure welcome. The thought also that I should thus have an opportunity of seeing Athens was not a little pleasure. I determined, therefore, to set out at once for Athens.

It was easy to go there by sea, making use of the Austrian-Lloyd steamboats. But several of my Greek friends at Patras advised me to go by

land, in order to enjoy the beauty of that classic country in which the enchantment of Nature unites to that of the memories of heroic deeds, which the place and the ruins themselves so vividly recall to mind.

The so much to be desired improvement in the roads had not then been made. The best way to perform the journey[•] proposed to me was to take a horse, and to be accompanied by a guide.

The road we were to take as far as Corinth coasted the southern side of the Gulf of Lepanto, passing through Vostitza, Trypia, Krata, Kilo-kastro, and Vasiliko, over the Isthmus of Corinth, on the northern side of the Gulf of Egina, and so by the way of Megara and Eleusis to Athens.

The idea of this journey, so full of interest for me, was delightful. A guide who spoke Italian was soon found. This was not difficult, on account of the active commerce existing at that time between Greece and Venice.

The journey occupied about a fortnight. The accommodation at the miserable places at which we stayed to pass the night was certainly of the very lowest kind, but the *prestige* attached to the names merely of these scenes of heroic deeds made any sort of privation a matter of complete indifference.

My guide added to the pleasure of the journey, entertaining me with the imagination and vivacity so truly Greek, making me stop at one place and then at another quite still, whilst he narrated the glorious events which, as he said, had taken place just exactly where we then stood !

But if the information of my guide upon the journey was in this way pleasant, I must now relate a part of it which certainly was anything but reassuring and pleasing to me.

We were approaching a thick wood through which we must pass. Just as we were entering it, the guide abruptly (*succo succo*), almost as if it were a matter of course, said to me, "If, when we are in the midst of this thicket, you should hear men's voices crying out to you, not understanding Greek, do not lose time in asking me what they want. Dismount at once, and throw yourself flat on the ground, with your face to the earth, without once looking up." Not at all disturbed, but rather amused at this strange advice from my Greek friend, I said, jokingly, to him, "*Mo bravo!* (My brave fellow) this is a fine compliment you pay to me! Great danger, truly, in this wood! The Austrian bullets had respect for me, and now you would have me afraid of a brigand!"

But this time he was very serious. "It is only

too true, signore," he said; "in these places there is danger, and it is great!" Danger or not, there was no way to escape from it. I therefore gave myself up to my destiny, whatever it might be, and went forward, saying, "*Iddio ce la mandi buona!*" ("God grant it may end well!") My guide in the meantime, by way of precaution, continually counted his rosary; invoked Madonnas, saints, and souls in purgatory; and, whenever we had passed some place in which the bushes and trees had been thicker than usual, he, breathing more freely, turned to me, saying devoutly, "It is quite sure that all the saints are with us now to protect us!"

But behold, we have advanced only a short distance into the wood, and before us the trees are seen to be still closer together, when loud cries of "*Faccia a terra! Faccia a terra!*" ("Face to the ground") suddenly resound on all sides. Madonnas, saints, and souls in purgatory no longer are with us to protect us—almost as if they were frightened they hide themselves, disperse, and vanish!

Remembering instantly the advice of my guide, I dismounted, and threw myself down with my face to the ground. A few seconds and many hands were upon me, some taking what came first, others feeling from head to foot for more.

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In this infernal position I felt that the best way would be to give up all I had, in the hope thus to escape from an ignominious death. I had already many times braved death for my country in face of the Austrians, but I confess it was much worse to meet it here in this miserable way, for no object, at the hand of assassins !

Therefore I took my watch and chain and ring, and all the money I had, and gave to these men, in the hope that they would then spare my life. I did this without looking up, so that I could not see how many there were of them around me, but from the number of hands and from the sound of many voices in low but excited conversation, it seemed at least as if there must be some eight or ten of them. The most terrible part of it, however, was that they did not give the least sign of any intention to set me free. The minutes seemed ages to me whilst they kept on speaking amongst themselves, and, as I thought, were considering whether or not to kill me. I felt myself completely lost, and expected every minute to fall a victim to their cowardice and fury. The thought of my beloved mother, so far from me, and whom I now should never see again, greatly increased the anguish I felt in those terrible moments.

It was then that at length with the courage of

despair I rose, exclaiming, "Kill me, then, vile assassins!" Upon this I saw many stilettos quick as lightning gleaming around me, and heard immediately from a powerful voice, as of one who commands, "*Fermatevi!*" (stop.) In this extreme position I became calm. There were some twenty unfortunate creatures around me. Dirty, ragged, ignorant, and miserable, their haggard and sinister expression moved me to pity.

A few moments of suspense followed which seemed to me ages. I felt myself as a hero in comparison of so many cowards, only the thought of never more seeing my own mother was agonizing to me.

The silence was broken by the same voice, in pure Italian accent, asking, "*Signore, quale è il vostro nome e quale la patria vostra?*" ("Signor, what is your name and your country?") I confess it was in a voice trembling with emotion that I answered, "*Giuseppe Maria Campanella . . . nativo di Spinazzola . . . Provincia di Bari . . . nel regno delle due Sicilie.*" "*E qual'è la vostra professione?*" ("What is your profession?") "*Cantante*" (a singer). When they heard that I was a singer the *scena* from serious and truly tragical quickly changed into *semi-seria*, if not even, to speak more exactly, into *semi-buffa*. The brigands insisted

that there, as I stood, I should sing to them!

This strange and unexpected change was really *buffa-seria*; but without waiting for a second request I, with my constant companion, the tuning-fork (which in their search they had missed) intoned my voice in the best manner and executed the magnificent piece in Mercadente's opera, "*Il Giuramento*," "*Alla pace degli eletti*," beginning with the beautiful recitative which precedes it, "*Squilla di morte! ohimè! che intendo!*" a piece which I had well studied in the school of my master, Francesco Stabile.

That music was the first step towards my salvation; and thus, instead of Madonnas and saints and souls in purgatory, it was my friend and master who in that supreme moment powerfully came in to help and save me!

My brigand audience, numbering a full twenty, were very much pleased with my song, and a few entered into conversation with me. Several of them, being from Zante and Corfu, understood and spoke Italian.

I must not omit to mention that after the recitative, "*Squilla di morte! ohimè! che intendo!*" ("Bell of death! alas, what do I hear!") on singing "*Alla pace degli eletti*" I knelt, looking up to heaven, as is usual in that prayer "To the Peace

of the Redeemed," and to my surprise I saw all these men, with folded arms and heads bent reverentially, kneeling around me.

When they heard that I had been a priest, they said my appearance itself proved the truth of this fact, on account of the long black beard I had—a beard in Greece being a special distinction of the priesthood. Their curiosity soon became a real respect when they knew that besides a priest I had also, in the war for Italian Independence, been chaplain to the Neapolitan Volunteers in the defence of Venice. This was quite enough for them. Without wishing to hear more about me, from would-be assassins they became at once hospitable and friendly to me. They restored all they had taken so freely, as if before it had only been a joke and not the serious reality it was. Not satisfied with this, they insisted that we must go with them and take some refreshment.

The rough manner in which I had the honour to make their acquaintance did not promise much good fare, certainly; but as it turned out it could hardly have been better.

My guide and I walked on with this strange company. The miserable appearance of our escort—each one, however, armed with his gun, either over his shoulder walking, in his hand standing

still, or between the legs when halting to rest, and with stiletto ready to start forth at any moment—was singularly out of keeping with the scenes of beauty through which they led us: the narrow, scarcely perceptible track over the rocks, and then between the shade of trees, the most delicious fragrance rising up from odoriferous herbs under our feet, and over our heads the glorious resplendent sky of God's beautiful world!

On the side of a rocky hill we entered into a cave, and saw a youth there bound hand and foot with strong cords. They pointed him out to me as a spy of the Government, and I was told in secret that the minutes in the life of that young man were numbered. Hearing this, I warmly entreated the one whose voice, "*Permetevi!*" had turned the ready stiletto from me, not to take away the life he could not give. I said so much, and so earnestly, that he told me to untie the ropes myself. The prisoner fainted upon hearing these words. When he came to himself, grasping my hands, he bathed them with his hot tears, and immediately we came out of that diabolical cavern. As we kept on following the tortuous narrow track we came to a place at which, instead of the sweetness of aromatic herbs, there was a horrid smell in the air. Asking the cause, I was told it arose from

the body of a man who had deserved death, and who had been "justly killed" by them, and had been buried near the place we were passing. The smell from the body, they added, had attracted wild animals to the spot, and thus it had been torn out and devoured. In fact, close to this exhumed body were several wolves and foxes devouring it. Upon seeing us, and hearing the report of a gun, they disappeared in the thick wood, making that impure air resound with their howls.

Leaving this miserable scene the path, evidently more trodden, became wider, and although very steep and often interrupted by masses of stone, yet continually ascending it gave us the blessing of pure and odoriferous air. It brought us to a small space of level ground, whence we looked down, not only upon the vast sea, but also upon undulating land, with small groups of houses and trees, all picturesque and beautiful. Many rough articles of dress and furniture scattered about, and a dirty, torn tent, showed that some human beings had been here; and in fact three wretched-looking men came out of the tent. On seeing strangers they looked at me and my guide in a fierce, authoritative way, considering us as hostages. The chief, however, perceiving it, spoke to them, and they became civil to us.

A cloth was quickly spread upon the grass; there were table napkins, too, dirty enough, as was the cloth, broken plates, knives and forks of all sizes and shapes. This sort of table service did not surprise me, considering the company for which it was laid; but the feast before them did really astonish me. I had partaken of the best dinners in my own country, but truly this breakfast *al fresco* of my new friends outdid them all, consisting as it did of excellent salted fish, bread as fresh as if just out of the oven, the best Russian caviare, generous wine, and abundance of fruit.

In the midst of these good things the chief said to us, "Follow those four men." We did follow them a short distance down the hill from the place which served as our dining-room. Here old jackets and other articles of dress were on the ground, and two men were seated, each as usual with the gun between the legs, as if ready for service. A long, narrow mound of earth was between them, about as long as a human being, and from it, besides the smoke, came a strong smell of roasted flesh.

The manner of these men, as well as that of the four who came with us, was rather severe and stern, and the few pieces of torn jackets, &c., about, and the form of the mound and the smell, brought a

terrible suspicion to my mind that there they were burning a human body, and would do the same by me! The torture this sight gave me no words can tell.

• The men perceived this, and laughing, said, "Look, now, at what we are going to do." So saying, they rose and went one to one end, and one to the other end of the mound. Believing that they were just on the point of bringing out before me the body of a human being, I involuntarily put both my hands before my face. These men continued laughing, and counting in Greek, "One, two, three," and exclaiming, "Look, look!" and each one taking the end of a sort of skewer, which had been passed through the body from the mouth to the tail, they held between them a roasted lamb!

At this sight my suspicion as to their good faith was relieved, and I asked them how it had been done. All the six men with the smoking lamb ran up the hill as fast as possible, crying out, "When we have finished eating it we will tell you how it was cooked."

Scarcely was it placed before the famished company when it disappeared, even the tender bones were devoured.

• We ate and drank cheerfully amidst the facetious

jokes of the company. Pipes and excellent Turkish tobacco were not wanting. In the midst of this festivity, lo, one of the men with a flute, and another with a mandoline, began to play, whilst a third—with two sticks upon a wooden table—began to beat time with all his might in unison with the two instruments, whilst some voices sang the air of the well-known Greek dance. ’

The rest of them, taking hands, gave themselves up to revolving round and round as fast as they could, making all sorts of facetious movements and contortions, with head, face, arms, and legs sometimes bending on one side, sometimes on the other. Then, breaking off hands, passing round half one, half the other way, taking hands on meeting, just like, I may say, the “ladies’ chain,” if you will pardon the comparison between the amusements of this precarious existence amongst a set of desperate outlaws to the graceful movements in an English ball-room.

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In this brigand dance some of them left for a few minutes to take some true Mocha coffee, it not being permitted to anyone to take wine or liquors after the meal is finished.

I no longer felt any doubt as to their good faith, and in full confidence went round the dance with them. But, in taking hands, I observed that two

amongst these men had hands so soft and small and beautifully made that I could not understand it; and the few words I said they did not understand—and their Greek was as unintelligible to me as my Italian was to them.

The chief, who kept always observing each one in the dance, perceived that my attention had been drawn to the two young men with the large black eyes and short, full beards, and also that they were always much amused at my awkwardness.

Meeting me in the dance, he said, "What do you see in those two youths to excite your attention?"

"Simply, that I have never seen such beautiful, well-formed hands," I answered, frankly.

After having kept up the dance a little longer the tired men threw themselves upon the grass—their place of rest, aromatic with the scent of sweet herbs, breathing the pure mountain air of their country, these outlaws slept. Sad that man should be ignorant and cruel, whilst all around him is so holy!

The chief called me to him, and, in a sad and earnest voice, asked, "What do you think of those two young men?"

"That it is a sad pity they waste their lives in this miserably precarious manner."

"It is but too true," he answered; "this cursed Government of corrupt factions ruins us all. These two unfortunate ones are of my own blood and kindred."

"Perhaps your own sons?" I suggested.

"No; they are not . . . they are my daughters."

"How? With those fine beads!"

Without answering me, he called the two of whom we were speaking to him. At a sign from the father the well-feigned beards were taken off, and white teeth, small mouths, coral lips, and oval faces were seen. The large, long jacket⁶ also thrown off the clean white chemise and coloured bodice—usually worn by young girls in Greece, as in Italy—were seen in its stead, and then all was in harmony with the small, soft hands which had attracted my attention.

The father opened his heart to me. The last words he said were, "These two girls, my daughters, are pure and without deceit. They are twins, eighteen years old. I have them with me here to save them from worse evil there. Leave us now. We trust to your honour that you will not betray us. Our life is horrible. If not to-day, to-morrow we may expect to be in prison or killed."

Some of these brigands came with their chief and his two daughters to accompany us on our way. I asked them how the lamb had been so well cooked? They said, first a long, narrow trough was dug in the slope of the hill; then they placed some dry sticks at the bottom, and over the sticks sweet herbs and grass, then the lamb—stuffed with eggs, herbs, truffles, &c.—and a long iron skewer passed through it from the mouth to the tail. Over the lamb sweet herbs were placed, then again dry sticks, and over all these the earth.

My guide, who in all these events had been as a guardian angel to me, continued to talk and joke with these outlaws as we walked on together. He had told them of the miserable poverty amongst some of the emigrants at Patras, and of the success of the concerts there for their benefit. With ready wit he had always said just that which he knew would influence them favourably towards me.

Upon arriving at a point whence there was no longer danger for us they took leave.

I, who at first felt myself among demons, now that they had liberated me so freely, considered them almost as angels; and not only shook hands, but gave the kiss of peace to them all, receiving the same from them. I also asked permission of the chief to take leave thus of his daughters.

“Their father alone has the right to kiss them,” he said, firmly, but kindly.

And thus we parted. Many times, in recalling all the mournful recollections of this strange adventure, it seemed to me as if the tall, manly figure of this man to whom I owe my life were before me. It seemed as if Nature had not formed him for the guilty position in which he was placed. Not stupid—on the contrary endowed with good common sense, and a mediocre education—he had been one of the numerous victims to the fierce and often sanguinary disputes arising out of the bitter political partisanship which was at that time the curse of his country. I confess the whole scene moved me to pity. I never think of these men without pain.

The painful impression of this unexpected adventure, however, was much less powerful than the delightful feelings left indelibly impressed upon my memory by the beautiful country through which we had passed, and now with joyful anticipation I catch the first view of Athens.

Already in the distance I can distinguish the eminence upon which stood the Acropolis. There also, after so many centuries, the ruins of the Parthenon still bear witness to the wonders of the age of Pericles. The very ground upon which I

stand is sacred. It does not belong alone to Greece, but to the whole human family, as one of its most sacred records. Centuries have passed since Cecrops founded Athens, and still the storied Areopagus stands there as witness to the present and future times of the great deeds and glorious examples there given by the brave men of old. Here I picture to myself the Archons and the Areopagus, with laws so just that men from other nations came here to lay their disputes before them. And then comes before me here the record of the noble war against foreign oppression when Athens and Sparta defied the overwhelming numbers of the Persian despots. And then the destruction of Athens, and the fierce determination of the inhabitants, "The country is there where its citizens are," bringing with it before me the remembrance of a similar spirit when, centuries later, the defenders of the republic of Florence raised again the banner which death had taken from Ferruccio, "*Ubi libertas ibi patria.*"

All these great memories returned as if present as I gazed for the first time at Athens, and recalled the interests of my youth. In her I personified as it were the whole of Greece; and remembering the last gigantic struggle against the Ottoman, the immortal names of Miaulis, Canaris, Colocotroni,

Botzaris, Maurocordato, Ypsilanti, come to me as if present, and appear as if they were before me. And with them also the name—written upon the heart of every Greek and Italian patriot—of the illustrious Englishman, Lord Byron, who for the country of Aristides and Pindar sacrificed his fortune and his life.

CHAPTER III.

ATHENS.

Upon my arrival in Athens I found a numerous Italian emigration there, and was cordially received by them. I soon went to the Princess Belgioso to thank her for her kind letter, and to arrange with her respecting the object for which she had summoned me. With regard to my adventure on the journey, I was not many hours in Athens before I found that not a word must be said in Greek society upon the subject of brigandage. It would be to touch upon the putrifying wound of this country. In fact, I was assured that the mournful and long continuance of brigandage was in consequence of the various and embittered political factions which existed, and went to such excess as to lead to frequent and horrible sanguinary vengeance.

The survivors in these fatal enormities take refuge in the woods (*"si davano alla macchia"**)

* *La macchia*, a place full of bushes and brambles.

where they find companions, and thus the scourge of brigandage is rendered perennial.

This is the more to be deplored, as these fierce factions are merely animated by a senseless partisanship, either for France, or for England, or for Russia, entirely forgetting their own country, almost as if the great name of Greece had lost its import for them. And yet they are the descendants of those great men who, however much they mourned the divisions of their common country, never ceased to have its honour and prosperity at heart.

Oh, how much a long and hard servitude tends to corrupt and degenerate even the best! We must not wonder at these evil consequences, especially when we remember that the servitude of a generous people under the Ottoman scimitar is perhaps the very worst.

After I had been some weeks in Athens I obtained permission to visit the prison; and here words fail me to describe the miserable scene. At once, on entering, one felt the poisoned air, full of miasma from the breath of so many human beings crowded together, and from the filthy and noisome state of the place itself.

We went into several large rooms in which were hundreds of emaciated beings, covered with rags,

who were idly loitering about those large, quite unfurnished rooms. They scarcely seemed human. Their long, wiry hair fell in disorder over the face and joined the rough beard, so that nose and eyes only could be seen; dark, sunken eyes, languid generally, but at times darting glances expressive either of fierce passion or of gentler feeling, according to the diverse nature of the man and of the crime he had committed. Others, however, there were who were fearful, manifesting as they did all the ferocity of innate brutal instincts.

I had been introduced into the prison in company with my two friends, Signor Luisella and Signor Palma. They, not being able to resist the mournful impression of such a sad spectacle, were just leaving it. I remained there partly because one of the prisoners spoke to me in Italian, and asked, "If I were well?" "If Athens pleased me?" and "If I knew him?" To this last question I answered that I did not remember him, when he said, "It may be true that here, you do not know me, but you certainly have seen me once." "But where?" "*Zitto! zitto!*" A few minutes passed in silence, when he whispered, "I was one of those with whom you dined in the wood!" I then remembered him; and upon his calling another I remembered him also. They

began to speak, and I would have answered them ; but one of the jailors came near, and these two unhappy men made me a sign that it was time to leave them. I gave them a little money, and promised to visit the prison again at the end of a fortnight. Not another word was spoken between us.

As I was going out the custode informed me that I was under arrest, it having been discovered that I was an accomplice of those two prisoners.

I therefore remained in the prison, and Luisella and Palma went to our mutual friend, Maurocordato, and thus I was set at liberty.

A short time after this I also visited the prison for women in Athens. Words fail me to describe it. To find myself in the midst of these wretched beings—girls even of eight years old, up to women of sixty years and more—walking up and down in utter vacuity, in hopeless idleness, in filthy rags, in pestilent air—a misery even to breathe it—who can wonder if corrupt, coarse, obscene language was indulged in ; and furious passion or sullen hate delineated upon faces scarcely human ?

I spoke to some of them. They could understand Italian, being chiefly from the islands, the greater number from the island of Malta. It nearly maddened me to see and hear them. Women ! and

my ideal of woman from my very childhood was so high! My mother, so tender, so gentle, so noble, it was from her I had formed my ideal of woman. But these! can these—can these—be women? “My mother, then,” in my confused thoughts I exclaimed, “then my mother is not woman.” At this some burst out in a fiendish laugh of derision, others wept bitterly, and a few, mocking my words, said scornfully, “See, he denies his mother!”

With a heavy heart I left them, and the closed prison doors were between us, and I was out in the free air, under the clear sky.

I could not at once rouse myself from the sad impressions I had received, but the unusual appearance of a great number (some hundreds) of boys in divers streets of Athens, with blue eyes, light hair, elastic step, and free joyous manner, attracted my attention. Many of them were dressed in white trowsers and blue shirts, and the whole dress and person in most scrupulous cleanliness. Upon inquiry I found that they were English sailors belonging to the fleet Lord Palmerston had sent out to protect the interests of British subjects in the affair of Don Pacifico.

I went on board one of these ships of war, and was astonished at the perfect order and cleanliness

maintained there. I am sure I could have eaten my macaroni from the polished wooden deck. And this says something from an Italian, when speaking of his beloved macaroni. But then for the order! why, these fair young English sailors were as certain and prompt in their ready obedience to order as is the powder in their cannon to the lighted match.

The Princess Belgioso had been considered *l'angelo gueriero* (Angel of War) by her countrymen in the siege of Rome. She was felt to be *l'angelo benefico ai fratelli in esilio* (the Angel of Beneficence to the brothers in exile) by us at this time in Athens.

Her acute intellect and sympathizing nature enabled her to find a way in which her beneficence could be extended to all, in measure varying according to the necessity, and yet without the least appearance of alms-giving.

To this end she had established a daily *table d'hôte* for the emigrants, to which each contributed according to his means, and yet at which those who were not able to contribute at all had notwithstanding a right to be amongst the guests. Good bread, an excellent and abundant *minestra*, and a sufficiency of meat, formed the dinner every day for all alike. The illustrious lady presided in

person at the head of the table, and herself partook with us, making every one at ease and cheerful with her patriotic and home-like conversation and with the simple and natural grace of her lively and beautiful child, who sat always close to her.

We thus lived well, and in good society. That simple table had really more charm for us than the most splendid banquet.

But, notwithstanding the social and moral improvement amongst us which these endeavours of the Princess Belgioso and other lovers of progress had attained, there still were found many who cradled themselves in the *dolce fa niente* (indolence). It was sad to see these men brutalising themselves in idleness.

They did not in the least seek to obtain some useful work. On the contrary, they made a boast of never having done anything in their lives, and considered it quite disgraceful to submit to labour for one's livelihood. They continued to repeat these senseless words until it became really wearisome to hear them.

Still we determined not to be discouraged, but to continue our efforts to improve them, and in many instances we were successful. It was hoped that a little encouragement, through the proceeds of a concert distributed amongst the most needy of

the emigrants might be of real use to them. The arrangements to this end were therefore matured. The concert was fixed for the 11th of June, 1850. Programmes were printed, the price of tickets fixed; I, with five pieces, took the vocal, and the excellent Parisini, Desrues, and Ordyniec, the instrumental parts. The sale of tickets was beyond our hopes, and the room was crowded. The Athenians were there in great numbers, thus showing the interest they felt in the object we had in view. The receipts gave us the comfort of being able to distribute more than a thousand francs to the most needy amongst the emigrants; and thus again, as before at Patras, many were enabled and encouraged to seek employment, either in Athens or elsewhere.

A favourable notice of this concert appeared in several newspapers, amongst them one published in French, *Courrier d'Athènes*, Mardi, 18 Juin, 1850, has the following :—

Mardi dernier nous avons assisté a un concert que M. Campanella, sollicité par quelques émigrés réduits à un dénueement extrême, a bien voulu donner à leur benefice. Il a été assisté dans cette œuvre méritoire par M. Parisini, maestro distingué qui tenait le piano, et par M. Desrues, et M. Ordyniec qui ont fait preuve aussi d'un talent hors de ligne, l'un sur la flûte et l'autre sur le piano.

Un auditoire choisi et nombreux pour remplir la salle de l'Hôtel d'Angleterre se rendit à cette invitation.

Des cavatines des opéras de Verdi, Mercadente, etc., ont été chantés par M. Campanella avec une précision et un aplomb qui lui valurent des applaudissemens frénétiques. Sa belle voix de basse qui dans les notes supérieures atteint, sans la moindre effort, jusqu'au *fa* aigu et descend pleine et robuste jusqu'au *mi*, se maintient et se prolonge dans toutes ses notes avec un admirable égalité. Décidément M. Campanella est un artiste de premier ordre digne de figurer dans toutes les capitales de l'Europe où sa voix extraordinaire, d'un volume immense et qu'il sait si bien manier, y trouvera, nous en sommes sûrs, des plus compétens appréciateurs.

Esperons que M. Campanella fera suivre ce concert d'un autre à son propre bénéfice. Il fournirait par là aux Athéniens l'occasion de lui prouver l'estime que nous avons pour sa personne et notre admiration pour son talent.

The peace of the kind of patriarchal life enjoyed by us in Athens at that time was owing, in great part to the goodness of the Princess Belgioso. It was at times disturbed by senseless quarrels and *impromptu* insults among the emigrants themselves. This was a too natural consequence, I am grieved to say, upon the absence of that daily occupation to which the exile from country and home is necessarily at first condemned. For the sake of peace many amongst us were unwearied in the endeavour to calm the furious passions of the disputants, but these good intentions were not always successful. On the contrary, the evil at times went on so far that unfortunately it once led me to the very brink of a duel— a blunder as well as a crime.

It was in this manner. I, *ex-frate* and *ex-prete*, once found myself in conversation with a Hebrew and a Roman Catholic. Both of them, fierce in their opposing religious opinions, were contending bitterly and contemptuously in an unreasoning manner, as is usual with those who seek to defend or to oppose anything manifestly absurd.

I could not keep long silent whilst they continued their imbecile and fierce disputation, and exclaimed,

“Eh! leave off; finish, once for all, your senseless quarrels. Tell me, all of you”—appealing not to them only, but to others who were in the room, and had been listening to the altercation—“before you became Christian or Jew, Mussulman or Pagan, were you not *men*? God, who created us men, and endowed us with reason, does He not demand that we should, each one of us, follow that which we believe to be true? Let our worship be the loving service of humanity. In it let us seek to develope the good and beautiful, the true and just. In this consists the only service pleasing to the Supreme Love.”

The Christian, although he did not agree with my doctrines, was yet thoughtful, and left off entirely the angry discussion; but the Jew became more violent, and broke out in the most

brutal manner against me. I felt myself seriously offended; and, stimulated by some false friends, who were amused at the joke, as they called it, I challenged the Jew, as if justice would be found at the point of a sword, or in the bullet of a revolver!

I deceived myself, and was a fool through ungoverned passion. You, my good readers, already know quite well my ideas about the duel: how heartily I detested that barbarous remains of the middle ages, and the zeal with which I endeavoured to put a stop to it. And now, urged on by evil counsellors, I am on the point of being drawn into one myself.

I must confess I was in a state of great excitement, and possibly might have been driven even into such a stupid crime as a duel. But, just at the moment of greatest danger, a letter from the Princess Belgioso is put into my hands.

It assured me that "my enemy had repeatedly, and in the presence of many persons, expressed himself sorry for what had happened—that, excited by anger, he had said many things which were far from his thoughts, since certainly it was far from his intention to offend me." It then exhorted me to be generous; to make it clearly seen on trial that I was the true patriot she well knew me to be.

It said "that now, since the declaration of the other party had entirely wiped off his involuntary offence, it became the duty of Italian again to offer the hand to Italian, of brother again to embrace brother."

The noble sentiments of this illustrious lady made a deep impression upon me. Without delay I followed her advice—went to the enemy, took his hand, he embraced me, and thus all ended.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, to the noble lady who persuaded me to an action truly worthy of a man. Signor Levi, of Trieste, is not this I have narrated true?

Alas, since my sojourn in Athens it has never been my good fortune to meet this excellent one who so truly sympathized with our common humanity. I often comforted myself with the thought that perhaps I might one day meet her, and that if not, at least from this my book, she might know that my love for Italy and my admiration for her remained the same. Neither the one or the other joy has been mine. And here, in London, about the middle of July, 1871, I had to mourn her death, when her age, only sixty-three, allowed the hope that her life might still have been spared to continue a blessing to Italy, and to her fellow creatures.

We Italians of the Southern provinces never certainly can forget that La Belgioso armed at her own expense the battalion of Neapolitan Volunteers when, in 1848, the movement for the war of independence began. The Romans will also remember her with affection and gratitude when, in 1849, a true angel of charity, she succoured the wounded in that great glory of the democracy of Italy, the defence of republican Rome against the would-be republican soldiers of Louis Napoleon. A republican from conviction, she retired into private life, when the monarchy, through the national vote, was established in Italy. And, as the Austrians had been driven out of Lombardy, she retired to her own estates there, and employed her riches in alleviating the hard life and in supplying the many privations of the *contadini*. In the midst of the loving benediction of these poor people she died.

In the love and cultivation of the *belle-lettres* she kept up the honour of her sex in Italy and in other countries. A woman in gentle affection, she was a man in strong decision. If Italy honour unshaken fidelity to principle, if she love and value a that is noble and generous, if she venerate assiduous labour in her cause, she will raise a national monument to the memory of the Princess

Cristina di Belgioso as a record of her virtues and an incitement to imitation.

Would that the women of my beloved Italy, encouraged by the example of this excellent lady, could rise to the height of their patriotic and benevolent mission.

It is eminently a woman's province to assist in the education of girls and young children. Feeling convinced of this, at this time in London, women of the highest talent and most refined and gentle nature, such as Miss Taylor, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, and Mrs. Westlake, willingly devote themselves to assist in the National School Boards. In the best interests of humanity, let us hope that popular education may have the co-operation of woman in civilized Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEK PARLIAMENT.

I HAD been well introduced and received in the most friendly manner in some of the principal families in Athens. Amongst these were the noble Paolo Maurocordato and Colocotroni. I also had the pleasure of shaking hands with the venerable sister of Noto Botzaris, the hero of Missolonghi. These excellent introductions had also procured for me lessons in singing.

In proportion as I thus became more intimately acquainted with Greek society I could not help perceiving that there did not seem to exist amongst them any national political union. At the same time they could not conceal their feeling as partisans, either of Russia, or France, or England.

I was united to the Greeks in the most sincere sympathy and esteem. They had proved themselves capable of so many prodigies of valour,

had sustained such severe privations, so much sorrow, with constancy and indomitable courage for the freedom of their country. And truly it distressed me beyond measure to see them thus divided amongst themselves into so many parties, utterly forgetful of the only true point of union—the national party.

This strong interest in the welfare of Greece was increased by the remembrance of those brave men of my own country who—condemned to exile from Italy on account of having loved her too well—had taken refuge in Greece. Faithful to their principles, they came to Greece, and assisted in arms the national rising. One of the most noble of these was the Piedmontese Santorre di Santarosa, who in the cause of Greece met the death of the brave.

Greece was dear to me as an Italian, since the light of that civilization which made Rome and Italy great came from her.

An Italian also of the Southern provinces, I could not forget that there, before the great Latin epoch, the Greek colonies had diffused their culture, the evidence of which is still seen in the ruins of Cròtona, Sibari, and Taranto in *Greca Magna*; and by Syracuse, Agrigentum, Palermo, Messina, and Taormina in *Greca Sicilia*.

In proportion to the strength of those ties of sympathy which united me to Greece was the necessity I felt to be perfectly sincere in the candid expression to them of my thoughts upon the situation in which they were placed in consequence of the various parties, and all foreign, into which they were divided. Trusting that they would appreciate my motive, I ventured to speak openly upon this subject in some of the Greek families into which I had been introduced, urging them no longer to wish to be considered Russian, or French, or English, but Greek, and only Greek. Thus they would show clearly to all that the modern Greeks, descended from men indomitable in arms, examples of public virtue, and in the art of self-government, are *not* degenerate, but worthy of their glorious ancestors.

I must say, with sincere pleasure, that my frankness was quite taken in good part, and only increased the general good-will of my Greek friends towards me.

To my surprise the representative of a government which is the negation of my most solemn and earnest aspirations was also courteous to me upon this occasion. I refer to De Martino, Minister in Athens, from the King of the Two Sicilies to the King of Greece. It is a pleasure to speak the

good we know of any one, whatever may be the party to which he may belong; and I must say that De Martino, a man of honour and sincere himself, respected sincerity in another.

The representative of the Pope in Athens was very different in character to this. Not satisfied with his own suspicious and contemptuous enmity towards me, he surrounded me in Athens with a number of persons whose duty it was to try by every act of seduction to make a convert of me. Like sporting dogs scenting their prey, they were always on the track. I had become their game; and it was with me as it is with the hunted stag when forced at last in self-defence to turn upon its pursuers.

It will be easily imagined that these insidious endeavours to bring me back to the Holy Mother Church, of which I had had already enough, were extremely wearisome. Still I refused the kind invitation with all the courtesy in my power, being desirous, if possible, to avoid anything like a disturbance.

In consequence, however, of this caution on my part these men, finding that they did not succeed in the arts of seduction, determined to try what they could do by menace and intimidation. From the hypocritical blandishments of the Jesuit they passed to the fury of the Janissary.

In order to carry on this new campaign they selected for their captain a German priest from the most Catholic Bavaria, who was chaplain to King Otho. The natives and the foreigners then in Greece will remember with horror what sort of man this was. He was a continued source of audacious corruption and scandal. He had managed to get the ear of the Queen, who, although a Protestant, joined her intriguing artifices to his. Together they directed the will of the imbecile King; and thus chaplain and Queen constituted the executive government of that unfortunate country.

What a mournful contrast to the Greece of a time when the most healthy, just, and noble principles were promulgated upon the subject of government!

SOLON said: "The best government is that in which an injury to an individual is considered as done to all."

BIONE: "Where the Law stands in the place of the King."

PITTARCUS: "Where honours are never given but to worthy men."

CLEOBULUS: "Where the citizens fear reproach more than suffering."

CHELONE: "Where the *laws* have respect and authority rather than the *orators*."

PERIANDER: "Where authority is confided to the virtuous."

Oh, the times, and with them the people, are certainly changed! and so that famous captain who was placed at the head of the war of Papal

persecution caused me to be summoned before him.

Certainly this was not for any political offence in which the Government was concerned. If it had been so, it would have been my duty to obey. Nevertheless, wishing as far as possible to avoid quarrels, I answered the summons, and went to him.

He received me with that ostentatious air of superiority so often seen in the Roman priest, who always takes upon himself to act as representative, not certainly of a God of peace and conciliation, but the contrary—of a god of absolute command and of never-dying vengeance.

In the bad Italian accent sometimes heard in his countrymen, and in an imperative manner, he said,

“I have sent for you to appear before me here. It is now high time for you to recede from your deplorable apostacy. It is my duty to enforce this upon you, and thus remove such a dangerous cause of scandal to our Holy Mother Church, and also for your sake, for the salvation of your immortal soul. In one way or in another this step must be enforced; and therefore I feel it an absolute necessity to command—and in fact I do now command you—to re-enter the Church, to celebrate the Holy Mass, or otherwise to depart instantly from the

Greek dominions.” He continued, in a lower tone, “But if, as I believe, you now understand the urgent necessity upon you to acknowledge and abjure your errors, I will recommend you to the pitying cares of the Bishop of Syra, in order that you may be cleansed from the heavy censure and the extreme excommunication (*scomuniche maggiore*) into which you have fallen, and in this way become again worthy of the dignity of one anointed with the divine oil (*divino oglio*).

At such insinuations and commands the patience I had been enabled to maintain during the long, tedious siege entirely left me; I was no longer able to restrain my natural indignation. In that bad chaplain it appeared to me as if I saw all those dear friends with whom my readers are already acquainted, as Padre Beniamino da Palazzo, Baini, the Confessor of Lambruschini, the famous barber Gaetanino Moroni, Riario Sforza, the Commissioners Silvestri, Del Carretto. If all these have heard the power of my voice, the King's chaplain heard it then still more. In fact, beginning with *do* under the line, it rose up to *fa* sharp, and thundered these words—

“I cleanse myself! I abjure my errors! I defend myself! and to whom? To the Bishop of Syra? And you, yourself, do you really believe

that he is a true man? Do you feel and reckon yourself even as a true man? No; you are not so, either of you, until you have freed yourselves from the corruptions of priestcraft. For me, I have shaken off those chains for ever! It is for you, not for me, to cleanse yourselves, and to free yourselves!"

The confessor of King Otho was, as it were, fascinated, and for the moment was silenced by my irrepressible burst of indignation. But soon recovering himself, with the caution habitual to him, he took care not to provoke me further at that moment.

With simulated humility, he at once dismissed me, saying, "Go! may God enlighten you." I left him without another word.

I have before said that the cunning of the fox, and a cold calculation of the means best suited to carry out his selfish aims were amongst the characteristics of the chaplain of King Otho, and so it proved in my case.

Only a few days after he had dismissed me from his presence with the pious prayer for my spiritual welfare upon his lips, it became evident that all the influence of this powerful priest had been actively engaged against me; and in consequence, without any previous notice or reason assigned, I received

an order from the police enjoining me to leave in twenty-four hours, not Athens only, but all the Greek territory.

Under the influence of the strong and mournful impressions made upon me by this tyrannical order, I made it known to the numerous Greek friends I had, and also in the various families in which I gave lessons in singing, and they all were prodigal of the most courteous and friendly sympathy in my misfortune.

Amongst these generous friends I must particularly name the two brothers Roma of Zante. sons of the Count Roma, whom, as I before said, I had the honour to know when I was living at Patras, and who was so useful to me in my short sojourn in Corfu, when it had become my duty to go to Malta on account of the fatally abortive Sicilian enterprise. The sons were in every way worthy of their father. They were earnest patriots, and were officers in the Greek army. I cannot omit here to name with grateful respect the two daughters of Count Roma, and their generous interest in my misfortunes, one of whom is now Lady Bowen.

Besides these true friends, the brothers Nicola and Costantino Charzopulof showed themselves most kind and ready to hasten to my defence in

this trying emergency. They not only freely opened their house to me, but almost considered me as one of their own family circle.

And then how can I find words to express the vivid remembrance I have still before me as I recall to mind the sympathy manifested for me and the strong support given by that true father of the Greek democracy, the illustrious Maurocordato, and with him his wife, a distinguished and excellent *gentildonna*.

Whilst I in this extreme difficulty was anxious and undecided as to what I ought to do, these true friends came around me and urged me upon no account to think of moving in the least, because they considered it would be a violation of the Greek constitution, and an outrage against the liberty and franchise guaranteed by it, were I to become a victim to an order which was, they said, entirely arbitrary and unconstitutional.

These words were strengthened and reinforced by deeds. Without an instant's delay, by means of the press, they raised the question—deprecating the order for my banishment, and forcibly demanding its revocation.

The Greek Parliament was then sitting, and to it they made appeal in my favour. They energetically questioned the Ministers as to the legality

of the order for my banishment. In consequence of these endeavours I did not leave Athens, but remained there, waiting for the decision of Parliament.

· In due course the case in all its bearings was formally laid before the members; and the Ministers were questioned upon the unconstitutional character of the order from the Executive Government which would drive me from Athens and from Greece.

The incident thus brought forward was carefully and seriously considered in two or three successive sittings of that august assembly. It inquired into my conduct in Greece, and found nothing at all to be blamed, either in a civil or political point of view; whence it appeared that the order must have emanated from dislike to my religious opinions, and that was not a just cause for a similar order in a free country, either towards natives of that country, or towards strangers who had been hospitably received into it. On the contrary, it was declared to be a flagrant attack upon the liberty of conscience of each individual—of that liberty which ought to be frankly proclaimed and firmly guaranteed to all as one of the first civil rights in a constitutional government. Hence it was decided that the order must be revoked, and that my right to remain as long as I wished in the Hellenic kingdom must be

at once clearly recognised. They thus decided not only in an individual case, but established a principle which in future must be rigorously observed.

A unanimous vote of the Chamber pronounced :

As nothing reprehensible has been found in the social and political conduct of Giuseppe Maria Campanella, son of the late Girolamo, native of Spinazzola, province of Bari, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the same cannot and ought not to be expelled from the Greek States (*Greci Stati*); and as in his case with him, so it is the same with any other person equally blameless.

Thus justice was done in my individual case; and not only so, but a maxim was fixed highly honourable to the Greck Legislature.

CHAPTER V.

L O R D B Y R O N .

THE vote of the Greek Parliament, which had in the most decided manner annulled the order for my departure from Athens, much increased the sympathy which my Greek friends had already openly expressed in my defence.

I continually received the kindest encouragement from them to give up any idea of leaving Athens. The Roman Catholics also, and even many priests amongst them, had discontinued their attempts at conversion.

Unfortunately it was not so with the Maltese resident in Athens. These men were for the most part furious and bitter partisans. At their head was the same Reverend Father Arneth, a Jesuit, and chaplain to King Otho, of whom I have before spoken.

For some time past Malta had been the point of

union for persons of every nation, who had been obliged to fly from their own country. These outcasts from civilised society did not change their habits upon their arrival in a new country. They generally united themselves to that section of the people of Malta which had been accustomed to serve as instruments of the most ignorant fanaticism since the time of the Knights of St. John.

Uneducated men, under the influence of abject fear, easily become the prey of religious fanatics. On this account all these mixed people became as one in the matter of religious intolerance.

The people of Athens, however, were always too numerous as competitors with the comparatively small number of the insular group. These, therefore, not finding the means of subsistence, were often obliged to leave Athens and to disperse themselves in one place or in another, always, however, preferring the ports on the Levant.

Wherever they went, they were sure to bear with them the seeds of religious intolerance.

A few of them in their new quarters engaged in some trade or industrial occupation, and were successful. Others, indulging in the *dolce fa niente*, sank continually into lower depths of misery. Still they must generally be reckoned amongst the dregs

of the population. They were numerous in Athens, and continued to act as usual.

The decision of the Greek Parliament in my favour had irritated them in the strongest manner against me. Not content with showing this in words, they intimated an intention to carry out this feeling into deeds. If they met me on their way they not only looked at me in a rude and sinister manner, but tried to provoke me by insulting gestures and actions.

I felt myself continually tempted to return these injuries as they deserved ; but I was able to restrain myself. The conviction that I could not in honor thus follow a rash impulse in a foreign country in which I had received so much hospitality and kindness, not only saved me from an ignoble quarrel with these people, but also enabled me to meet their insults with calm indifference.

One evening, as I was returning home from a *conversazione*, lo, two of these men suddenly assaulted me, and with insolent words and threats seemed as if they were upon the point of drawing out the stiletto, as was customary with them. They were strong men, both of them. I also was strong ; but they were armed, and I was without any weapon of defence. Perceiving, therefore, that it might not go well with me in such an unequal struggle, I

called for help. Immediately some persons came up to us. The two Maltese ran away, and thus I was saved from their cowardly attack; but it is only too certain that if the called-for help had not come soon, I should have fallen a victim to these assassins.

From that time forward, when I went out at night, either my friends themselves accompanied me, or caused me to be accompanied by some of their servants, and very often by some of the National Guards—to whom, and to my good friends, citizens of Athens, I here offer my sincere thanks. I must, however, with sorrow confess the total want of personal security in this constitutional, but most unfortunate country.

This serious misfortune aggravated the evils arising from the bitter and fierce contention of the various partisans of foreign powers. Citizens and Government were quite powerless to prevent this two-fold reproach. They were utterly unable to keep peace and maintain order. They could not even prevent bloodshed amidst the mass of bigotry, ignorance, and unfettered brutal passion so rife amongst them.

Oh, the redemption of a people who have been for centuries under the degrading yoke of servitude is very slow and difficult of attainment. Al-

though legally emancipated, tens of years are not sufficient to civilize them. The accounts which even now come to us from the country—once the centre of civic science—give discouraging and mournful evidence of this truth.

My position at this time in Athens presented many and great advantages; but, to speak frankly, another, and a very opposite view of it might be taken by an unprejudiced spectator.

The decision of the Greek Parliament which confirmed my right to a permanent residence in the Greek territory was certainly a great success. But it was not of the value it ought to have been, on account of the same evil which had rendered it necessary—that is to say, the audacious contempt of the constitution and of the laws shown by the police themselves. These very men, whose supreme duty was to take care of public safety, became blind instruments of intolerance in the hands of the bigoted chaplain of King Otho.

Those Greeks who were of the Roman Catholic religion, although they had given up the open war, never ceased the underhand secret insinuations. Amongst them was the Papal representative in Athens. The Maltese, on their part, with fierce and open hostility, kept me continually on the watch day and night.

All, both Greek and Maltese, were free in the use of the poison of calumny, in obedience to a favourite maxim of the holy company of Jesuits—"Calumniate, calumniate, and something will always remain." They calumniated me constantly and everywhere, and under the most multiform aspects.

This continued persecution of the Roman Catholic priests and their followers only bound more strongly around me the cordial affection and encouraging support of my many and true friends in Athens. It was they who warned me against the wolves in sheep's clothing who sought my ruin. In the midst of so much worry and anxiety they were the greatest possible comfort to me. Animated by feelings of the most fervent gratitude, I have them all at this moment present in my mind. But in my memory, most vividly present with me, I see again the illustrious Maurocordato, and his gentle wife and family; the two brothers, sons of Count Roma of Zante; and the other two brothers, Nicola and Costantino Charzopulof, and many others crowd around me. How happy I should be if it were permitted me once more to press the hands of these generous friends!

In conversation with them the name of Lord Byron was often mentioned, and always with vene-

ration and gratitude. Many and many are the times I have heard from them anecdotes of his courage and self-devotion, as with tears they have told me of all he had done and suffered for Greece. One of these I will give here, as narrated by the well-known Angelo Brofferio :—

“The poet of humanity had resuscitated with his pen the memories of ancient Greece, and with the power of his genius had aroused Athens and Sparta to Liberty. Become soldier, drawing the sword upon landing, he prostrated himself, and reverently kissed the sacred soil of Greece. ‘Oh, land of heroes,’ he exclaimed, ‘I left thee slave, I find thee free! Health to thee, beautiful and redeemed one! I bring a heart devoted to thy service. Receive, and make me worthy to be thy son.’

“The Greeks responded in applause and with acclamation to these ardent and sincere words. The sunburnt mariners from the vessels in the port and from the walls of the city of Missolonghi re-echoed the joyous welcome. Thus, accompanied by a festive crowd, the stranger arrived at the foot of a terrace, on which some Turkish prisoners were advancing, led on to the place of execution. The stranger stood still, and asked, ‘What is this?’ He was answered, ‘These are prisoners who must

pay their lives for the blood of our brothers killed in battle.' '*Fermatevi!*' throwing himself impetuously forward, cried the stranger, '*Fermatevi, insensati!*' With this barbarous example do you expect to found Liberty, which is the daughter of noble souls and great actions? Those whom you would assassinate are our enemies, it is true; but enemies are destroyed in battle, with arms in their hands. To kill them when disarmed and conquered, is not the enterprise of the warrior, it is the action of the executioner.' "They belong to the race of your oppressors." 'And what of that? The wrong is much less on the part of the oppressor than of those who submit to be oppressed.' "They have insulted you so long." 'Well, now that you have your tyrants in your power, make manifest their injustice by your magnanimity! But you say, "They will not follow your example, and will not even be grateful for the benefit obtained." And let it be even so. Would you compare these barbarous, infidel slaves to you, free citizens—to you, regenerated men? If *you* do not return pardon for insult, clemency for injury, the world will say that there is not the slightest difference between Greek and Turk, and that you both merit universal execration. And then I—not the last citizen of a free nation—I, a messenger from the

best part of England, of Italy, of France—to whom? To a people who know how to conquer, but do not know how to make use of victory; who can fight, but cannot pardon; who are warriors on the field of battle, but savages within their own walls! . . . No, by God! this butchery of men shall not be carried out before my eyes! If it be true that the blood of Miltiades and Themistocles is in your veins, be then also heirs of their virtue. Miltiades conquered the Persians at Marathon, Themistocles conquered them at Salamis; but from the battlefield they did not pass to the scaffold, from soldiers they did not become assassins! And Themistocles in exile was received humanely by the Xerxes whom he had conquered! . . . If you wish that Europe may think well of you, if you hold my words in any value, I ask that these prisoners may be saved. The time is not perhaps very distant in which their lives may help towards your ransom. . . . I come to fight with you; but I will not have your holy cause stained by any excesses. I demand from you the lives of all these unhappy Turks. Marco Bozzari, for whom you mourn, was a very strong man, but he was humane, he was just, he was merciful, he was magnanimous; and from the heaven in which he dwells he will see your act

of pity and forgiveness, and will rejoice in your goodness ! ’

“ These ardent, sincere, and exciting words were re-echoed by Maurocordato, the Archbishop Porfino, and other excellent men. The people, with an enthusiastic popular impulse, cried, ‘ *Viva, viva*, Lord Byron ! ’ and the prisoners were saved.”

CHAPTER VI.

SYRA.

DURING my stay in Athens, I had received letters from some emigrants of my acquaintance who had settled in Syra. These urged me to go there and give a concert for the benefit of the poor amongst them. I willingly accepted the invitation, and determined to leave glorious Athens, not without sincere regret at parting from friends who had given to me so many proofs of their sincere affection. But certainly I was not sorry to leave those Pharisaical enemies who had caused me so much vexation, and had exposed me to so many dangers.

An adieu, therefore, to the renowned Acropolis; another look at all the historical remains in that city of imperishable memory. Again an earnest prayer that Greece, ceasing the present degrading partisanship with foreign nations, may recognise

herself as Greek and only Greek, and that modern Greece may emulate and render itself worthy of its ancient story :

And then I am on board a fine steamboat of the Austrian Lloyd's, steaming for Syra. Oh, the amenity, the delight to eye and heart of that voyage! the wondrous beauty of the gulfs of Athens and of Egina! The Archipelago is so enchanting, that although it has been the subject of the poet and the painter it has ever been too much for them to give to others the feelings it has excited in themselves. It is not possible to see it without feelings of love and admiration too strong for words.

We arrived before the small island of Syra. It forms an enchanting picture, rising gradually from the sea on terraces, as it were, towards the summit of the steep, conical rock of this island. At the time of which I am speaking (1850) it was inhabited by about 30,000 persons. It has been really created by commerce. Very few years passed after the proclamation of the Greek independence before Syra became the first commercial seaport on the Archipelago. It became also a station for the steam navigation, and the chief town of the Nomacclia of the Cyclades.

Close to Syra rises the small rocky island of

Delos, well known in Grecian story on account of the temple of Diana and Apollo situated upon it, whence the will of the gods became known to inquiring mortals.

It is ever so in Greece : one cannot move a step on land, or guide a barque on the sea, without some ruin of past ages presenting itself to the view.

And now behold me in Syra, where I receive the most festive reception, not only from the emigrants, but also from many Greek families in the island.

The concert was immediately organised, and the results were most useful to the poor emigrants for whose benefit it had been arranged.

The success upon this first concert at Syra, and the general satisfaction on the part of the audience, as well as on that of the poor recipients of their bounty, was such that I was requested to give a second concert. To this I agreed. It was more crowded than the first had been, and thus gave me the comfort again to be of use to the poor emigrants, the greater number of whom were in extreme necessity, and in want of immediate help.

It is scarcely credible, and yet it is quite true, that even at Syra the religious persecution which

had driven me from Athens followed me wherever I went. Not satisfied with injury to me personally, it sought to prevent my being useful to others. Here, also, at Syra, the Maltese were numerous, and were rabid fanatics.

It was evident that they had a well organized police, and were in perfect relation with their *compagni di Malta*. That I no longer wore the dress of monk or priest was of no use. The fatal consequences of having once worn them never ceased to follow me.

Scarcely had I arrived in Syra before these Maltese knew both what I had been and what I was; and with all the means in their power they tried to prevent the success of the first concert.

They were adverse to me, because they considered me as an open apostate, whom, as such, they held in horror. They were also declared enemies to the class of emigrants as such; because in them they saw a number of independent men who knew little or nothing of Roman Catholic dogmas, and did not wish to know anything about them. They therefore looked upon the emigrants as a set of abject and contemptible *scomunicati*, against whom all is lawful.

Against these open and concealed enemies to our charitable concerts the utmost activity was

necessary, and was employed, in order to ensure success. The liberal and honest Greeks of Syra, in union with the truly patriotic emigrants themselves, did all in their power to frustrate the evil designs of the enemy, and the result was that both the concerts were equal to our wishes.

In my curiosity to see as much as possible of the singular and picturesque city of Syra, I one day, accompanied by some friends, found myself upon the summit of the rock upon the slopes of which—from the sea up to our elevated position—are situated the houses, churches, and gardens of the beautiful little city. As we were admiring the grand and calm sea around us we were observed by two monks, one of whom, advancing towards us, addressed me. I immediately recognised him as one I had known in Rome, and we both felt *pleasure at the unexpected encounter.*

After a few minutes' conversation, on parting, he said, "Although I know that I am speaking to an excommunicated heretic, I cannot do less than embrace my good old friend in Rome."

Returning his cordial embrace, I said, "I am just the same—your friend truly as before. It is the system I dislike; not the men."

"Will you, then," he said, "come now and take a cup of good coffee with me?"

To this kind invitation we willingly assented, and went on together to the convent. We had scarcely passed through the corridor, however, when the loud screams of a boy excited our desire to know what was the matter; and, following the sounds, we entered a dark, dirty room, the air in which was close and oppressive, and saw a boy about ten years old upon the back of a youth of fifteen or sixteen, who held the hands of the little boy tightly in his own. Two other strong boys held firmly, one the right leg and the other the left, and a strong lusty monk, with a ferule in his hands, vigorously beat the boy, directing his blows alternately to the right and left. It was this which drew forth from the boy the cries and shrieks we had heard. To enter thus, and to see the stick raised in the hand of the monk-teacher descending upon the loins of the child, and to hear a crack as if something were broken, and then from the boy a piteous cry, "You have broken my bones!" was for us, indeed, as unexpected as it was unwelcome. And yet more were we astonished when the *padre-monaco*, turning white as death, sank upon a seat, with both hands before his face, exclaiming, "I have ruined him! I have ruined him!" the boy at the same time stretched upon the ground crying out, "You have broken my bones! You have broken my bones!"

I cannot find words to describe the monk. One must have seen him to have understood his situation. We endeavoured to lift the boy from the ground, and to help him as well as we could; but directly we attempted to touch him the cries redoubled. It was then decided to move him upon a kind of shutter. In this way he was laid down upon the bed of my friend, the monk, the boy continuing to cry, "You have broken my bones!" Seeing himself upon the bed, and that we were beginning carefully to take off his clothes, he begged that everyone else might leave the room, and that I might be left alone with him to examine the broken limb. Everyone accordingly left the room, and I locked the door. To my surprise, on turning round, the boy's face was quite changed, he looked almost merry; and with that vivacity which quick, lively children often have, he said, softly, and in full confidence, "Signore, I have been at this school more than a month. . . . I don't know why . . . but master seems to vent all his anger on me. I was quite sure that I should have a horse-whipping to-day, so I put a plate on the place; of course I tied it on with my handkerchief. I thought one blow would break the plate, and the noise would frighten master, and he would never do so again!" And

sure enough, so it was. When the boy was undressed I found the plate broken into many pieces. At the sight I really was taken unawares, and knew not what to say; but when I saw the laughing face of the boy at the success of his stratagem I could not help laughing too. Not that he had escaped without a wound, for the small broken pieces of the plate had been pressed into the flesh by the hard blows which had broken it. I took care that not one of these should be left in the flesh, and upon applying a handkerchief dipped in cold water the boy became quiet. With a child's trust in me, he implored me to go to his father, and "ask him not to send me to that school any more."

The boy went home; and I, with my friends and a few of the monks, entered into a long argument, the result of which was that we lost our coffee. It was forgotten. And the crime of the boy was found out to be neither more or less than this—that he had called another boy, one of his school-fellows, "*figlio d'un frate*" (son of a monk).

When I returned to the inn I found the boy and his father there waiting to see me. I conjured him to find another master for his child. He, with the tears of an affectionate father in his eyes, said to me, "I am a Maltese, with a wife and four sons. If we wish to have bread to eat and to live a quiet

life, we must give ourselves up, body and soul, into the hands of the priests and friars. If we do otherwise the jesuitical arts of these reverends will make any sort of worry against us not only lawful, but a duty." To these words of the father I merely answered that he must do the best he could for his child and for his family.

I must here not omit to say that in the conversation when "the coffee was forgotten" mention had been made of two miracles in our convent, of which I had been an eyewitness.

I will relate the facts here to my readers, with all the circumstances attending them:—

MIRACLES IN OUR CONVENT.

In consequence of an order from the Padre Generale *à cattedra di eloquenza* (a chair of sacred eloquence) was constituted in the province of the Basilicata, and many of our youth from the Convent of Potenza resorted there as students.

Every week or fortnight—I do not now remember which—now one, now another of the students had to recite in the church of our convent with closed doors, a *predica* (sermon) which he had learnt by heart, to give proof of his ability, not only in the delivery, but also in the appropriate gesture.

One fine day two students presented themselves who were to pass through an examination, for which they were already prepared, in order to receive the *ordinazione di Sacerdoti* (priestly ordination). They were not examined at all; but, instead of this, the Padre Provinciale had arranged that they should make the experiment of reciting a discourse, giving to one of them the favourite theme of *Purgatorio e dell' efficacia delle indulgenze* (Purgatory, and the efficacy of indulgences).

The candidate recited, word for word, a sermon upon the subject assigned to him. The examiners, however, were not at all pleased with the conclusion—so much so, that one of them clearly manifested his disappointment and displeasure at its deficiency.

“But why? I recited exactly every word that was written.”

“Then did you not recite your own composition?”

“No, certainly, I did not; because *il Lettore Teologico* (the theological reader) handed to us manuscripts of the sermons we ought to learn: and thus I, having a good memory, have exactly repeated the one upon the subject proposed to me.”

“And now, do you not feel able to improvise a better conclusion?”

The colour rose in the face of the irritated student. He did not allow time for the question to be repeated; but taking off the monastic cord and throwing it from him, down into the church, he broke out in these passionate words, “The best of all the various means to obtain indulgences certainly is that of *elemosina* (alms) to the church. It is on this account that I first give the example myself. Not having money, I despoil myself of the cord with the three symbolical knots of poverty, of obedience, and of chastity.”

We young men were ready to applaud this singular outburst, but the fear of penances restrained our strong inclination to laugh.

The examiners and the reverend fathers took it very differently, and without more ado they silently and slowly, one by one, went into the sacristy.

The other student had passed more easily, reciting a sermon upon the “Passion” in which, however, he had made some gross blunders.

To return to our *mal capitato* (wrong-head). He was summoned into the sacristy to receive his réprimand, which, however, was soon over—the hour of supper being urgent, to which the usual bell did not delay its invitation.

At supper *il Padre Provinciale*, the offence of the one having

been cleansed by the given reproof, saluted the *two* who had passed examination as fit to receive *l'ordine sacerdotale* (priestly ordination).

The supper finished, all went to their own cells; and it was not long before my four companions and I, who were the only young men in the convent in orders, found ourselves, together with the two students, reunited in one of our respective cells. All the seven seated upon the bed began to chat together very pleasantly, and one of us taking from his pocket a pack of cards, we settled ourselves to play for the few *quattrini* (pence) we possessed.

Finding, however, our peaceful enjoyment disturbed by fears of being heard and surprised, we each one took the woollen cover of his own bed (being in the month of December, it was cold). Throwing this around us, and as a precaution taking off our sandals, we passed through the vast corridor on tip-toe, and descended the ample staircase which leads from the convent into the church. Thus out of the way of suspicion, we intended to go into a large place at the further end of the nave, in which, after the funeral rites, the dead were placed to be interred the next day. There, amidst torn and broken crucifixes, and saints and Madonnas, no longer useful, we also found some old chairs, which were serviceable to us on this occasion.

We had brought wax candles with us from the sacristy, and now we are at the place, and are so intent upon our game that no sound could be heard but our quick breathing and the chink of the *quattrini*. We did not think even that our table was two cases which contained putrefying bodies!

All at once we started, and looked at each other with terror. In both the cases noises were heard, but particularly in the one upon which we laid down the cards.

So strong are the prejudices engendered by a monkish and priestly education, that we all lost our natural good sense, and cried out, "*Miracolo! miracolo!*" The two students exclaimed, "*Inginocchiatici e preghiamo*" ("Let us kneel and pray.") The

greater number of us, "*No, chiamiamo il Padre Guardiano, essendi morti che vogliono resuscitare*" ("Let us call the Padre Guardiano; these being dead, who will rise again?") Saying this, we all rushed out of the place.

And here another miracle!

One of the most ferocious of the brigand defenders of the *Santa fede* (holy faith), well known in the province of Bari and the Basilicata, one of the soldiers of that sanguinary monster, Cardinal Ruffo, had amassed great treasures by means of brigandage, with which he retired to Potenza, and simulating a holy life, largely enriched both churches and convents. It was well known also that in his will he had still further increased his pious donations. When at length he had to submit to the inexorable destiny of all men, it was granted that during the funeral rites his body should remain uncovered.

Afterwards the corpse of this *fiore di santo* (flower of holiness), in full dress, with a *corona* round the hands, was disposed in an open coffin, and placed near the door of the room in which we were playing at cards. When in fear and haste we all left this place, one of us had his woollen cover snatched from him by the dead man! "*Miracolo! miracolo!*" we cried out. We all turned round; and the blanket was in fact in the hand of the dead!

Silent, terrified, we all took refuge in the sacristy! Arrived there, one of us took courage.

"But what is this?" I said. "Are we men and priests, or children? Let us arm ourselves with crucifix and Madonna, and with wooden images of the saints, and with long canes. If the dead rise peacefully, let us receive them; if they would injure us, let us defend ourselves!"

Behold us, then, fully armed, advancing to the assault of the dead. We naturally, in passing, stop before the saintly brigand, and looking fixedly at him we could not doubt from his appearance that he was really and truly dead. But, then, how could he snatch the blanket? Upon consideration we were able to understand this also from the position of the

body, The swelling incident upon putrefaction after death had broken the slender thread which had fixed the rosary over the crossed hands, and thus had allowed the arms to open. One of the hands entangled in the rosary had caught the woollen blanket from our companion, who, already intimidated by the mysterious sounds, had given way to this slight resistance.

Tranquillized in this manner by the clearly revealed explanation of *one* miracle, we went on more calmly to the investigation of the other.

In one of the coffins—that upon which were the cards—the noise continued, and exactly as if one were scratching and knocking! We thought that the dead must really be alive again. But at this moment our attention was distracted by loud cries, as if from a crowd outside the church, “*Santa Filomena, fate il miracolo; fate il miracolo, Santa Filomena mia!*” (“Perform the miracle, Saint Filomena”).

In Potenza the number of relics and of images of Madonnas and of saints, male and female, all vying one with another, and all equally miraculous, was something not to be counted; and the church of our convent in this competition occupied a considerable position. The far-famed St. Filomena was there very much venerated, and her altar was enriched with gifts on account of real and pretended miracles. These, however, I never had been permitted to witness, but the treasures I have seen many times.

The powerful influence of monks and priests had brought about such a state of things that when an illness, however slight, occurred in a family, the relatives were sent—dressed in white, bare-footed, and wearing a crown of thorns—to the saint most venerated by the invalid, with gifts (be it well understood to the Church) at any hour it might be, either in the day or at night, to implore the miracle of a cure. Sometimes, instead of the relatives, poor boys and girls were paid and sent, who— with an old towel or sheet over the shoulders, a crown of thorns on the head, and a stone in each hand, which they beat upon the breast—implored a miracle.

Oh, men of Potenza! is this an exaggeration, or, rather, is it not the simple truth which I here relate?

Well, then, the multitude outside the church was of this kind. Knowing that we should soon be called to open the doors to these new-comers, we ran to our cells to replace the blankets, thus appearing as if we were only just risen out of bed on account of this midnight occurrence of the *imploranti il miracolo* (imploers of the miracle).

The sacristan did not lose time in unlocking the great door, and soon the church was invaded by a noisy crowd, rushing in to prostrate themselves at the altar of Santa Filomena, crying out at the top of their voices, "*Fate il miracolo! fate il miracolo!*" whilst the bell sounded to call the friars to assist with their supplications. As a matter of course, the elder *padri*, and also those who were of mature age, merely turned round in their beds, sending the young ones into the church to ensure the rich treasure accruing to the convent. Lamps and wax candles lighted—canticles and prayers answered—and, *capo primo, la sportula ricevuta* (first object, the fee received), we persuaded the mourners to return home, assuring them that the saint certainly would not fail to work the miracle. *We found the miracle completed, three days later, when we went to take away dead the one who had implored its help!*

When the church was again empty, we remembered the investigation of the other miracle of the noisy coffin; and, provided with hammer and chisel, we went to open it.

The noise continued the same, and as we hammered it appeared as if, from within, some one answered us. We therefore held for certain that the dead would rise again. We did not need lights, for the aurora advanced, and the first rays of the most pure and limpid sunshine of our country entered at the large windows, and fell upon us at our work. Strange contrast!—as our own Italy too surely represented at that time of the clear, pure light of her sunshine with the deepest darkness of her superstition!

But we did not think of this then. Engrossed with our work,

we at length raised one by one the four large nails at the corners of the lid. We stopped a little, from not a very noble feeling of fear; but finally we raised the lid, and lo, behold, as quick as lightning five or six mice ran out! They had found their way in through the places left by knots in the wood, of which the case had been made. The more feeble noise in the lower case was accounted for in the same way,

Here, now, my good readers, are the miracles of which I may truly say that I was an eye-witness. It is not a little romance of a night in a monastery which I have narrated, but a faithful narration of facts in which I myself was concerned.

I continued anxious and uncertain as to where I could best fix myself once for all. Syra was not for me. Idleness would have destroyed me; and the renewed persecutions which these Maltese raised up against me were really insufferable.

And then, also, it must be confessed that the idea, the hope to see and to know new countries, new people, new customs and manners, and to breathe the air of other skies, was extremely delightful and enticing to me.

I embarked, therefore, at Syra on an Austrian-Lloyd's steamer for Constantinople.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

AND now the Bosphorus is before us, and all the enthusiastic descriptions I had heard or read of the magical beauty of its scenery returned to my mind. I gazed with delight as we passed from one point to another of enchanting beauty; and I could not help confessing how far it transcends any idea I had formed of it—how much any description in words must be below the exquisite truth which in no possible way can be adequately represented.

On the one side, we have the view of Scutari, on the other of Pera, Galata, and Constantinople, properly called *l'Islandum del Turchi*, (the Metropolis of the Turks). The historic memories associated with these scenes from the time of the old Byzantium to the successive Constantinople crowd upon my mind. When Constantine, if not by gift—that may have been an invention of the Church

—yet by his powerful support, gave to the Popes a pretext for the universal supremacy and temporal dominion, which for so many centuries has oppressed and decimated, not Italy alone, but the greater part of the civilized world, we must not forget, however, that the potent valour of Belisarius and Narsites re-conquered a large part of Italy from the Goths. Rays of glory shone over Constantinople upon the heroic defence of Heraclius and the sudden expulsion of the Crusaders, when the winged lion of Venice so much distinguished itself, and the name of Enrico Dandolo became immortal. Even greater deeds are commemorated in the family of the Palæologi.

Alas! the fatal date of 1453 A.D. must be added, when Constantine Palæologus, the last Emperor of the East, died bravely defending his capital from the furious assault of Mahomed the Second, and then all is swallowed up in the abyss of Ottoman barbarism, and, to the disgrace of the civilized world, the Turk reigns supreme over the Golden Horn!

I landed and remained some time in Constantinople. During the whole course of my abode there I was most painfully impressed by the miserable contrast which the material and moral aspect of the interior of the city presented to

the extraordinary unique and incomparable beauty with which it has been so liberally endowed by Nature in its enchanting position !

The part of Constantinople inhabited solely by the Turks, in its narrow, dirty, and pestiferous streets, presented at that time a most disgusting spectacle to the stranger, as well as for the dark wooden huts (not houses) of which it is in great part constituted. As for its Turkish population which swarm there, they really seem inferior to that other crowd of dogs running about, vagrant and abandoned, by thousands in the streets.

In other parts, however, I found myself amongst the Franks, as the Turks call people of other countries ; and well may they call them so in distinction to themselves, for as far as I could see at that time, the Turks all—whether masters or servants—were nothing but abject slaves. In this part of the city the European residents, at the time of which I write (in 1850), were of all languages, opinions, and races, and with few exceptions belonged to the refuse of society.

In fact, the Ottoman Government towards them, and with respect to their continued disorder and frequent crimes, was completely powerless. Its famous and ferocious Cavassi (excellent if their office had merely been to bastinado brutally their

own Turks right and left) had not even the slightest idea of a well-ordered authoritative police, preservers of person and property. The consuls of the various European powers were omnipotent so far as to dictate orders to the Government of the Seraglio; but, it will be easily understood, that they had not, in the matter of internal police, means to carry out these orders; and thus it followed that the Franks could quite easily abandon themselves to all kinds of excesses, and in fact they *did so* abandon themselves, secure of impunity.

The emigration was numerous beyond all belief, emigrants arriving continually from all parts of Europe. The greater number there, however, were reckoned to be Italians, Hungarians, and Poles. Almost all of these languished in the most squalid misery; but many of them, as was the case also at Patras and in Athens, absolutely refused to bend themselves to any kind of occupation by which they could honorably gain their living, conquered by the most culpable idleness, and persisting to cradle themselves in it. Merely on declaring themselves "unhappy emigrants" they expected that others, and especially the Committee, should provide for their wants. It will hence be easily imagined that the task of the International Committee was in no respect an easy

one. With the greatest good will and the utmost activity on their part, it was yet found scarcely possible to watch over, direct in the best manner, and keep in the right way this mass of needy emigrants. To provide absolute necessities for them was at times impossible. The Committee, with sorrow, often found that all their best efforts were unequal to meet the great necessity. I had formed a sincere friendship with the members of this Committee—especially with Ludovico Kossuth, the soul of that imposing Hungarian Insurrection, which the armies of Austria had not been able to repress, and which was put down only when internal treachery and the intervention of the colossal Russia united with Austria to crush for a time Hungarian liberty. It was an insurrection of giants, and will never be forgotten in the story of its people.

Kossuth invited me to assist at one of the meetings of the International Committee, and asked if I would remain in Constantinople. I could not do this, and, after giving two concerts for the emigrants, I left for Smyrna, having received letters on behalf of the emigrants there also. Always delightful, indeed most delightful, as usual, was the voyage; and now I am in Asia Minor, under a pure and brilliant sky, at Smyrna,

the *Smzir* of the Turks—a city of great commerce and industry, with a magnificent port, and peopled at that time by more than 130,000 inhabitants; the residence of two archbishops—one Greek, the other Armenian. Notwithstanding all these advantages, the material and moral aspect of the city was not different from that of Constantinople. It is useless to expect anything else. Wherever the Turkish dominion exists, there it brutalizes. The emigration, although much less numerous here than in Constantinople, was in the same miserable condition. The concert which I gave in the service of these unhappy people was successful, and thus I had the comfort of assisting them as far as it was in my power. Here also, in Smyrna, I had to feel the weight of religious persecution, but it was comparatively slight, as my stay here was short.

I passed over to Alexandria, in Egypt—the ancient and illustrious residence of the Ptolemies, the capital of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the population of which in the time of Augustus was said to amount to 700,000. The impression it made upon me was much more favourable than that which I had received of Constantinople or Smyrna. The Ottoman element was insignificant in comparison to that of the several civilized

nations. The vast quarter occupied by the Franks always appeared to me as an European city. In the early part of this century Alexandria had fallen into decay. Having lost its military and commercial importance, its population had decreased to not more than 12,000 inhabitants. The merit of its restoration is certainly due to a Turk, but a man of real genius—the Viceroy Mehemet Ali. It was he who largely increased its commerce, making it a military port, with an important arsenal and a dock for ship-building. Its population, although often decimated by the plague and by cholera-morbo, when I was there had already risen to 60,000. I gave two concerts in favour of the needy amongst the emigrants at Alexandria, and also one in my own benefit. All three succeeded beyond my expectations, and were of use to the poor emigrants and to me.

From the time of the first concert in Athens on the 18th June, 1850, when the *Courrier d'Athènes* noticed it favourably, other newspapers of the various places to which I went in succession, on account of the concerts, continued to mention them favourably, and thus by means of the Press my name as *cantore con una voce di basso profondo* became established.

The passion for music was always with me

more and more powerful, and I did not cease to cultivate this my favourite art with the greatest care and assiduous study. With all my heart I felt music to be that favoured language to which refined and gentle natures are responsive, which elevates thought, and excites, as it strengthens, the most pure, generous, and noble sentiments and feelings. With this strong devotion to music, and the encouragement of the good name which the concerts had procured for me, I determined to try the career of operatic music, to which I felt powerfully attracted.

During my stay in Alexandria I had received several letters from the manager of the Italian Opera House in Constantinople, and we thus began to treat together upon the subject of my engagement. I obtained from him good conditions, and we mutually signed the engagement. In consequence of this arrangement I was obliged to return to Constantinople, and without more delay I took leave of my friends at Alexandria. Upon my arrival in Constantinople I again found myself in the midst of that large emigration. The good and true friends whom I had left there, although suffering, as exiles from home *must* suffer, were yet still equal to themselves, enduring misfortune bravely. Not weakened or cast down

by it, they kept on resolutely in the right way. *Ma i Traviati!* (those who have wandered from the way) alas! they, far from having gained strength, had become still more degraded through idleness, and the most squalid misery was the inevitable consequence. They were getting worse and worse, and had lost their dignity as men, so far as to break out into the most deplorable acts of violence amongst themselves. It seemed as if all these miseries united to embitter my return to Constantinople.

For several days and nights I found myself surrounded by people, who not only in the most senseless manner, without rhyme or reason, provoked each other to passionate quarrels, but went on reciprocally to crime, making use of the stiletto in the heat of their disputes.

It is not possible for me to express the sorrow I felt at this miserable state of things. With my whole heart and strength I tried every means I could think of to prevent, or at least to restrain, these deplorable excesses.

It is not necessary to say that all the good and true Liberals and friends of progress in the emigration had been, and were constantly labouring in the same cause and towards the same end, with the utmost self-devotion and zeal. But alas! it is only too certain that all our efforts were unavailing.

And so it is in fact beyond measure mournful but true, that when human nature becomes thoroughly perverted, to restore it again to good is a tremendous work, before which the most valid force; the most firm determination, is broken to pieces. Reason is of no use, because powerful and unregulated passions govern the misguided ones, and take from them the power of listening to her voice.

Misfortune is doubtless a teacher of noble and strong virtue to the man who is firm in reason and in conscience. But to him who does not know how to strengthen himself in the school of misfortune, it is too often a fatal counsellor in the downward path to ruin.

When I found with grief that all I could do was useless, nothing was left for me but to concentrate myself, and attend to whatever would conduce to the success of the career which I so gladly had embraced, and upon which I was just entering.

I felt quite certain that I should be successful in this my favorite vocation, as well on account of my passionate love for music as for the excellent instruction of my venerated master, Francesco Stabile. I had learnt ten operas; and, consulting a number of sincere friends upon the subject of

my *début*, we congratulated each other in the hope that it would be completely successful.

It is distant a thousand times from my thoughts to assume as if I would be thought a martyr; but one thing, however, is indubitable—that the senseless and brutal spirit of religious fanaticism always intervened to excite war against me, and to prevent the realization of my most cherished aspirations.

And now the Maltese, very numerous here in Constantinople, and always ready in the cause of a bigoted superstition to excite open violence and hidden insidious calumnies, behold them all united against me in order to prevent the (to them) insupportable scandal that one invested with the sacerdotal character should appear on the boards of a theatre.

An idea like this put them out of their senses; and they found support in the priests and adherents of the Church of Rome. Their manner towards me, when they met me on the way, was the most menacing. They caused many letters to be sent to me, in which—with imprecations and insulting language—they told me distinctly that in no manner would they permit me to appear on the stage, since, if I were now so completely possessed by the devil as not to shudder at the idea of doing

so, the decorum of religion and the honor of the priesthood in an absolute manner imposed that it should not be. Therefore if, of my own self, I did not voluntarily give it up at once, they would by force' make it impossible that the execrable crime should be perpetrated by causing me, once for all, to disappear.

With these and other not less emphatic and threatening words they gave me to understand, in short, that without more ado they would kill me.

I already well knew that the calumny and the threats of such men do not stop at mere words and writings, but that they were true and never failing promises, which would not delay to be translated into the ferocious violence of deeds.

Daily examples occurred in Constantinople to prove this, and in that infamous kind of Government the authors of similar crimes remained unpunished, an impunity which naturally did not fail to render them more daring.

If it were not too long, I would narrate circumstantially many and many analogous facts. I will not do so, but this I can truly affirm, that at that time in Constantinople the life of a man was reckoned as of less value than that of a mouse, and was more exposed to insidious attacks.

I must therefore hold myself certain that if I had

insisted upon my right to sing at that theatre, before I could do so, without doubt I should have fallen under the hired assassins of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Most unwillingly, therefore, I tore up my engagement with the manager of the theatre at Constantinople, and resolved to leave a country in which I had to exclaim, with the "Misanthrope" of Molière (although certainly not a misanthrope myself):—

Trahi de toutes parts, accablé d'injustices.
Je vais sortir d'un gouffre où triomphent les vices,
Et chercher sur la terre un endroit écarté
Où d'être homme d'honneur on ait la liberté.

Oh! as a golden dream it vanished before me at the moment when in the clear light I thought I saw the fulfilment of my long cherished aspirations, and the odious darkness of bigoted intolerance at once intervened and hid it from my sight!

Certainly my grief and disappointment was very great. The only comfort I found was in the hope that, under better circumstances, I might renew the attempt.

My intelligent and sincere friends united to strengthen my decision to leave, showing me in fact its absolute necessity; and seeing my uncertainty as to where to direct my steps, they almost all of them recommended London.

I determined to follow their advice, and so much the more willingly, as I fully expected to find in this, my new destination, much more advantageously than in Constantinople, an opportunity to devote myself to the so much desired artistic career of operatic music.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE.

FROM Constantinople I returned to Patras, to see once more the many dear and faithful friends I had left there ; and also to give a concert, where I was so well known, for my own benefit, since my economical means were each day getting less and less. I was joyfully welcomed at Patras, as well by friends and companions in exile, as by the Greeks themselves, amongst whom, as I have said, I had many friends.

The idea to give a concert for my own advantage, which I almost timidly named to them, was not only confirmed, but I was urged not to do so by halves, as they pledged themselves to assist me in carrying it out well, and in this way the concert took place. The result was beyond my hopes, and gave an evident proof of the esteem and affection felt for me.

Thus provided with the necessary means I could

not longer delay my departure for London, but took a place upon one of the English sailing vessels then on the point of leaving Patras for London. The sky was as usual clear and beautiful, and assisted by a favourable breeze, we coasted for some time before we put out to sea. Thus I saw again the coasts of Zante, Corfu, Cephalonia, Santa Maura, all picturesque beyond description, and recalling to me the most pleasing reminiscence of the many times I had visited them during the days of my first sojourn in Patras, and of the Greek friends I had known there, men distinguished for intellect and warmth of feeling, real friends to progress and to freedom. It was a melancholy pleasure to me to pass these beloved places as they, in succession, vanished from my sight!

But soon we lost them; and the vessel was directed between Malta and Sicily. Scarcely did we lose sight of Malta, when, behold! before us the enchanting coast of the country of Arturo, of the beautiful Trinacria, where all is grand and ardent as its own volcanic and majestic Etna. The most profound emotions were excited in me on seeing that land again! Land of the most generous and noble aspirations, which gave to the world the wonders of Archimedes, and

and with Giovanni da Procida taught how one ought to love and serve one's country. The days, not long past, returned to my mind which prepared the great National Movement in 1848, so splendidly begun by Palermo when, breaking through all obstacles, she gave a generous example to the people of Italy.

I recalled to mind when, in accord with the Committees, I passed through the various cities of Italy to prepare the grand movement—the enthusiasm, the strong impulse, the ardent patriotism prepared for any sacrifice, which I had then found in the Sicilians! The many sincere friends I made at that time appeared before me as if I could still press their hands and affectionately embrace them. Alas, unfortunate ones—they, and I with them—all either in exile, or in their own country, chafing under the hard yoke of the detested servitude; and some agonizing in the horrible dungeons of Bourbonic tyranny; and some vilely assassinated by its butchers; and some, much more happy, fallen in the desperate and glorious struggle!

But the sufferings of martyrs and the blood of heroes sanctify a just cause, and in time ensure its triumph. The idea for which they suffer survives the death of its heroic defenders.

It ever finds new and equally strenuous champions against whom even brute force is broken, as the ocean wave against a rock.

Yes,—such a faith, living, serene, unshaken, sustained me then in the certainty that there is a future for independence and for liberty—but in the meantime? And to think that a ray of hope for approaching redemption had lightened upon me just before in the projected landing in Sicily from Malta—which was on the point of becoming a fact—and that the Roman Catholic fanaticism of the tyrannical Irishman had rendered it abortive. This idea increased the weight of my sad thoughts.

These beloved Sicilian shores kept me under the dominion of an irresistible fascination, and, as it were, absorbed in the most mournful recollections. My eyes were dim with tears, but could not leave that island so favoured by natural beauty and by genius, so heroic, and yet now so unhappy.

The captain came up and kindly touched me on the shoulder, inviting me to go down to dinner, but I could not leave; and without food, without smoking, without even being able to divert my thoughts by reading, I remained until the inexorable progress of the vessel and the veil of night caused the disappearance of the object which had excited this tumult of sad thoughts.

The following day all trace of land was gone, and the majesty and vastness of unlimited ocean surrounded us. Our slow navigation up to this time had been favoured by mild and clement weather. But lo, now quite suddenly, a storm arises, and soon assumes a most threatening aspect. Our vessel, violently tossed to and fro, its sails down, impotent against the furious elements, was obliged to wait passively the lull of the tempest. Hard situation of the mariner. The huge waves always increasing in force and frequency, following incessantly one after another, and falling down upon us as if to engulf us in the sea.

The few passengers suffered miserably from seasickness and were in the greatest consternation, quite overwhelmed by fear. For myself, I did not suffer in the least from sea-sickness, but upon each formidable concussion of the waves I really believed our vessel could not sustain it, and expected immediate death, but without fear. In that moment of almost general despair, the excellent captain came to assure us that although the storm was very strong yet the vessel was not in immediate danger.

Soon afterwards the sea became a little more calm. But lo! on the next day a new war of the

elements incomparably more formidable than the first, returned to us !

The renewed and still more powerful force of the waves, was accompanied by other imposing and various circumstances, which the captain himself said were remarkable and unusual. A real deluge of water poured down upon us, as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and on each side of the vessel the precipitous torrents of water from above constituted with the fearful uproar of the sea such a portent that it seemed to us as if we must be crushed between two enormous falls of water contending against the impetuous rising up of the waves, which break in foam against the violent down-fall of the rain.

To us below, in the abyss of this ocean whirlpool, it seemed almost as if we were in the crater of a volcano which was continually vomiting foam instead of lava.

The light of day was obscured by the tempest. All around us the heavens were in the most varied, ever changing, but always dark colours, whilst enormous dog-fish went gliding on, in the water, round and about the vessel, as if in the expectation and certainty that they would soon devour us.

It was a scene of most imposing, but sinister

grandeur. A moment of the deepest solemnity. Terror was seen to invade even the severe and toil-worn faces of the brave English sailors! I do not speak of the passengers, who, weakened by the agitation and the sufferings of the previous day, gave themselves up, nearly all of them, to a despondency which was almost despair.

That threatening pressure, that infernal noise which was above and below, and on all sides around us, appeared to me as if it might be neither more nor less than *una tromba marina*,* which at any moment might overwhelm us and make us entirely disappear.

I went up to the captain (who understood and spoke Italian well), and asked "How will all this terminate?" The experienced seaman, calmly but seriously, answered me, "I am no longer captain; the captain is there above! It is no more from me, but from Him alone to save us. Let us trust in the All-powerful, who excites, and in an instant calms the waves. Adieu, my good Italian; trust in God!"

The solemn import of these words clearly explained all, and showed at once the extreme danger of our situation; I saw that it was no time for another question, and only said. "Adieu, honest,

* A Cyclone.

free Englishman" (*"Addio, onesto, liberale Inglese"*).

The captain then called the mariners around him, and with the Bible in his hand, said to them, "Let us pray." All these strong men stood round the captain and devoutly joined in his short prayer, and even the faces which had been contracted by fear became serene. I, also, turned my thoughts and my heart to the Infinite Love. Amidst this tumult of Nature that sincere and fervent invocation to the Being of Beings had something in it truly impressive and sublime. It was a solemn affirmation of the existence of God, which man in good faith cannot attempt to deny. I believed death to be inevitable; that for me, as for all of us, it was merely a question of moments. With rapid retrospection I went over the past, and found in it nothing untrue, or for which I ought to feel remorse. Tranquil and serene, therefore, I awaited death in the consciousness of dying an honest man. My thoughts then were with my adored mother, with my beloved relatives, and with my many most dear friends!

We passed thus many hours with death continually before us—living beings thrown upon the waves, destined to be the food of those other beings which were gliding under the water desirous of their prey. The bulwarks of the deck had

been removed to take away an obstacle to the furious waves. The deck itself was then inundated by the waves of the sea, as well as by the rain from heaven, and we were forced to take refuge in the cabin. Here the sailors were labouring continually to free the vessel from the water pouring down from the deck. But even in the cabin, through holes secured by thick glass,* we could from time to time get a glimpse at the horrid majesty of the situation. Vessels like our own, tossed and beaten about, appeared in sight for an instant—the next we saw them ingulfed in the vast abyss, and then we saw them no more! Perhaps they were already wrecked, and this momentary appearance was as a warning of the fate which awaited us! That sight, however, and that warning did not then disturb and distress us as it might have done before, since we were all of us prepared and resigned to death. For myself, looking it calmly in the face, I considered it as a gentle thing (*dolce cosa*), as the end of evils; and, in that tremendous agitation of Nature, as a natural consequence to be expected, always trusting firmly in the love of God.

Slowly and gradually the furious waves and the tempest of rain were calmed. The darkness which had densely covered us as with a mantle was

* The scuttles.

lightened; here and there the heavy black clouds were broken, not however to give us a glimpse of the pure azure of heaven, but rather of a greyish dark sky, which seemed pregnant with more storms. This, however, was not to be. That menace of new storms gradually melted away; the wind ceased; the sky at length became serene; and then against the horizon we saw the rock of Gibraltar. We were already in the Straits of Gibraltar, and had passed from death to life.

We mutually rejoiced, and congratulated each other on our wondrous deliverance from imminent peril. I asked the captain if that rock was really Gibraltar? He confirming the fact, I went on to say, "Well, then, now, to turn the prow *there*, and to continue the voyage to the end, has the good God conceded to you to resume the command!" "*He has been* so good to me!" the captain said cheerfully, and with reverence.

The Straits of Gibraltar certainly are not to be compared with the Dardanelles, but they have a beauty, and excite an interest of quite a different kind. The charm of Nature at the Bosphorus is in the refinement, the grace—one might almost say the voluptuous feeling of pleasure which that air inspires. The *prestige* of Gibraltar, on the contrary, is in the grandeur and majestic severity of

Nature : of that same Nature which has made Gibraltar a formidable bulwark and guardian of the Straits.

It was quite a wonder to me to watch the immense ships which arrive, or are stationed there. The great number and movement of their tall masts gave me the idea of a forest by some hidden power moving and swimming upon the water.

The vessels here were of all kinds and dimensions, some moving by steam, and some sailing-vessels. I observed little steam-boats towing enormous barges to the port, showing the power of human intelligence contending with inert masses.

Then the innumerable small boats rapidly gliding past, and dexterously making their way, as if in a narrow street, in the small spaces left between those huge swimming edifices. We did not land, but this life and animation in the port interested me in the highest degree.

Leaving the Straits of Gibraltar, we put out to sea to make for the English Channel; and after having enjoyed the beautiful view of Cadiz, we could also in the distance admire the picturesque coast of Portugal. Arrived in the Channel, we are soon at the mouth of the Thames, and then we are sailing up the grand river. Upon entering

this the captain came to me saying that we should soon be in London. The delight with which I heard this announcement can scarcely be imagined. I looked at the discoloured waters with joy, proving as they did that we were now not far from land.

The shore, so earnestly desired, was, however, hidden at present from our sight beneath a dense mass of clouds. As we watched them they were slowly dispersing under the beneficent rays of the sun, which, touching them as it were with fire, made them appear resplendent with light. The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive from the exhalation of the river Thames, and also from the smoke of the numerous steamboats which ply upon it incessantly. The odour was simply horrible, rendering respiration a matter of difficulty, and affecting mouth, throat, and eyes, as well as the nose. Imagine the impression made by this, the first herald of approach to the Metropolis!

But this, fortunately, did not last long. The clouds at length totally dispersing, the entire varied view of this approach to London opened to our admiring gaze, teeming with evidences of the riches, industry, and activity of the free English people.

Oh, Liberty! how beautiful, how divine thou art! and of how much art thou capable, if man-

kind could but appreciate thy true signification, and refrain from degrading thee into licentiousness and brutality? and also if the tyrants of the earth—who laud thy name to the skies, and yet practically trample upon and despise thee—could comprehend the sacred decrees of Providence, and learn to resist no more the progress of nations.

The view of the Thames we were now admiring was still more beautiful as the sky became quite serene, and disclosed to us the country on each side of the river, clad in luxuriant verdure, and dotted with picturesque little villages and churches surrounded by trees.

We had steamboats, barges, sailing-vessels, and ships of all sizes around us on the river; and wreaths of vapour hung in festoons, as if to greet the entrance of our poor ruined vessel, the sad condition of which still fills me with pity whenever I recall it to mind. The decks of the several vessels near us, as we passed, were full of kindly-interested spectators, who joyfully welcomed us, and testified the greatest commiseration for our misfortunes and pleasure on seeing us in safety. Even I, though quite unable to understand what they said, could not help feeling deeply the honesty and heartiness of their reception, and others on our vessel—amongst whom our good

captain—fairly wept for joy and gratitude. It gave me the greatest pleasure to witness the harmonious *régime* of these captains, upon whom the fate of so many human beings depends, towards whom they for the time, stand in the place of kings, and for whose safety they are in some measure responsible.

By the aid of my excellent telescope I obtained a good view of the country on each side of the river, which with fine houses, picturesque woods, and smiling villages—each with the tall steeple of its church rising above the trees—formed a most cheerful prospect.

It was with wonder as well as pleasure that I saw railways crossing and re-crossing each other, upon which the trains rushed rapidly to and fro, each conducted by two men, one of them guiding the train, while the other attended to the fire, which acted as the mainspring of all this vast machinery. I noticed with joy the rapid progress of the trains as they hurried along, leaving behind them thin long lines of smoke or steam, and giving vent every now and then to a long piercing scream or whistle.

I had often read and heard much about London, and my busy fancy at times had pictured it as it might be. Especially now, as we were so near to the great city, I remembered the words of some of

my friends assuring me that in London soldiers in arms were very seldom seen ; and that our *birri*, *gendarme*, *carabinieri*, *guardie di questura*, *cavassi*, and other similar instruments of tyranny rather than guardians and preservers of order, were never seen. On the contrary, they said, so firmly was respect for the law rooted in the mind of the English people that a man in the dress of a civilian rather than as a soldier, without firearms or sword, but simply a short club, was able to preserve perfect order and tranquillity. They told me, also, that the policeman never used this weapon but in extreme cases, and then upon his own responsibility.

Remembering this and much more I had heard of the harmony and mutual confidence felt between man and man in this free England, I felt sure that not from individuals could insidious attempts to injure or destroy be dreaded, and certainly not from a free Government, having sincere respect for the liberty of all, and in the first place for liberty of conscience and of private judgment.

It was then that I recalled to mind the pill of most potent poison I had procured at Venice as a means of death, if it had become inevitable, from the execrated hands of the foreigner. Hitherto I had always preserved it, because in the places

and under the circumstances by which I was surrounded, I never felt free from the insidious attacks of Jesuit bigotry.

But if in the great country towards which we are advancing, the thought of political and religious persecution is excluded, because impossible—if conscience in each one of these free men and citizens is not subjected to despotic and arbitrary power; but, far different, as governed and at the same time governors, in respect and observance of the laws—concord and harmony is securely established amongst them. If all this be true, then what is the use of preserving this powerful instrument of voluntary and violent death?

I resolved to destroy it; and I was not sorry, because if I were again to find myself in extreme danger and distress it might prove a temptation and a fatal counsellor to an act to which the blind excitement of passion or the desperation of extreme distress might lead, but which reason condemns and the laws of God forbid.

I was on the point of throwing this poisonous pill into the Thames, when the thought came into my mind, “Perhaps some of these fish may take this poison and so die, and then cause death to those who partake of it.” It is true, but it did not occur to me then, that the dead fish

when taken must have been thus exposed for sale in the market. I reduced the pill into infinitesimal parts, and then, as powder, threw it into the water, being sure that in this manner the poison could not harm any one. Some will smile, perhaps, at this idea of mine of such a minute scruple of conscience. I will not think it so trifling, and if I did I would not on that account deem it unimportant; since, in my way of thinking, one ought to be convinced that often from things and actions, in appearance trifling and insignificant, the most serious misfortunes arise: in the same manner as a spark unobserved may occasion a fearful and destructive fire. The cure of great things ought not to be disjoined from that of little things, and the minute heedfulness in all and for all, which costs little and spoils nothing, if not carefully and constantly practised may return to us in after times as bitter memories in sorrowful reproof.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON.

At length our small vessel, although much injured, reaches its destination in safety. The captain, with his usual attention as to a foreigner, comes to me saying. "*Ecco il ponte di Londra. Scendete !*" ("There is London Bridge. Descend!")

It was on the 30th of November, 1850. I am then in London—the immense metropolis of Great Britain, at this time the most populous city in the world, the inhabitants of which equal, if they do not exceed in number, those of ancient Rome in the time of Trajan. In London, a place certainly not favoured with the most beautiful gifts of Nature, not in the clear light of that transparent sunshine which gives life and beauty to our own smiling country; on the contrary, its daylight is often obscured by thick fog, so that one might think it to be night instead of day.

Notwithstanding this, the active and persevering talent of the Anglo-Saxon race has succeeded in making it the largest commercial emporium in the world. The capital of that serious, firm, and intelligent nation, which, the first to rise from the darkness and tyranny of the Middle Ages, gradually attained a wise, temperate, and durable liberty, by means of which they derived strength to engage in the most difficult works of public utility. I am in London, where may be seen a continual mirror of the varieties of the whole human family; where, by the side of the social evils, the ignorance, and vice which afflict humanity, one observes also the pure and noble affections, the generous actions, the eminent virtues which elevate it; and the spirit is re-animated, and made more hopeful and confident, in the infallible triumph of light over darkness, of truth over falsehood, of justice over iniquity.

I left the vessel, but felt quite confused at first and melancholy. This may have been owing to the heaviness of the dull grey sky, as also to the hurry and bustle around me, and to the importunity of so many strong-looking men who were busily engaged in taking the travellers' luggage out of the vessel. I was also confused in hearing the new language spoken through the

teeth, of which I did not understand a word. A profound feeling of discouragement came over me, and I was forced to ask myself the sad question, "What shall I do?" But this gloomy moment passed over, when I considered my well-filled portmanteau, my purse well provided with full nine hundred *colonnati*,* and the other resource of intrinsic value—my good voice.

Quickly I found myself in an hotel, having had to pay the large sum of two *colonnati* to the man who brought my luggage from the vessel. I lived well in the hotel, and after a few days asked for the bill, in order to get some idea of the expense I was incurring, but was told it would be given to me when I left ("When you go").

Almost every day I walked up and down the crowded streets of London, and if at times I found myself in the great centre of English commerce—that is to say, in the City—I could see that I excited the surprise of all who saw me on account of my long beard, which was black and thick, and of the cigar which I was continually smoking. Often I heard the words "French dog," but did not answer, not having understood what was said, only I saw that they looked fixedly at me and laughed. The English

*The *colonnati* is equal to five shillings.

at that time did not smoke or wear beards. These customs they did not adopt generally until after the war in the Crimea.

In this manner *mi davo bel tempo* (I amused myself) some days passed away, and, without knowing how it could be, I found that I had spent four or five *colonnati*—so much greater was the cost of living here than it had been in the other countries in which I had travelled.

At the end of three weeks after my arrival I asked decidedly for my bill, and had the unwelcome surprise to find that it amounted to twenty-seven pounds sterling. This serious expense, added to those other expenses which, without due consideration, I had incurred, so much diminished my sum of *colonnati* as to oblige me to consider seriously upon the best way in which I could earn my daily bread. It was, I felt, of the greatest importance towards this if I could find some Italians who were settled in London, and therefore would be able to advise me as to the best way to make my voice known. To this end, passing through Regent Street and through the many streets leading to Golden Square (at that time a centre of the Italians), and seeing many persons with dark complexions, with beards, and smoking, I addressed them in the best manner I could,

asking if perhaps they were Italian. Bitter, however, was my disappointment when they all answered "No." At length one fine day I met with a man who chewed rather than smoked his cigar. From this and from the way in which he was dressed, and from his hat (quite Italian), and from his bearing, I perceived quite well that he must be an Italian; and, in fact, this time I was not deceived. He stood looking at some pictures in a shop window. My heart was opened to so much joy, to so much hope, in proportion to the great longing I had felt, to meet if even one fellow-countryman in this foreign land.

Re-animated, therefore, I went up to him, and asked, "Are you Italian?" He did not answer, but instead, looked at me with a sour side-long glance, and after some minutes, only said, in a sharp voice, "*Cosa volete?*" ("What do you want?")

Recalled to myself then by the bitter uncertainty in which his behaviour kept me, but comforted by hope on hearing the few words in Italian, I began to tell my position—that I was an emigrant, and sought my countrymen.

To this he answered, "I also am an emigrant, and if my manner at first was cold and distant to you, it was because we emigrants here are

surrounded by many spies, who try to do us all the harm they can—particularly if they belong to the priests.” He also went on to say that “to make Italy free, it would be necessary to take from the midst of her all those persons up to the third generation having a priest in the family.”

Surprised at this, I quickly answered, “If this were done, nought but her fertile land would remain to Italy.” I told him frankly that I could not agree with him, but that on the contrary, I was firmly convinced we ought to contend against the systems of despotism and priestcraft, but that we never ought to attack individuals. In this way we should serve our own Italy with mind and heart, and should avoid the reproach so often cast against her as a theatre of civil wars. I told him also, that thus speaking to him, I was myself an ecclesiastic.

He, hearing this, exclaimed, “You a priest!”

“Yes; chaplain to the Neapolitan Volunteers, in the defence of Venice.”

Upon this, without another word, he contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and left me.

After this encounter I walked up and down Regent Street almost every day, often meeting persons who appeared to me Italian, so much so, that I felt tempted to accost them as if they really were

countrymen; but my former disappointments dissuaded me from doing so; besides, I observed that the greater number of them looked sternly and with suspicion at me.

One day, however, never to be forgotten, as I was crossing Oxford Street, who in the world did I meet?—Giuseppe Sirtori with Aurelio Saffi! What comfort for an emigrant, when an entire stranger, he has the happiness to meet a companion in arms and in suffering! It would seem at once as if the melancholy of exile had become less dark for him, as if renovated strength had been imparted to that indomitable love for their common country in whose cause each has endured weariness, has suffered famine, has exposed himself to dangers and to death. It would seem also at such a moment as if, in consequence of these sacrifices in her beloved cause, the sacred flame of devotion to our country only became stronger and inextinguishable.

I interchanged with Sirtori the most cordial friendly words of joyful welcome, and he related to Saffi so many anecdotes, both serious and comic, respecting me during the siege of Venice, that at length, interrupting himself, he asked where I was accustomed to dine; and if, at half-past six that evening, I wou'd go to No. 10, Golden Square, where I should meet some Italians.

I did not fail to present myself at the hour fixed. Upon entering the room I saw many persons cheerfully sitting down to dinner and in the moment of taking the soup. My entrance broke in upon the silence of that gastronomic occupation. It was a surprise to the greater number of them, and many who recollected me, rising, came forward and embraced me—“*E sei tu Campanella?—Nostro cappellano!—E come, da queste parte?*” (“And are you Campanella—our chaplain!—and how, in these parts?”) Two of these were Matteo Montecchi and Vincenzio Caldesi.

I sat down and asked for dinner. Sirtori said to me, “Do you know that here, for five or six days, you were held to be a spy? and that it is still believed; the few Italians who have seen you in London being ignorant how much you have done for Italy. Besides this,” he added, “a letter has been received here from Constantinople, speaking of you as a spy, and describing exactly your dress, manner, &c., &c., as the signs by which the spy might be recognized—of course no mention of his name.”

It is easy to imagine my surprise and disgust upon hearing this. I exclaimed at length, however, “Well! if the Austrian cannon did not destroy me, calumny never will do it!”

I seated myself at table and began to eat, for I was really hungry; but still I was most anxious to learn who it could be that diffused this infamous falsehood, and could not rest until they told me. It was the man I mentioned before, who chewed the cigar and was looking at some pictures. It was Guiseppe Bezzi, a sculptor.

The ardently-desired introduction to some other Italian emigrants thus gratified, I was also introduced to the frank, cordial *Maestro* Garcia, who, who having heard the extent of my voice, and also having made me sing, advised me to write directly to the managers of the two musical theatres in London, Costa of Covent Garden, and Balfe of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Instead of writing, I went myself to Balfe, who was kind, and asked if I had any objection to sing something to him.

"Willingly," I answered; and we immediately went into the rooms of Cramer and Beale, Regent Street, where I sang several pieces. He listened to me attentively; and I must say I felt that he was pleased, and heard him say, "*Che basso profondo! che precisa intonazione!*" ("What a bass voice! what precise intonation!")

After this he asked, "*Fin a dove giungono le vostre note?*" ("What is the extent of your voice?")

I replied by letting him hear a powerful *do* under the lines, and *mi* in the treble.

Then the courteous Balfe said, "Listen to me. What I can do for you is to receive you as my *collega* (colleague) provided the Impresario Lumley should be as much pleased with you as I am. So now, leave London to-morrow for Paris, present yourself to Lumley; give him the letter which I will write to him for you, and I am sure he will know how to do justice to your merit."

I did not leave immediately, but in about a week I went to Paris. I found Lumley a little cold in his manner, but still he received me with courtesy, assuring me that upon his return to London he would engage me.

Finding myself thus in Paris, I felt desirous to renew the past, and to visit several of my companions in misfortune.

The first amongst them was the excellent, great and generous one, the fearless patriot Daniele Manin. We had not met since the mournful parting at Venice, after the Capitulation on the 22nd August, 1849.

It is impossible to express the consolation we both felt thus meeting the friend alive and safe, from whom each had parted in a moment of the deepest dejection. With tears of mingled joy

and sorrow, we stood for an instant, as it were, quite still, looking at each other as if to assure ourselves that we were in existence.

Manin introduced me to the late Prime Minister of France, Emilé Ollivier, who asked me questions upon various subjects, especially upon celibacy and the confessional. He asked also if I knew Padre Ventura.

“I have known him well since the year 1843.”

“And Father Gavazzi?” he continued.

“Yes, very well I know Gavazzi; he is my intimate friend.”

“Have you also known Ugo Basso?”

I could not answer, but with tears exclaimed, “Oh Papato!” to which Ollivier responded “*Boja dell’ umanità!*” (“Hangman of humanity”).

And you, Ollivier, *da cotant’ anni a libertade amico* (for so many years a friend of liberty), could proffer your hand to the despot of the second of December, and thus become yourself, with him, a support and an accomplice in the iniquities of the Papacy. Oh, to what fatal excess may ambition and thirst for power lead men!

I returned to London in the full expectation that I was on the point of commencing my career at the Italian Opera. Lumley also returned to London, and I soon presented myself to him; but he

received me coldly, and only told me to go to Balfe.

I went, and was received by him with his usual kindness. He asked me many questions, and amongst them how many, and what operas I had learnt; in which and in how many theatres I had been engaged, and if I would let him see the contracts.

These precise interrogations surprised, but did not discourage, me. I told him that I had studied operatic music simply as an amateur, and that, unfortunately, finding myself in the emigration, I was desirous to turn my voice to some profit, and wished to learn in what way it could be useful in the opera.

"On your part, then," he said, "you would not have great pretensions; you would not expect much?"

"Certainly not at first," I answered.

"Very well, then," he said, "return to me in a few days."

Accordingly, in a few days I returned to him. What was my surprise to hear him frankly at once say to me, "*Mio caro*, you cannot appear upon the stage, being an ex-ecclesiastic; it would be said to be an evil augury for the other singers."

I forced myself not to show the great and serious

disappointment I felt at these words. I took leave of Balfe, who, I must say, was also displeased to be obliged to refuse, and always afterwards testified his esteem and good will towards me.

I then wrote to Costa, director of the opera at Covent Garden, and received a civil answer from him, saying that he could not see me, being very much engaged.

Some friends amongst the Italians resident in London, advised me to visit Lablache, as I had known him in Naples, where I was introduced to him by *il maestro* Sarmiento, on occasion of the funeral ceremonies for King Francisco I., in the Royal Chapel in 1844, when he congratulated me upon my voice.

I went to his house, and three times was told, "Not at home."

I then knew full well that I *never* should sing at the opera in London. In fact, some *educated* musical artists had already frankly told me that the other singers would have felt scruples, and would have been reluctant to join with one who had been anointed with holy oil, and who was an apostate!

Thus with the utmost grief and almost despair, I found a musical career at the London Opera closed to me. I felt it to be twice a loss, not only as a means of living, but also from the real passion

I felt for music, and especially for the opera.

In the midst of all these mournful events and disappointments, my nine hundred *colonnati* came to an end, and in order to exist I was obliged to begin to sell things that to me were valuable.

The superfluous thus by degrees exhausted, I became, as weeks passed on, forced to despoil myself of the necessaries also ; so that in this way, selling day by day and receiving a few shillings in return, I found myself reduced to extreme poverty.

How often, in those mournful days, an entire stranger in the vast abyss of London, and not understanding a word of the language so difficult to me, have the kind offers in the Levant to give me letters of introduction to friends in London returned to my mind. I was then quite ignorant of the complete isolation in which a lonely stranger may live and die in this vast metropolis, who does not even understand its language, who has never been accustomed to beg, and cannot force himself to ask help of friends and countrymen who are themselves emigrants and poor.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

It is well known that in every revolution there are honest and sincere patriots. There are also needy adventurers who seek to profit by the confusion. Too often, also, the abettors and instruments of tyranny engage in it, secretly endeavouring to bring discredit upon the good cause.

After the revolution in 1848, almost all the European emigration sought refuge in England, and of these London was the nucleus.

Oh, England, how great is the number of unfortunate emigrants, who, with me, bless thy name!

Thou pitiful and benevolent, the most hospitable nation on the earth, receivest all the dispersed sons of humanity without distinction, who find upon thy sacred soil an inviolable asylum from the enmity which pursues them.

Thou dost not ask whence they come, who they

are, or if, from their past lives, they are worthy of thy asylum. Thou, considering them as men, lookest only to their present, and to their future, and thou protectest and punishest them by the same laws as thine own sons.

The political exile finds in England a new and loving country, and a secure nest, until he can regain his own.

The outcast from his own country finds in England some way in which, by honesty and industry, he may recover himself—a supremely good end, which punishment and dungeons would never have enabled him to attain.

The emigration from Italy was one of the most numerous in London at that time.

It was, as usual, not harmonious, but rather discordant: the want of education, and the fatal superstition of the Papal, and other despotic governments, having kept in darkness and degradation the mass of the Italian people.

Then however, as always, true and generous men were not wanting, who, remembering our past greatness, and aspiring towards a better future, never relaxed in their endeavours to unite their fellow countrymen, and to spread amongst them ideas of a higher and more humanizing civilization.

One of the first amongst these generous men

I must name Alessandro Gavazzi, who, with his powerful reasoning and fervent eloquence, acquired a well-deserved fame in England.

He completely succeeded in his endeavour to be useful to the Italian emigrants, by giving gratuitous lectures to them in their own language. He also gave some popular lectures in English. The audience at each of these lectures was generally large, so that he was advised by some intelligent Englishmen to give paid lectures. He did this, fixing Sunday for the Italians, and one day in the week for the English: but the entrance always gratuitous to the Italians.

A numerous attendance of persons of every social position filled the large rooms in which these lectures were given. I remember to have seen Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston several times at the lectures given by the generous patriot, Alessandro Gavazzi.

He lectured several times in the course of the week in various parts of the metropolis and the suburbs, and also in other cities in England. The rooms were always full: and I with my own eyes once saw the sum of forty-three pounds counted out from the receipts, which sum in a few hours disappeared, the generous Gavazzi having given it in food to almost all the needy in the Italian

emigration. And I also was among the needy benefitted; and he many times, without the least—the slightest—ostentation, as he did with all, made me thus participate in the result of his labour.

In the emigration of 1850 the number of true Liberals was small in proportion to that of those who had been sent out from the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, from Piedmont, from Austria, from Tuscany, and the Papal States. They were sent out from these dungeons expressly that the name of the honest and real emigration might be disgraced in the country which had received them, and the greater number were sent to London.

The reader will imagine the grief with which the crimes of these fellow-countrymen were witnessed by the real Liberals! Thanks to them if many horrible deeds were prevented.

In all the Italian emigration in England, and particularly in London, the number was few of those who could lead an independent life, receiving money from home. The greater part were truly dependent upon charity, and were often tempted by misery—that evil counsellor—to place themselves upon the terrible inclined plane which leads to crime. It was on this account that the honest patriots gave themselves up entirely, and made use

of every means in their power to keep these poor men in the right way, and to prevent them from disgracing the Italian name by wrong-doing.

These generous efforts were productive of much good; but all, however, could not be done, and many were the lamentable crimes which could not be prevented, and which are too painful for me to relate.

In this unfortunate position Gavazzi was as if both materially and morally sent by Providence to the rescue, for he not only gave succour in money to those most near falling on the slippery way, but he also gave them persuasive and useful advice, and counsel of morality and patriotism. He strengthened their physical powers, and raised and cheered their spirit.

Do not be offended, my dear Alessandro, if I speak so much of you. It is scarcely possible for me to be silent when the truth is so highly honorable to a citizen of Italy.

And thou, also, my excellent friend, Girolamo Volpi, pardon me if I must say a few words of thee. As with Gavazzi, so with thee; truth obliges me to mention the generous deeds of my fellow-citizens. And thou, also, wert one of the most solicitous and active promoters of all that tended to raise the material and moral condition of

our erring fellow-countrymen, especially of all that would lead them to habits of industry and self-dependence.

At this time I myself became reduced, little by little, to the most extreme misery. My daily food was most scanty, since for the few things (the last residue) which I went on selling I only received a few pence, and with these bought tobacco rather than bread. Many times I picked up small bits of cigars, smoking them in a pipe, which I still preserve. In this way, three weary weeks passed over!

One of these dismal days I was alone in my little room, No. 8, Hooper Street, Golden Square, when I heard some one at the door. I opened it, and what did I see? Two Roman Catholic priests whom I had known in Rome, *nel Collegio Irlandese* (in the Irish College). Quite courteous, as is the custom in their order, they came to me, sent by none other but Cardinal Wiseman, bearers of his message, which invited me to return to the fold, and to re-enter into the bosom of the *Santa Madre Chiesa Cattolica Apostolica Romana*, submitting myself to her holy laws, and celebrating the Mass and the other ecclesiastical functions.

The Cardinal also offered me the direction of the choir at San Giacomo, where I should have to

instruct the priests in the Gregorian Chant. In recompence for these services, he offered the stipend of 300 guineas per annum. The blow was well directed to place me in a struggle between conscience and famine!

I answered that I sent my thanks to the Cardinal for the confidence he placed in me, as *Maestro di canto gregoriano* (Master of the Gregorian Chant), that I would accept such a position, but on the express agreement that nothing should be said to me of the priesthood, since I had conscientiously and definitively left it.

Upon this, my clear and decided answer, a strong discussion was entered into between us, at the end of which they left, declaring me to be a heretic, excommunicated, and therefore damned.

Notwithstanding this, these priests themselves (I not changed), even now after so many years, meeting them sometimes in the road, they are always the first to salute me.

Any one will easily imagine what, and how great torture I suffered in my own thoughts, when unavoidably contrasting the extreme and utter misery in which I was with the offer of Cardinal Wiseman. But I conquered, and chose rather to suffer famine, than to accept the bread of imposture.

I reduced myself after this for full two days

without bread or any kind of food, not knowing any one to whom I could address myself, and not having anything else to sell!

I felt myself truly and totally lost; and walked through Oxford Street, looking down to find, at least, some pieces of cigars to feed my pipe, when a gentle and courteous lady accosted me, and asked me if I were the Reverend Campanella?

I looked up and roughly answered, "Yes, what do you want?" I was so rude because the extreme of misery had made me detest the human race, when I saw they did not read on my face the anguish I was suffering.

But I deceived myself, since in this lady was one who *had* perceived my great sorrow, and who felt ready and desirous to help me. In her I found the angel who saved me.

In fact in her the greatest delicacy was united to charity and benevolence. Appearing not to have observed my rude tone of voice, my rough answer, she invited me to accompany her to her house, at No. 1, Hyde Park. Arriving there, we went in, and she took me into the dining-room, and there, in the most kind and thoughtful manner, questioned me upon several things, and amongst them asked why I did not give lessons in singing and in the Italian language, and to this I said,

“If in this immense metropolis I do not know anyone?” To this the excellent lady did not reply, but I well understood the eloquence of her silence, she wished to act, to do something, to procure pupils for me, and in this she succeeded.

That day I passed from death to life. I had nourishment; and, more still, I received moral strength and comfort. It was one of my happiest days and one which I shall never forget.

In taking leave of my benefactress, seeing that she placed an envelope containing some money in my hand, I felt humiliated as if I were receiving *elemosina* (alms); but she, with extreme delicacy foreseeing—almost before she perceived—my feeling, said readily, “It is not at all *elemosina* this I now offer. It is something I lend to you, which in time, you can return to me.”

Much affected by this noble action I accepted it, and with the warmest thanks. I was scarcely out of the house when I opened the envelope, and found in it a generous help which came to me as manna in the desert.

My first thought was to get some better dress; and it was well I did, for in the course of two days I received from the beneficent lady the following note :---

Mrs. Craigie's compliments to Signor Campanella, and requests him to favour her on Thursday evening at nine at a musical evening. She hopes he will, also, kindly bring a little music.

No. 1, Hyde Park, February, 1851.

It will be easily imagined that I accepted this invitation with the greatest pleasure. When the day fixed for the musical evening came, I went and found myself at the house of my benefactress, in the midst of Italian artists and a select English society. There was music. I sang and was kindly applauded. The evening was cheerful, and to me delightful. It was the first musical evening for me since I left the East. Mrs. Craigie gave me the honour to take her down to supper, and introduced me to several families as professor of singing and the Italian language. Amongst them were Dr. Henry Bennet and Mrs. Bennet and Miss Hopegood, who soon after asked me for lessons, which were arranged for twice a week.

Thus, through the good work of this noble English lady my daily bread was ensured to me, a blessing which those alone can estimate who have suffered want. And not in my case only; many, many others of different nations have been saved by her in extreme necessity, and with me, bless her name.

In these and similar generous actions the woman

is raised far above the man, through her delicate sympathy, her goodness of heart, and compassion for suffering. These precious gifts are not rare in the English women; but amongst them Mrs. Craigie certainly is one of the first, and I must repeat that numbers of unhappy ones, like myself, have been raised from the very depths of misery by her.

Brought forward thus into the light of the world around me, I became somewhat known in this vast capital. Almost every evening I went into some English family, when they had music and sang with them. Often I was paid for this. I also gave lessons, teaching the Gregorian chant, in three churches of the sect of the Irvinites, and almost all the chief men amongst them were benevolent and kind to me. Especially the late Mr. Henry Drummond, who spoke and wrote well in Italian.

They were all truly sincere and honest, but beyond measure fanatical in their apostleship. So much so, that, comparing them with the Roman Catholics, I should not have known to which to give the preference.

As the weeks passed on I continually found my lessons increasing, so that often the whole day was occupied in my profession, and thus, making

me feel the value of every hour, I learnt to understand the full import of the English proverb, "Time is money."

Often the profit resulting from my lessons in singing and in Italian was full £40 a month, and yet I do not know how it was, but it is true, that I often found myself without a penny in my pocket.

CHAPTER XI.

COUP D'ETAT.

I MUST now relate a circumstance which at the time was a cause of serious anxiety to us. It was towards the end of 1852 when Louis Napoleon, having assured himself of the support of his partizans, had succeeded in being elected President of the French Republic, and was meditating a second attempt to attain the audacious object which years before had resulted in the overthrow at Boulogne and the prison at Ham. The threads of this cunning weaver were quickly arranged and carefully wove into the desired form.

The Council of Buonapartists was called together, the plan of action explained, proceedings organized, and probabilities balanced. The future Cæsar then gave it to be understood that to ensure a successful issue to an enterprise which would, he said, bring a full recompense to its supporters and prosperity to the country, it would

be necessary to cultivate the sympathy of friends in general, and of the army in particular, by means of gold and wine.

To this end large sums of money, with wine and spirits, were placed at the disposal of those officers in the army who were considered to be favourable to the cause of Napoleon, many of whom had been corrupted and seduced by gifts or dazzling promises. The wines and spirits thus infamously devoted to brutalize and madden the multitude had been obtained through the pretext of provision for the soldiers.

As the moment, at once feared and desired, drew near, the attention of Louis Napoleon became more and more fixed upon the large Italian emigration which was then in London. He observed that the young Italian emigrants, upon leaving their own country, went in numbers to free England, almost as if it were an asylum and also a place of meeting.

He knew that those emigrants represented the most formidable party of foreign opposition to his ambitious views, and that if it were to unite itself to the National Anti-Buonapartist party it might raise formidable difficulties, and thus compromise the movement he contemplated.

Louis Napoleon knew full well that a people

under the influence of a strong passion could not be bought with treasure or seduced by favour. They might, he thought, *be won over*, and deceived by artful fraud and false representations, and of these he made use.

He offered to all money and arms, and an open way in which they could fight under the banner of Liberty, his object being to let them fall victims in the well-known *colpo di stato* (2nd of December, 1852).

These were the means which suited the purpose of Louis Napoleon in order to consolidate his sanguinary dynasty. Numerous emissaries were therefore sent into England, who, in the most artful manner, with the most humanitarian suggestions, in the most honest and truthful appearance and conversation, distributed large sums of money amongst our ignorant and needy emigrants. In consequence it was observed that in the first days of November the poor Italians were spending money more freely than usual. It was rumoured that they were engaged to go to Paris in order to strengthen the number of Liberals there.

At this time two of the Triumvirate of the Roman Republic, Giuseppe Mazzini and Aurelio Saffi, were living in the English metropolis.

The misguided youth of the Italian emigration were

preparing their departure for Paris to fight, as they had been told, for Freedom. Inexorable time was pressing.

Aurelio Saffi, by the advice of Mazzini, came to me. He wished to know if I, with some others who had been taught by experience in exciting circumstances and in the direction of men in perilous times, would undertake the difficult task to illuminate and dissuade these deluded Italians.

I immediately went to Mazzini, who, on seeing me, took my hand, saying with emotion, "*Mio caro Campanella, Salviamo questi nostri! Evitiamo la carneficina dei poveri delusi Italiani che Luigi Napoleone vuol fare!*" ("Let us save our own! Let us prevent the slaughter of the poor deluded Italians which Louis Napoleon would perpetrate!")

It was a serious and hazardous enterprize. Yet without hesitation not a few honest Italians gave themselves, with all their might and power, to follow out the pious impulse thus suggested to them, to convince the obstinate, to disturb the trust of the credulous, to guide and direct the generous feelings of fervent youth, determined to support a cause which had been so artfully represented to them as that of Liberty and Right, to save them from the deadly weapons which would have been directed against them and against the

good cause ; thus consolidating the throne of violence with the blood of martyrs fallen under the banner of the Nazarene "*Amor et Libertas*" ("Love and Liberty").

The horrible slaughter of so many deluded men, and the destruction of so many hopes for the future was prevented.

This consoling truth shone in the eyes and on the joyful faces of the apostles of charity returning from their successful efforts. We, each of us, had spoken to them in our usual manner, with earnest sympathy, seeking to adapt ourselves to their various ideas and feelings.

Luigi Pianciani persuaded, Giuseppe Sirtori entreated, Girolamo Volpi convinced, Maurizio Guadri desired, Federico Campanella dissuaded, Carlo Arrivabene advised, Giuseppe de Vincensis undeceived, Vincenzo Caldesi dissented, Mattia Montecchi encouraged, Gaetano Massarenti with Zambianchi disarmed, Olisse Granchi assured, Il Principe della Rocca, Filopanti, Luigi Bianchi, with Trapassi watched over them, Ghirardi showed them the folly of it, De Agostino persuaded, Alessandro and Giovannino Gavazzi, the two brothers, were most eloquent, with clear intellect and warm heart.

In this manner our deluded Italians were con-

vinced, and did not leave London. If they had, certainly they would have been killed.

In this perilous situation Giuseppe Mazzini *giganteggio' sull' altare delle virtù umane* (rose as a giant on the altar of human virtue).

The second of December, with only five francs to each soldier, brought fratricidal war upon the capital of France, and fear and death to the unarmed citizens. Infants, women, and grey-headed men were as targets to the bullets of the fraticides, of men corrupted by gold and wine, and drunk with ferocity. At night the fires of the bivouac made visible the squalid forms of wounded victims, and the bloody spoils of their assassins, in the streets of Paris.

Napoleon triumphed then in the way in which traitors triumph—to fall as cowards fall afterwards.

Thus a dire calamity had been averted, and the serious anxiety which its near approach had occasioned, was followed by feelings of gratitude in the assurance of successful effort. My mind was also free from anxiety as to the necessities of life, and if one of my poor fellow-countrymen came to me for help, I had the comfort of being able to add my mite to his.

So that I might have been happy. But an unde-

finest feeling of disquiet troubled me, a profound sadness invaded me totally, when I was not occupied in work or in conversation. Alone, a stranger, an exile from my delightful country, and without the hope, perhaps, of ever seeing her again; frustrated in my ardent aspirations for the liberty and independence of that beloved country, for whose dear sake I had braved danger and death; depressed and cast down on seeing her still under the same yoke of tyranny and of the Papacy; degraded by the sight of an Italian emigration divided and discordant, in which the generous and true were, at any instant, in danger of being outnumbered by the crafty and false. Amidst the accumulation of these sad thoughts, my heart longed for that which would give more real and enduring comfort than the mere assurance of the means of material subsistence.

And I, brought up in the superstition of the priesthood, consecrated unwittingly to the degradation of the *celibato* (but now happily freed from it), perceived that peace and heartfelt satisfaction were to be found in the sacred altar of the family, in the worship of the companion, who, with thee, shares the joy, and with thee supports the sorrows of life, who, with a fine discernment which belongs to woman, is guide and counsellor in the arduous

passage of life, and amidst the darkness and tumult of passion and ignorance around thee is a light and guide to strengthen thy faith in the good and true. Yes, I aspired towards this ideal happiness, and said to myself with the poet :—

E quando ogn' altro amore
T' avranno tolto i fati,
Stringiti allor sul core
Quest' angiol di bontà ;
Tesori inaspettati
La tua miseria avra' !

“And when Destiny every other love shall have taken from thee, press then to thine heart this angel of goodness; unexpected treasures thy misery shall have.”

But where to find the one who may be in unison with my high thought? And if found, still how can it be hoped that she may unite herself with me?

Signor Ernest Susanni and his wife, a gentle and educated English lady, invited me to their *conversazione*, where I was introduced to Miss Catherine Lindley, who, by highly cultivated intellect and by the most precious gifts of mind and heart, exactly and entirely responded to my ideal.

Questa diventava mia Moglie, la dolce, la carissima compagna della mia vita. (This became my wife,

the gentle, the dearest companion of my life.)*

Some months after our union, the idea occurred to us to form an Institution by means of select classes, not more than twelve in the class, under the best professors, for the higher education of young English girls.

The object was one of deep interest, on account of the importance of a more thorough and liberal education for girls than the superficial one so general at that time. Especially, we desired to cultivate those beautiful harmonizers of life, music and painting, with the earnest, religious spirit which animates all true art. It pained us to see girls leaving school with just "a little music and a little drawing, as accomplishments," without an idea of the duty of further progress. We were encouraged to hope that uniting our efforts to those of such men as Sterndale Bennett, David Cox, and some excellent Italian, French, German, and English professors, we might be able to cultivate in the good, gentle, intelligent English girl, that love of the beautiful and desire for progress, of which true art is the exponent. With these objects

* We were married on the 9th of April, 1853, at Dover, by a licence from the Registrar, Mr. Cross, and the religious service was performed by the Rev. T. B. W. Briggs, his father and brother, with William S. Shoobridge, Esq., and other friends, being present on this occasion.

our excellent friend and neighbour, Mrs. Buckley, fully sympathised, and practically encouraged by sending her own daughters to our classes. Our venerated friend, Daniel Gaskell, Esq., warmly encouraged us, and it was when we were on a visit to him at Lupset Hall, that, with the assistance of his nephew, Mr. Edward Lamport, our first programme was arranged. Afterwards this was enlarged when, through the recommendation of the late Mrs. Adey, mother-in-law to Sir William Jenner, M.D., we received some young English girls as pupils into our family, and a good English education was added.

Education, in fact, in its broad sense is the true bread of the soul. Through its powerful and beneficent influence, the intellect and the affections are well directed, and receive the fullest development. The lower instincts and strong passions are kept in subjection to the gentle dominion of reason, and the soul elevated by noble sentiments, becomes moderate in prosperity and strong in adversity.

And education itself, to the *one who imparts it*, is an ineffable comfort and an inestimable reward for the fatigue which it induces; since the true educator becomes the guide to humanity, gentleness, and progress, and in consequence finds himself more and more elevated through the grandeur

of his mission, and, when successful in his arduous task, he feels the most noble pleasure in this result of his labours.

The education of *woman* is too often miserably neglected in many countries, my own loved Italy *not* excluded. And yet it is fully as important as that of man.

It may even be said to be more important, since whilst woman is the companion, the counsellor, the natural comforter of man, she is also the first educatress of his sons, and he with them feels the powerful and perennial influence of this dear half of the human race.

Oh! how often the woman forms the man! How indelible are the traces that remain of the first education sucked in with the mother's milk!

Educate women, develop the many and rare gifts with which she is so largely favoured by Nature, almost, as it would seem, as if to force her to fulfil her high mission.

You will then have a wise and virtuous generation, and will have rendered the most important service to the cause of progress and of humanity.

In the hope of contributing our mite towards this important object we were enabled to overcome difficulties, and the desired educational institution began in 1854, and continued until 1871, when

advancing age admonished us it was time to desist.

It is not for me to say if we were able fully to realize the ideal which had led to its formation. This, however, I may say, that I have had the comfort of knowing from our pupils, now dispersed far and wide, in various parts of Europe, in the United States, in India, and in Australia, that they still feel an affectionate interest and retain a pleasurable remembrance of the time they spent with us; as we, on our part, often in the quiet of home speak together of them and feel a lively interest in their happiness. Many of them are now intelligent and affectionate mothers.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REAPERS.

IN 1860 Giuseppe Garibaldi, with other brave patriots, and the irresistible national impulse animated by him, freed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies from the tyranny of the Bourbons.

Thus, the way open, it is impossible that an earnest longing should not fill the heart of the emigrant to see his native land, to visit his own loved ones again. Who does not love his home? "*il natale suo nido?*" And still more so, if it were placed amidst scenes in which Nature puts on her most beautiful dress, and the sun sends down its most pure translucent rays upon a land of glorious memories and of great misfortunes—upon Italy.

Therefore I love and dearly love Spinazzola, in which I first saw the light, in which my ancestors repose in the long sleep which earthly bitterness

can no more disturb, in which my beloved mother and brothers and sister still dwell.

As a youth I left Spinazzola, when they gave me to the Church. It was not any fault in my family, but the result of a fatal system which tyranny, both in Church and State, had rooted in the minds of the people.

Thus I became successively monk, chaplain and Pontifical singer in the Sistine Chapel, *Prclato di mantelletta a vita*, and priest. The enforced negation of myself, and the immense corruption of my associates did not conquer me, and amongst the most active, and certainly amongst the most disinterested, I promoted the great national, and truly popular movement of 1848. In the re-action of May 15th in the same year, the Bourbon tyrant of Naples, Ferdinand II., had included my name in the list of Liberals to be assassinated by his *sbirri*.

I had, however, left Naples ignorant of this, and only learnt the certainty much later; thus I did not fall as many of my dearest and most valued friends had fallen, under the steel of the hired assassin, having left Naples to assist as Chaplain of the Neapolitan Volunteers in the defence of Venice, up to the sad moment of the capitulation.

I then emigrated to Greece, to the Levant, and finally to London, where, after I became known to the English, I had bread, and kindness, and affection.

And then it was, in the year 1861, that I found myself travelling as fast as railway and steamboat could carry me to Naples; and thence, by the slow pace of a *vetturino* with four horses—myself and fellow-passengers armed, as expecting continually to be stopped by brigands—to Spinazzola.

The last night of our journey, however, was just giving place to day, and with it all fear of danger had passed.

One of my fellow-travellers, awaking from sleep, exclaimed, "It is dawn." For some time I had been watching the first faint dawn of day in Italy—in the Puglia, the loved home of my youth, from which I had now been so long exiled. Over the broad, rich plain I could almost fancy that the white houses and sheltering trees of Spinazzola, with the well-known outline of the Vultura against the sky, might be seen, if only the day-light would aid the longing fancy.

The tremulous stars faded away one after the other into the increasing light, and the sky with its own usual transparent azure arches over all. The sea, more blue than the sky, seems to us as if it

hid itself from the pale stars which send down upon it myriads of silver reflections. Light clouds float in the atmosphere, tinged with various harmonious colours and over all with a light whitish rose colour. The valleys are still immersed in soft cool shadow. The mountains, steep, rocky, and barren, rise as giants from the darkness of night and are illuminated in various colours. The vast plain, covered with numerous kinds of pulse as peas, beans, &c., and with all kinds of grain, especially with wheat, beautiful to see it waving gracefully before the breeze. The trees bend gently to and fro, and the leaves rustle in the morning air. Innumerable insects arise and torment one. The birds answering each other, sing and twitter, flapping their wings over the young in their nests. A harmonious sound, confused, indistinct, mysterious, indescribable, announces the new-born day. The aurora is in its full grandeur. The shadows gradually become less dense and fall apart. The sun appears as a centre of refulgent rays of fire, and all is light.

One breathes fresh, pure, transparent air. On every side and all around there is abundance, fertility—food for all.

The labourers in groups come forth from their homes, and spread themselves over the land to their several points of labour. Many of them walk

by the side of their donkey or mule to urge it on, even pushing it on, the scanty fare of the poor animal making this necessary. Some of these *contadini* you will see walking on to their work in silence, and weary under the weight of their instruments of labour and of the inevitable bundle—others go on gay and laughing, singing some harmonious but melancholy air, to drive away sad thoughts. This music, with its long cadence, is often quite sad.

The day advances with that transparent atmosphere which re-awakens in the soul the perception of the infinite harmony of creation, and renders it sublime. The zephyr plays over the rich and thick carpet of verdure, which, as a sea of brilliant emerald, covers the vast plain. Oh, the incredible fertility of the Italian soil! The fields, thus beautiful in the brilliant verdure of the spring, day by day as summer advances, in the course of maturation change colour and become as gold.

Large, long, full, and vigorous ears of corn in myriads and myriads abound in those vast plains. And as at first in their green state, agitated by the morning breeze, we saw in them the brilliant colour of the emerald; so now, as the day advances, the rays of the sun reflected on the drops of dew fallen in the night make them also in richness and brilliancy of colour appear to be of gold.

As we advance towards this wondrous beauty, we observe more clearly the various hamlets, villages, and small towns, each one surrounded by flourishing trees of different kinds, many fruit trees amongst them giving an abundance of delicious fruit; also flowers of beauty, of manifold colours, and each with its own fragrance, as if to refresh and to arouse us to a new perception of life. And then there are the vineyards, offering the most exquisite grapes in abundance, from which excellent wine might be made, and would be welcomed abroad, if on the part of the Italians more care were taken to render it fit for transportation.

The corn and pulse of all sorts ripened and were gathered in. In the meantime the ears of wheat became yellow, and in a few more days were ready for the reaper. The farmers called their labourers together, and, with some *contadini* from the neighbouring villages, all joyfully prepared to engage in the great sacred battle. They went on to it with singing and dancing to the sound of "*Cornamusa*" and "*Zampogna*."

Each one eagerly took his sickle, sharpened it, put on his leathern apron, fixed upon the fingers a kind of thimble or defence made of cane, and, with a willing, joyful spirit, began to reap. They laughed, joked, and sometimes a little bit

grumbled ; but, with all this, they worked steadily and conscientiously under the burning sun. Some reaped, some tied up the sheaves of wheat, some collected them together, and all in good humour. The gleaners, poor old men and women, and boys and girls, hasten to gather up the ears of wheat, which, being too ripe, had fallen from the stem when the menacing sickle, sparkling in the sun's rays, approached them. The bayonets of soldiers thus reflect the light ; but they too often have been instruments of destruction to the corn in abundant fields such as these in which our reapers are now working to provide food.

The sun, in the midst of all these gifts of God, sends down rays of intense heat. A sultry weight impedes respiration. The merry, humorous stories, the laughter, the jokes cease. The reapers continue their work in silence, out of breath and in a profuse dripping perspiration. And, at this moment of all others, comes the superintendent *soprantante* ; and, the heat having made him irascible, finds fault with them all, and curses his own position, thus having to do with idle fellows. At the same time, with these feigned words and gestures of displeasure, he keeps his eyes upon the gleaners, especially upon the pleasing, although dirty and ragged, young girls.

From time to time he cries out, with an angry voice, "*Presto, presto, presto, canaglia!*" ("Quick, quick, you rascals!") And then one may see and hear that the reapers are put up to their utmost strength, so that they have finished reaping the field, as it were, in no time.

And then they breakfast, shaded from the sun. The laughter and jokes are renewed, and with renovated strength they return to their work. At intervals leathern bottles of wine and water (*borraccia di vino ben battezzato*) pass round.

The dinner time comes, and words fail me to describe the joyous festivity of this simple meal.

They return to their work until evening, and then all is over for that day; and after supper, quite tired, they throw themselves down, where and as they best can, and in less time than I can tell they are fast asleep.

And some talking softly in their sleep, seem to be going over again the day's work in their dreams. Truly it is a picture to watch, as I have often done, these reapers sleeping so peacefully in the open air after their honourable and most useful work, and to hear the word *madre* (mother) so constantly from their lips, and the little snatches of song, harmonious as they always are. Just thrown down to sleep, the sun-burnt face, the torn, shabby dress, and the innocent,

artless expression wins your love and pity. At times, as I have often seen them, the clear moonlight falling upon the sleeper, throws the whole figure in the most beautiful light and shade, and one cannot but feel how much talent may lie dormant there!

Again the day dawns, and before the sun the reapers are again at their work. They put together the ears of corn, making of them thousands of sheaves, which remain for some days on the field. Donkeys, mules, horses, oxen, and sometimes men, draw small carts full of sheaves and take them to the thrashing-floor, throwing them down in large heaps, which after a few days they spread over the thrashing-floor on the side where there is most wind. Many mares and horses in pairs run round over this golden bed of ripe corn, guided by boys whose foreheads in a short time are covered with drops of perspiration. The animals perspire still more, and one cannot but pity them, as, excited by loud cries and urged on by the whip, they at length sink down quite exhausted.

The wheat has not been thus thrashed two or three hours before both animals and men are sunk half their bodies in the straw, a sign that most of the grain has been thrashed out.

The animals rest, and some men with forks take

up the straw, and after thus turning it over three or four times, the grains of wheat form a bed covered with straw. Again the animals return to tread out the wheat which still remains in the ear. In a few hours animals and men, all their strength gone, retire. This rich bed of wheat is heaped up together, and men with all their strength raise up the straw from it with forks. When the wind is strong, it is beautiful to see a dense shower of straw, which, being so light, is carried away, whilst the wheat falls heavily in grains of gold.

The *padrone*, on horseback, with a large straw hat on his head, and a long hooked stick in his hand, attended by his men, comes out to see the reapers.

His men, to appear very zealous, by turns cry out to the reapers, "The wind is strong, let us all give a hand," without, however, moving a hand any one of them. The straw is gathered in. Also the grain which with rakes and a wooden shovel is yet more completely freed from the little pieces of straw remaining after the grain has been beaten out. The *padrone*, looking at it, figures to himself all the various necessities this wealth may help him to obtain. The numerous wants and wishes crowd upon his mind. "Padrone, padrone, the mistress asks for a little corn to make bread, and maccaroni

for the children.” “She is right, it is for our children.” And saying this, he gets down from his horse to put the wheat into a sack, and with pleasure the loving father raises the well-filled sack and gives it to the messenger.

At this natural, paternal action, a hand taps him upon the shoulder, “*Alto la' ! il fisco.*”

This and many other similar sequestrations diminish the food for the children. The mendicant friars, *si religiosi che santuarii*, crowd around the father to ask for charity, which in large handfuls these dirty idle beggars receive (always with permission of the sequestering officer). And the children? Charlatans, dentists, barbers, and other vagabond adventurers come, boys and girls in rags, men and women, famished, haggard, anxious, seeking for bread. And at the same time the crafty, begging monk, with snuff-box in hand cries out, “My fine fellows, here is the good, true tobacco for you.” The reapers crowd around him, and some of them ask him how many wives he has? They all laugh at this, and the monk laughs with them.

They take the tobacco, snuff it up, enjoy it, and return to take another pinch. They speak with the friar, who assures these honest but ignorant men that to secure rich gifts from the saints and the

souls in purgatory, *clemosina* to the monks is the principal thing, and to pay the dues of the State. And the children! Every one was talking when the busy hum of the motley crowd was interrupted by the loud barking of numerous dogs. Each one looks at the other in surprise.

The mendicant friar, with a full sack, mounts upon his mule or horse—" *Viva Maria santissima e l' anime in purgatorio. Al rivederci.*" ("Live the most holy Mary and the souls in purgatory. To meet again!") All is silence; in astonishment they watch the advance of the Royal Carabineers with witnesses and a tax-gatherer, and these sequester in the name of the laws.

And the children! The greater part of the heaped-up grains of wheat are snatched from them before the eyes of the father, who, although proprietor of fertile land, is yet with his children many times without bread.

The sun-burnt reapers return home, and before they embrace their dearest ones, they kiss the hand of the priest and give him money for the Holy Mass; pay the few debts which at enormous interest each had incurred before the harvest; for a few days enjoy life with their families; and then put themselves again to labour upon some of the most fertile land in Europe.

So great is the moral degradation to which the injustice of the few has reduced the many, that the scanty bread thus gained with "the sweat of the brow," appears to them a triumph.

Let us listen on this subject to the beautiful verses of my friend, Michele de Carlo.

IL MIETITORE.

Mietitor dal nativo Appennino
Volgo il passo alle Daune pianure,
Contemplando, per l'arso cammino,
L'ondeggiar delle messi mature.
Ah! dei rai saettanti d'està,
Vincitrice la falce sarà.

Qual soldato a combatter m'accingo
Della state le vampe e i perigli;
Benedetto quel ferro che stringo
Dalla prece innocente dei figli.
Della mia, della lor povertà
Vincitrice la falce sarà.

Nostro campo è quel mare di spiche,
Una pelle è la nostra bandiera,
Son le tende i covoni e le biche,
La Zampogna è la banda guerriera.
Nella pugna che a schiuder si va.
Vincitrice la falce sarà.

Sacrosanta è la nostra battaglia:
Fia conquista la spica del grano:
Non d'alloro, ma un serto di paglia
Merta l'inno del genere umano.
Nella pugna che pane ci dà
Vincitrice la falce sarà.

MICHELE DE CARLO.

TRANSLATION OF "IL MIETITORE."

THE REAPERS.

A reaper from my native Appenines,
I turn my steps to the plains of Puglia,
Contemplating from the hot road,
The waving of the mature harvest.
Ah! of the scorching rays of summer,
A conqueror the sickle shall be.

As a soldier I prepare to combat
The heat and the perils of summer,
Blessed the steel that I bear,
By the innocent prayers of the children.
Of mine and of their poverty,
A conqueror the sickle shall be.

Our battle field is that sea of wheat,
A skin is our banner,
The ricks and sheaves are our tents,
The Zampogna is the warrior's band.
In the struggle which now begins,
A conqueror the sickle shall be.

Most holy is our battle,
To make a conquest of the ears of wheat,
Not the laurel crown, but the garland of straw
Deserves the hymn of the human race.
In the battle which gives us bread,
A conqueror the sickle shall be.

CHAPTER XIII.

LA ROSINELLA.

TIME passed rapidly at Spinazzola, and the day of my departure was fixed, to be deferred, however, for a few days. This short delay was on account of a little darling Rosina—"La Rosinella," as her uncles called her—the child of my sister Clementina.

She was the delight of all the family—a "dear little pet," as we should say in England—and I, during my stay in Spinazzola, had learnt to appreciate the clear intellect and warm affection, the excellent moral qualities of this dear child; so that I could not but wish it were permitted me to take her to London, in order that she might receive a better education than she could have in Spinazzola, and thus ensure for her greater happiness. In order to consider and decide upon this important subject I asked my mother to call around her a family council. This she

quickly and willingly did. At this meeting my venerable mother, my sister Clementina, and my five brothers were all present. Alas! the good father of this family could not assist at this sacred council, but in our hearts we were with him in Heaven, and sought his direction and blessing. As we had to decide upon a subject most important to the happiness of our Rosinella, all expressed the conviction that they had in her a treasure of innocent vivacity, an angel of harmony in the family circle; and in truth she was a little darling felt to be such by every one of us, and surrounded by the most loving care and gentleness. They all—grandmother, mother, aunt, and uncles—saw in this beloved child their most precious treasure.

But whilst I, with them, fully appreciated the loveable moral qualities of this sympathetic child, so much the more I perceived how completely the inveterate and degrading customs of the place, especially towards women, would have left her without any regular instruction, and thus all the affection and possible care would not secure the happiness which we all so ardently desired for her, but which education alone can give.

Finding myself thus one in the family circle, it gave me pleasure to be as much as possible with our little niece; but she, on the contrary, was not

the same to me, but made it appear rather as if she did not believe that I was like the others to her. This may have been owing in part to the fact that I sometimes found fault with her, and if she did not take heed to this perhaps a second admonition from me followed, which she received with a serious little look of displeasure. This made us both wish for the intervention of grand-mamma and of mamma, that she might understand I had spoken to her for her good, and that she should listen. Thus peace was made between us. But not many days passed before I had to admonish her again, and hence renewed anger and reconciliation.

On this account the other members of the family said to me, that if I did not leave off finding fault, the little Rosina would never be persuaded to go with me to London.

I, however, could not help believing that she would be persuaded to follow me; since after my long experience in education I found it to be an evident fact that, as the result of severe punishment is directly contrary to the end desired, so gentle warning, serious and firm repression, lead the young to think and to understand the evil of the mistake they are making, and why it should not be repeated.

The family council separated without coming to any definite resolution. The advantage of my offer in the true interest of our dear Rosina, was fully appreciated. The natural reluctance of the mother to be separated from her child, however, still remained. It was also necessary to ask the little girl herself if she would willingly go to London with Uncle Giuseppe.

In the midst, however, of this very natural hesitation and suspense, time was passing rapidly.

I had already taken leave of all my old friends in Spinazzola, as well as of some of our relatives who did not live in our family home.

Only two or three days remained before the one fixed for my departure, and still we had not been able to come to any decision. 'It remained doubtful whether the dear little girl could be sent with Uncle Giuseppe.

The confessor had made good use of the few days' interval since the project had been suggested, and in conversation with my sister Clementina and with her daughter, had urged every possible objection, in order to induce them firmly and decidedly to reject the offer.

The motive forcibly dwelt upon to this end will easily be understood to have been, that I was an

apostate with whom the innocent child would lose her holy religion, and with that would miserably compromise her eternal salvation.

Similar insinuations would never have been even whispered to my mother. Her good sense and firm character were too well known, and would have made the attempt hopeless. Therefore, in the wish to have the question decided, I spoke to my sister upon the subject, telling her that even from her love to her child, and to give a proof of it, one of the strongest proofs possible, she ought to make the sacrifice of separation for a time, in order to ensure a better future for her child. But my persuasion and reasoning did not succeed in convincing her, so much stronger was the mother's love than any cold reasoning I could offer.

I saw besides that the insinuations of the confessor, if they had not succeeded entirely in gaining her, had not failed to make an impression, as she began to speak of religion and of that morality which is learnt from religion itself, and other similar arguments which evidently had been suggested to her.

This, however, was just the point on which I was able to convince her. Demonstrating to her that an educated woman in England is so strong in her beautiful moral virtue that she is superior to

adverse circumstances and trials, and, thus armed in the conscientious fulfilment of her duties, she is also strong in her just rights, so that even the ferocity of a brutal man is broken against that living but impregnable fortress. That as a girl this education makes her modest and gentle; as a wife, admirable; as a mother, with love and intelligence she brings up her children so as to render them robust in body, clear in intellect, generous, and warm-hearted. Thus prepared, she *lives* in society and not merely vegetates.

On the subject of religion, I said in a few simple words that in the heart of a true woman thus educated, religion is more firm and practical; believing without hypocrisy, but warmly and devoutly; and with steadfast faith and trust, adoring the immense, inexhaustible love of God.

In conclusion, I asked her, as a mother, to examine her own heart and tell me whether, if it were so, if such a happy future were possible and in store for her child, she could deprive her of it?

“No, no,” answered my sister in tears, “I cannot refuse it, and I ought not. I will allow my Rosinella to go with you, provided that she also agrees to it.”

My mother then came in. To her it was quite

clear that the sole object with us all was the good of the little girl, and that to do the best for her was a duty to which every other consideration must give way. She looked with a mother's affection towards Clementina, saying, calmly and cheerfully, "Yes, my daughter, however dear it may cost you, yes, you ought to do it. Yes, let us trust our tender and beloved plant to thy brother, my son Giuseppe Maria, for he will surely know how to make it put forth fragrant and beautiful flowers."

The joy I felt at this full and complete consent of both my mother and sister was great.

We then all three agreed to call in our Rosina. She soon came to us, and our eyes were fixed upon the sweet innocent young face, just between her second and third lustre. She seemed a little confused, and almost as if we had something to tell her she did not wish to hear. I then told her that mother and grandmother had trusted her to me, in order that with me she should go to London to be educated; and that we all three wished to know if she also were contented with this arrangement.

The dear child did not answer me, but appeared still more reluctant and confused. I at once understood that the scarecrows so often used by

ignorant priests to frighten young children had naturally influenced her more than they had her mother. But I also knew that she did not sufficiently understand all the advantages I intended to procure for her.

I therefore requested my mother and sister to go away for a few minutes, and leave me alone with Rosina. Thus alone, I endeavoured in the best way I could to put the case as it was clearly before her, but without obtaining any answer. On the contrary, I saw her whilst silent yet still more agitated, with eyes cast down and continually changing colour.

Her emotion appeared so strong, that, rising, I said I would not upon any account distress her, and that now I had entirely given up all idea of taking her with me to London.

She did not move or say a word, but I had just opened the door of the room, and was on the point of going away, when, breaking the obstinate silence, she quickly exclaimed, "No, no, Uncle Giuseppe, do not go away, come back and listen to me." I then came back, and in a serious, but not severe manner stood still to hear what she wished to tell me.

Looking up in my face she asked, "Is it true that there are not any churches in London? That

there are no Madonnas to be found? That they do not believe there is a place for the Holy souls in Purgatory? That processions are never seen there for the Madonna or for the Saints, nor even for the body of our Lord? And, besides, that there they do not go to confession?"

To all these ingenuous questions I answered, "Yes, my dearest child; in answer to all you have said, in answer to questions that have been suggested to you, I say *it is true, it is all true*. But tell me a little. Is it not also true that all you have been saying to me was put into your head by little boys and girls who wanted to keep you from going with me?"

"Oh, yes, uncle, that is true, it is quite true; and they also said that you are excommunicated, and that going with you I should lose my soul."

A little conversation then followed between us, in which by means of question and answer she by degrees became interested in all I said to take away her doubts and scruples as to the propriety of her going with me to London, so that I felt sure from her manner and from the expression of her face that she really was quite satisfied.

Thus understanding each other upon this subject, I asked another question: "Tell me now, my Rosina, can you read and write?"

“Oh, no ; unfortunately.”

“And the women of Spinazzola generally, do they know how to read and write ? ”

“*Oh, manco, che manco* (not at all) ! If some few just know a little of it, it is quite a rarity, just as ‘*una mosca bianca*’ ” (a white fly).

“And you, my darling, would you like to learn to read and write ? ”

“Oh, yes, yes, yes, certainly, and with great pleasure ; and not only to learn to read and write, but also to play and sing.”

“How ! then you would not only learn to read and write, but also to play on the piano, and how to modulate exactly your naturally intoned voice ? ”

“Yes, just so. I want that also, so that my good dear mother and grandmother may hear me play and sing.”

“Very well. Now then, if you willingly come with me you shall learn to read and write, to play and sing ; and, besides these, if you like, you shall learn to draw and paint.”

“It would also please me very much to draw and paint.”

“Also this you shall do.”

“Oh, dear uncle, my good uncle, I come with you ! ”

“Thanks, my dear little niece, for your consent, and for your affectionate words. But now tell me a little ; besides me, have you not other uncles? ”

“Yes ; I have many of them.”

“And they all love you? ” I asked.

“Yes, all, all ; but especially, however, Uncle Canio loves me, and yet sometimes it happens that for some cause he scolds me and makes me cry.”

“But yet he loves you very much? ”

“Oh, very much ; he loves me immensely ! ”

“Then, just like all the other uncles, and especially Uncle Canio, I would be towards you, warning you from this time that as long as I see you fulfilling with exactness the duties required of you, always in proportion to your age and to your capacity, you shall never be reproved either by me or by any one else. Only if it happen at any time I find you giving way to idleness and carelessness, then I shall seek to re-awaken you to activity and attention, so that all those precious natural gifts with which the God of Love has endowed you may be brought out.”

The dear child, without answering a word, threw herself into my arms, exclaiming, “Yes, yes, I will go with you, with all my heart I will go

with you." Her conviction could not be more open or more sincere, and so, taking the little niece upon my knee, I said that still it was not enough, but that she must manifest to mamma and grandmamma that she was persuaded and content to come with me. To this she quickly answered "I will go to them directly."

The already assured consent was repeated, though not without tears, by mother and grandmother to their child, and then all in great haste began to make preparations, so that their little Rosina might be ready to go with me. And then the short interval passed over, the moment of separation comes. That moment which must divide her from the affectionate family, of which she had been the joy and comfort. Mother, grandmother, and their little Rosina had hitherto been as one, and now she must leave them. They were all three overwhelmed in the deepest sadness, but still firm in their purpose. My exemplary mother told the child to go with courage to be educated, and my sister Clementina said, "Go, my child, to gain knowledge, the best bread of the soul." The little girl, full of trust and hope, answered them, "Yes, I go to return to you in a year better than I am, because I shall know more than I do now."

Instead of next year's return, however, more than twelve years passed over before Rosina or I had the comfort to revisit the native soil and the dear family home.

The *vettura** was ready, and the last embrace came. The aged grandmother could no longer govern her intense emotion, and with the mother blessing their child, they burst out into a passion of tears. I made myself as strong and hard as I possibly could; but was conquered, and covered my face with both hands to hide my tears. All my brothers and some other relatives and friends sorrowfully surrounded us. The tender and ingenuous Rosina was the strongest amongst us. Being able in some degree to control her feelings, although the face was red, and the eyes swollen with weeping, she came up to me, and taking me by the hand, said, "Dear uncle, let us go." We both then got into the carriage, and in a few minutes lost sight of our dear ones. It was only just daylight, but nevertheless many persons were out on the road leading to Spinazzola, to say farewell and to wish us a good journey. With our treasure Rosina, came also my brother Michelino, the one to learn, the other to amuse himself in London.

* *Vettura*, a large hired carriage.

We had hardly left the houses of Spinazzola when I stopped the carriage, and sent a boy who was passing on the road to inquire if my venerable mother and sister Clementina were a little recovered from the effect of the sorrowful parting. The messenger very quickly returned, with the assurance that, although the two women had suffered severely, yet they had been able to support themselves with courage and resignation. We then went on our way. For some miles on the road we may be said to have been at any moment in danger of our lives, as we passed over points infested by those same brigands who certainly had intended to invade Spinazzola, and who perhaps were even now expecting a favourable occasion to realize such a project whenever the fit time came, contenting themselves meanwhile with ransom from some rich farmer or proprietor and the booty secured from passengers on the road, whose lives often were not spared. Other travellers besides my brother and our Rosina were in the *vettura* with us; also two other carriages followed ours with passengers from Spinazzola.

¹ Our fellow-travellers kept up that sort of conversation which is so useful in travelling if the journey be made in such a carriage as our *vettura*, which, to one accustomed to the rapidity of the

railway, just seems as if it would never get on.

These travellers' tales had but little interest for me in the first hours of our journey, absorbed as I was in thought upon the state of the Spinazzola we had just left, the party divisions existing between its inhabitants, and the urgent necessity for union and peace.

During the time I had just spent amongst them I had endeavoured in every way I could to conciliate these contending factions without in the least inveighing against those who could not be conciliated.

It grieved me to have left them thus, feeling sure, as I did, that if for a short time they kept silence in their petty hatred it would soon break out again in acts of vengeance against their open opponents, and also in insulting language and actions towards those good citizens and sincere lovers of progress who thought only of the general welfare, and could not be drawn into any exclusive party.

Saddened by these thoughts upon Spinazzola during the first hours of the journey, it appears to me now as if I had been pre-warned of misfortune in the future. But by degrees the animated conversation of the travellers aroused

me. Our precious treasure Rosina was between me and Uncle Michelino. In front of us were two men and a lady. All of them were prodigal in their encouragement and kind attention to Rosina.

In the meantime we arrive at Cerignola, and while we stopped a little to rest the four horses which drew the heavy *vettura*, a boy looking out from a *sportello* (little door in a large gate), advised us not to continue our journey, because it was said that brigands infested the road which we must take. We thanked him without, however, accepting his advice, since before we left Spinazzola, we had been assured that the road was *patrolled* by Carabineers and other soldiers, particularly all round Cerignola, so that we felt we might continue our journey without danger.

Resuming our journey, we perceived on crossing the road from Cerignola a band of soldiers, which appeared to me to be a whole regiment of Lancers. Making the carriage stop, I addressed the commanding officer, who was a Piedmontese, an educated and courteous person. I told him I was a remnant of the memorable defence of Venice; that personally I should have courage to fight the brigands as I had fought against the foreigner, but that I was taking a tender young

girl with me, and therefore desired to know if it would be imprudent to continue the journey? He said that we might in security go forward, the road being clear as far as Foggia. Reassured therefore, we went on, and the brave officer, as if anxious himself to see us safe, accompanied us to within five miles of Foggia. At this point the Lancers left us and returned on their way, whilst we went on towards Foggia, the ancient Fovea of the Romans, then as now with good reason called the Granary of Puglia. We had not gone far since the Lancers left us, when I saw in the distance three men on horseback, armed up to the teeth, who, as if for observation, were upon the road each at some distance apart. I had not the least doubt that these men were brigands, and I told my brother so, and also the rest of our travellers. They, however, did not agree with me, but thought on the contrary that they were *guarda boschi* (guardians of the woods). In that vast, and to the eye almost interminable, plain of the Puglia, there are frequent long, large, and deep holes fringed on the edges by thick bushes. They are therefore just adapted to conceal a great number of men (it is said a thousand), who may remain hidden in them, and ready to rush out at any moment for a sudden and unexpected assault.

I did not believe in a thousand brigands, but merely *alle decine* (in the tens), and ten of them I believed might at any moment jump out upon us; so much the more, as I continued to see the three on horseback going up and down, always at some distance from us, but always keeping us in sight. I saw that we were in a most critical position, and feared that in case of our being overpowered by numbers we should not be able to contend against them, but should become a prey to these ferocious and brutal men. The disgust and rage I felt, however, on the contrary to weaken and terrify me, had the effect to excite and spur me on, so that I began to sing in full voice, and our fellow-travellers joined in the song. It soon became evident that the three on horseback had not any companions here, since no one appeared to come out of these hidden places. Perhaps observing a certain number in the carriage, and also from our singing, that we were not afraid, they gave up the idea of assaulting us, and soon disappeared.

Notwithstanding this fortunate escape, the danger thus averted was as nothing to that which awaited us.

After we had continued the journey, it may have been two miles further on, we saw in the

road before us, in the distance, a number of men collected together, and this time Lo Basso was the first to recognise them, and told us that there was no room for doubt as to whether we were deceived now, as perhaps there may have been a little before, because those men seen in the distance were certainly brigands.

The excitement and terror of our party at this notice was very great. All turned pale as death, profoundly impressed with the fearful position in which we found ourselves. I did not, however, give way to fear, because I fully understood the gravity of the imminent danger and fearful ruin with which we were threatened. But saying, "Let us all get out," I stopped the carriage. "Do not let us give way to despair for this would do no good but harm. If we should be attacked, remember we have to do with people who give no quarter to those who give up, being determined to add to the booty gained the ransom exacted from the passengers."

We therefore resolutely prepared to resist to the uttermost without being deterred by the insufficiency of our arms, or the inferiority of our numbers.

I then drew my brother Michelino aside and in a low voice, whispering, so that no one else

could hear, said to him, "Do not exclaim or cry out, do not say a word or make the slightest movement, nothing that could draw attention, but passively listen to me."

"Say, say then," in an anxious voice, answered my brother, "I am listening."

He felt only too surely that in this terrible moment it must be something very serious I had to say to him.

"If in this danger, which is just ready to overtake us, you should survive me, know now, what I have determined should the attack of the brigands succeed. It may perhaps be called a crime. Do not say a word, but listen. I have determined—I, immediately—yes, with my own hand, will sacrifice the angel, our Rosina, saving her with death from the outrage of the brigands.

Michelino, pale, horror-struck, but without a word of opposition, in an under voice trembling with emotion, said, "Oh, brother, was there ever such a horrible position as this?"

But there was no time for hesitation. The brigands were still before us in the distance. As I had done in the first encounter, giving the example myself, I began to sing at my full voice, asking the others to follow me, as in fact they did. In the meantime the brigands, instead

of approaching us, dispersed. We could no longer see them. But what of that? Had they not perhaps artfully hidden themselves, put themselves in ambuscade, in order to rush out and attack us on our way? What shall we do?

There was no way to get out of it, therefore we re-entered the carriage and continued the journey, always singing loudly as we went on Garibaldi's Hymn. We travelled on thus, but with an anxiety not to be described, until the first consolation we felt was in seeing the Campanile of Foggia. Soon after we were completely tranquillized by a strong patrol of Carabineers, who patrolled the road and were returning to Foggia. For about a mile they were our guard up to that city.

We had scarcely entered the hotel when we were told that in a place only two or three miles from the city, in open daylight, a band of brigands lying concealed had the same day seized a *vettura* coming from Bari, sequestering all the passengers that were in it in order to have a large price for ransom.

As this had happened upon the same road we had passed and on the same day, every one congratulated us upon having escaped a similar fate, for which certainly we have to thank the

mounted patrol of Carabineers we had met, and by whom we had been escorted as far as the city.

Soon we heard another and much more terrible fact, which had excited the pity and disgust of all Foggia. It was that almost at the same time in which the seizure of the carriage took place, another and much stronger band of brigands, which we must have encountered close to the road on which we were travelling, attacked and barbarously murdered a military chaplain, two army surgeons, and five or six officers, who came there with the object of buying some horses. Trusting to their arms and number, they had no idea that the brigands would have been in such force and would have had the daring to attack them not far from the city, and upon a road regularly patrolled by the Carabincers.

A feeling of the greatest terror invaded us upon hearing this account of what might so easily have been our own fate. It seemed to freeze the blood in our veins—the thought merely of the danger we had escaped. Perhaps I felt it more even than the others. I had confronted without fear the violence and spoliation of the clerical party in Rome. I had defied the ferocious Bourbon Governor of the Two Sicilies. Without

fear in Venice I had exposed myself to the bullets of the Austrians. But the possibility of falling into the hands of the brigands, of beings who are all that is most degraded, most abject in the human form, was insupportable to me. What can be more infamous than brigandage? It is the lowest degradation into which humanity can fall.

I shudder at the thought even now. It would have driven me with my own hand to kill that innocent angel who had been confided to me, and who I was bringing with me, the precious Rosina.

And what could have induced me to entertain even the thought of such a deed?

It was to save her from that which would have been worse than death. To save her from men, and such men! From brutes, who would have made her suffer worse than death! No; pure she was confided to me, and pure—not being able to preserve her—I would have made her ascend to Heaven.

My hand against the innocent young girl would not have been that of an assassin, since it would have been that which at the cost of life saves from dishonour. Assassination is the war made solely for a dynasty when men on each side murder each other. Assassination, when a Government fights

to keep its own subjects in slavery, who to free themselves keep up an unequal and desperate struggle. But certainly they are not assassins who, even at the cost of bloodshed, defend their country from foreign aggression, or seek to drive the foreign usurper from their soil. Assassins they were not, are not now, and never will be, who fought in times past, fight now, or may in future keep up the struggle for the triumph of liberty against oppression.

And I should not have been an assassin if I had even by death freed my angelic treasure from the brigands! But certain it is that the mere possibility of that dire necessity made and still makes upon me such an impression, that I seem to feel again the horror of that awful moment.

There still remained some distance between Foggia and Naples, and I could not divest myself of the thought that there might still be danger. I was therefore anxious to get some certain information as to the condition of brigandage on this road, and to obtain this I was referred to the military governor of the province, resident at Foggia. Upon directing myself to him, I found to my joyful surprise, that it was my excellent friend, the same Francesco Materazzo, whose invaluable services as Major of the battalion of

Volunteers in the defence of Venice, will, I feel sure, be remembered by my readers.* It is not possible to describe the comfort and delight this unexpected meeting gave me.

* Vol. I. chap. xviii. p. 246.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARIANO.

THE next morning we left for Ariano. The assurance we received upon the road that all was safe did not quite restore our confidence. We had heard similar comforting words on our departure from Spinazzola, and yet we had had a very narrow escape from *two* bands of brigands before we arrived at Foggia. Soon, however, as if to lull our suspicions, we met a patrol of Carabineers. But on arriving at the Bridge of Bovino, the most dangerous part of the road, we did not see any of these soldiers. This place is fearfully celebrated in the neighbourhood on account of the murders which from time to time have been perpetrated there.

Bovino, anciently a walled town, is said to have been included in the Duchy of Benevento, and that from time immemorial it has served as a refuge for the most execrable banditti. On that

account it had long been held in terror by all travellers, as well as by the inhabitants. Amongst the brigands, for whom Bovino had been a refuge in times very near our own, there was a band which had taken the name of its chief, one Vardarelli, and on account of its audacious ferocity, had been a cause of misery to the whole country.

The place was singularly adapted to brigand enterprise, and had a most sinister aspect. The bridge is continued in arches over a narrow valley, giving it the appearance of an aqueduct. Thick bushes conceal numerous paths in the valley and on the hills, which all converge at the bridge, so that it is impossible to be aware of the numerous hidden assassins who may at any time rush out without a moment's warning. The brigands, on the other hand, have a thousand ways of escape, without leaving even the slightest trace of their movements.

I confess that the possibility of being surprised at that point made me shudder. Instinctively I felt my hand upon my revolver. Tremendous, unutterable, was the struggle of contending feelings I sustained at that awful moment. Even the thought of those who would force me to this fatal extremity filled me with horror; since the greater number of them, perhaps, had become thus evil from the brutal ignorance in which they had grown up,

and the poverty and misery consequent upon it; so that they had become not men, but worse than beasts of prey, and, to defend an innocent girl, I kept my hand on the revolver lest she should receive a worse death from them. Yes, it was so, my good, my so fondly-loved child. It is now a long time that I have kept this hidden from thee; now I tell thee, and I like to repeat it here, that the remembrance of having passed through the most fearful danger in order to secure the blessing of a good English education may animate and strengthen thee earnestly to continue those studies from which thou hast already derived so much pleasure and advantage.

To our infinite relief, instead of the fearful brigands, we all at once perceived in the distance, amidst that mass of firs, stones, thick bushes, and narrow foot-paths just here and there visible, and between the arches of the bridge and the rock on which they were supported, a number of armed men, who were stationed there, exposing their own lives to ensure the safety of others. We soon understood that they belonged to the National Guard of that district. On approaching them, we stopped the *vettura*, and asked if they would accept some cigars. Upon an answer in the affirmative, we gave cigars to them, and so did all our fellow-

travellers. Desirous to show their sense of our attention in this offer of cigars, some of them accompanied us on our way as far as the extent of their assigned patrol permitted them. Our only too well-grounded fears, therefore, were quite relieved, and after the National Guard left us, we continued our journey, and arrived without any accident in safety at Ariano.

Ariano, *ara Jani* of the ancients, an important place, beautifully situated upon three hills, interesting from its eventful history when in old times it was a strong fortress; curious also from the primitive abodes of its poor inhabitants, still to be seen there excavated in the rock.

We remained here a few hours, as both travellers and horses required rest. I very willingly took advantage of this opportunity to visit the convent of the *Riformati* at Ariano, since I had been told that I should there meet with some students (now become *Padri*), who had been so kind and had shown so much sympathy for me in the convent of the *Riformati* at *San Pietro a ripa* in Rome.

I presented myself at the convent as a simple visitor, without sending in my name. The monks soon came out to receive the stranger, and I, in the midst of them, without at first declaring

myself, spoke in a very low and repressed voice. I soon recognised my old friends of *San Pietro a Ripa*, although they naturally were much aged in appearance to me, as I also must have been to them. They, however, still retained the same vestments, whilst mine were quite different to those in which they had been accustomed to see me, and certainly they were very far from recognising me; but the moment I began to speak with my natural voice, they exclaimed, "*Oh, Campanella, Campanella, oh il Padre Luigi da Spinazzola!*" They offered me a cup of excellent coffee, which exhaled a fragrant aroma, and a little glass of delicious *rosolio*, which the brothers (distillers *per eccellenza*, of *rosoli*, as well as of consciences,) know so well how to prepare.

Whilst I enjoyed the coffee, and after it the *rosolio*, the old friends—oh, how changed by time!—began to besiege me with a thousand questions upon my change of state, to make me the target of their theological dogmas, and truly they were profound and learned in them, seeking to demonstrate to me the gravity of my position and my inevitable perdition.

I could not answer them with doctrines which, not even remotely, had to do with those of which they spoke to me. But with that good common

sense benevolent Nature had given to me, and which left their dogmas far behind, I endeavoured to show them that their corollaries rested upon ephemeral and absurd bases, upon premises which were at war with reason. That, for myself, I certainly must say I had never known God until the time when I began to think of Him in a way quite different from that which had been taught me in the convents and amongst priests, where I was only taught to see in God a severe and inexorable Judge, always ready to avenge and punish, and slow to pity and pardon.

I told them that I had risen above that false and cruel teaching, that I had seen in God the source of the purest Love—the source of inexhaustible Love—that hatred and vengeance are completely impossible in Him, and that in the depth of my soul I felt that God was in me, and thus also in every human creature. In the hearts of each one of His creatures is His Temple; He manifests Himself in humanity, and in humanity is religion. I told them that with these ideas I had felt a sense of the dignity of my own nature arise in me. I had felt conscience satisfied and tranquil. I had fully understood my sacred and inalienable rights, my precise and immutable duties. I had at length found that voice from

Heaven, that true voice of God, which leads without hindrance directly to the object. I could not help adding that with all my heart I wished it might be the same with them.

I had just said these last words when my old friend Padre Luigi da San Felice came in. I directly recognized him, but remained silent for a moment. The monks asked him if he knew who it was with them. He, astonished, fixed his large bright eyes upon my face. I could not any longer resist the natural impulse of affection and friendship I felt for him, and said in my natural voice, "*Vuoi stendermi la mano collo stesso amore che sento per te?*" ("Wilt thou give me the hand with the same affection I feel for thee?") At this he quickly remembered me, and saying, "*Oh, Padre Luigi da Spinazzola!*" seized the offered hand, embraced me, and bathed my face with his hot tears. "*Perché piangi mio caro, perché piangi fratello?*" ("Why weep, brother?") I asked. "*Piango perché tu non sei già perduto, e son certo che tu ritornerai adesso per stare quel caro Padre Luigi da Spinazzola con noi.*" ("I weep because thou art not yet lost, and because I am certain that thou wilt now return to be that dear Padre Luigi da Spinazzola with us.") "*Dovrei essere pazzo se era così. No, non sono più Padre*

Luigi, ma per la vita tuo amico Giuseppe Campanella."

("I must be mad if it were so. No, not Padre Luigi; but for life your friend, Giuseppe Campanella.")

At this conclusion the monks, although a little put out and displeased that they could not make me feel the force of their arguments as to my inevitable perdition, asked if I would sing to them something—some *litanie*, *tantum ergo*, *laudamus*, &c.; they were all anxious to hear them, they said.

Now, therefore, we all go into the church of the convent—the organ-blower to the bellows, the organist to the keys—and I, with two monks, in the *cantoria* (organ-loft), turning over music, in order to find some adapted to my voice. The other monks were in the nave of the church.

As things were thus pleasantly arranging themselves, it came into my mind to ask if they did not think that the Church would be excommunicated?

"*Oh, pur vero! non è che troppo vero!*" ("Oh, true, only too true!") they all exclaimed.

And, behold, as a flash of lightning, organist, organ-blower, and monks all found themselves with me again in the large corridor of the cloister, the monks all looking at me as if were one who would bring ruin upon them and their Church,

and I seeing their stupor, willing to change the subject, at once, without consideration, began to sing—

Tre colori, tre colori,
 Gl' Italian cantando van.
 Fuoco contro fuoco,
 Sa da vincere o morir.
 E sul verde bianco e rosso
 La bandiera s' innalzo'.*

In answer to this patriotic song—so popular with our volunteers on their march to the defence of Venice—the old men, with hands upon their ears, hurried away; those of middle age reproved me. The young men, for the most part, were pleased, and encouraged me, saying, “Happy that thou hast made thyself a free man.”

Some of them accompanied me to the carriage, when, taking a friendly leave of them, we continued our journey.

From Ariano we had an excellent journey to Naples, without any kind of molestation. Our stay here was short. We were welcomed by my sister Marianna and her good husband Vadursi,† with other friends, and after having shown to our

* Three colours. The Italians marching sing—

“Fire to fire!

We have to conquer or to die,

And to raise the banner of the green, white, and red.”

† Signor Girolamo Vadursi, *riccvitore di registro e bollo*.

little niece all we thought would interest her in the beautiful Naples—with which she very naturally was quite delighted—we took places on a steam-boat bound for Marseilles. The moment for separation came, and the affectionate Aunt Marianna, with her husband and a few intimate friends, accompanied us to the steam-boat, in order to shake hands for the last time, and to wish us a good voyage.

Our darling Rosina was the object of attention and sympathy from all who came with us, and all, beginning with Aunt Marianna and Uncle Vadursi, warmly and explicitly approved of her resolution to go to London, to improve herself in the best way possible.

We were already at the Mole, when my attention was drawn to one of those public carriages called in Naples *carrozze*, which stopped in the direction of our steam-boat, from which descended the slight, graceful form of a young lady. The form, the movements, the dress, made me think it might be one of my English pupils, who, as the custom is in England, had made a pleasure-visit to Italy, and that we perhaps might have the good fortune to travel with her to London. Under this impression I left our friends and went a few paces towards her, and then discovered my mistake. This lady

and her husband, however, became not only a great pleasure, but also most kind and valuable companions to us upon the voyage.

We left Naples in the November of 1861 upon a vessel of the *Messagerie Française*.

The weather was beautiful, the passengers were cheerful and in the best humour; and truly it must be said that resplendent sun, that transparent and magnificent sky, that enchanting panorama, that world of beauty, threw us all into an ecstasy. My brother was, perhaps, the most joyous of us all. It was not long, however, before the scene on board our vessel changed.

The sea being a little agitated, many amongst us began to feel uncomfortable. Michelino, one of the first, although of vigorous and constant good health, never having been at sea before, he fell into such a state of suffering that was really pitiful, and lost all his mirth and enjoyment.

And I grieve to say that upon our darling Rosina the motion of the waves, never before felt by her, had produced a much greater, and more injurious effect. So that, whilst I, a good sailor and now an old traveller, did not suffer in the least, these two so dear to me, were reduced to utter weakness and suffering. I am

sorry to say that I could not do much for my poor little niece. But several ladies, who did not suffer themselves, were most kind to her, and amongst these, the most constant in watchful care and affectionate sympathy was the lady I had mistaken for one of my English pupils on the Mole. By the side of the suffering Rosina she filled the place of the most tender and affectionate sister. Her excellent husband seconded her with the most thoughtful care. They were two kind English travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eley, to whom I expressed my heartfelt thanks at the time, and to whom I am desirous now to express the gratitude I feel to them for having lessened the sufferings of my darling child, on this her first voyage.

We landed at Marseilles. Rosina, in a little trembling voice, "*E la zia? Dov'è la zia?*" "*Carina mia in poco tempo vedrai la zia.*" "*Vuoi stare qui, qualche giorni?*" *No, andiamo alla zia!* ("Where is aunt?" "In a short time you will see her." "Will you stay here a few days?" "No, let us go to my aunt!")

Leaving Marseilles we arrived in Paris, when asking Michelino if he wished to stay a few days, he referred me to Rosina. I then told her of the many wonderful and beautiful things to be seen in

that great city, and asked if she would like to stay a few days?

The innocent, ingenuous little girl then directly told me that her greatest desire was to go as quickly as possible "to *la zia*, because although I do not know her, it seems to me as if with her it will be as if I were with my mother."

We therefore left Paris directly, and with a favourable passage reached Folkestone.

"Now we are in England, Rosina;" to which she made the usual anxious question, "*Dov' é la zia?*" I do not know the cause, but the train did not leave immediately for London. The little girl without a word left us, and went all round the large waiting-room at the station, in which there were many ladies, looking up to them, thinking to meet this long-desired one. Not finding her—as of course was not likely—she returned to us, "*Zii, la zia non vi é!*" ("Uncles, she is not here!") To say the truth, I was quite sad to hear the little sweet voice again so anxiously repeating, "*La zia,*" but taking courage I said to her, "*A Londra é la zia;*" and indeed with the speed of an English first-class railway we arrived at London Bridge. The longing child again broke her usual silence to ask the so often repeated question, which fully revealed to us how much she had at heart to see

an aunt who would be to her in the place of her own loving mother, and of whom she had heard so much good from the refugees in London, who, after the fall of the Bourbons, had returned to their homes in the Southern Provinces of Italy, and had described her as an angel of comfort and of gentleness.

Our luggage arranged, we took a hansom, passing through the streets of London, which appeared to my two companions interminable, and at length arrived at Clifton Gardens, No. 13. We had hardly entered the door when my wife met us, and to see the little girl embracing her, and she embracing the little trembling tired one, who seemed as if she could sleep peacefully in the fond embrace; and then at supper so much to ask and so much to tell, around the national dish, so thoughtfully prepared—*i macaroni*.

With a sigh of fervent gratitude, my thoughts rose in thanksgiving to the All Merciful that we had arrived safe and well in our English home.

Mentre a Lui, che quaggiù manda veloce
 Al par dei sospir nostri il suo perdono,
 Il mio cor si volgea, più che la voce.
 Quind' ei m'accolse Iddio clemente e buono.

CHAPTER XV.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

I HAVE already said that in 1854, through the confidence of an English lady who trusted her daughter to our care, we were led to increase our pupils by receiving a few into our family. It is therefore to this lady, Mrs. Edward W——, that we trace the origin of our school, and now that I am going to write of Garibaldi and of his visit to us, I must first thank her for the handsome and comfortable arm-chair embroidered by herself which she so kindly gave to us, and which, on the 14th April, 1864, I had the privilege to offer to the Liberator of my country when, on that memorable day, he came to visit us.

Upon this occasion, not only all our pupils in London, but also many from a distance were invited and came to us on this joyful festival. I presented each one of them to Garibaldi, and to each he said a kind word and shook hands. All

of them were unanimous in the desire that from henceforth the arm-chair must be named *La Sedia di Garibaldi*.

From that time, when friends came to see us in Clifton Gardens, it was a pleasure to me to offer them a seat in Garibaldi's chair, which, with pleasure also, most of them accepted, and even strangers would sit down in it in veneration and love for the good and great man.

Thus the 14th April, 1864, became a day never to be forgotten by us, being that on which Giuseppe Garibaldi came to visit us.

A few days before I had been with my niece to see him at the Duke of Sutherland's residence. Directly he saw us enter his room he embraced me with the greatest affection, and was quite pleased to find me well after our long absence. He then expressed a wish to visit my wife and to see our pupils. We together fixed the day and hour; and he was sorry that on account of the appointment of various deputations to bid him welcome he could not dine with us. He was much pleased with the frank, natural manner of our niece, impressing upon her forehead the kiss of an affectionate father. Directly we were at home after this visit, I told my wife that Giuseppe Garibaldi wished to come and see us,

and also that he had fixed the day and hour with me for the visit. I had hardly named such an event to my wife, before the teachers and pupils of our school knew it, and rejoiced in the idea of such a festival. Quickly my wife and I wrote invitations to all our pupils at a distance, wishing that not only those in the immediate neighbourhood, but all who had been pupils during the past years should come and welcome our honoured guest. The resident pupils began at once, without loss of time, to make Italian tricolor banners; my wife, also with our niece, set themselves to form the *Benvenuto** in choice and exquisite flowers, so that it would at once meet the eyes of Garibaldi as he entered.

The appointed day came, and I, early in the morning, found my wife and niece intent upon preparing whatever was necessary for the best reception of the one we expected. I encouraged them to do all they could in order to have the drawing-room arranged so as to give as much room and convenience as possible. In this endeavour, my niece wishing to have more light, went to the further end of the room to open the blinds of the two large windows towards the road. We had placed Garibaldi's chair at the other end

* Welcome.

of the saloon, looking towards the garden. The blinds were hardly drawn up when a cry of surprise and pleasure broke forth from my niece, exclaiming, "Oh, uncle, uncle, perhaps it is now Garibaldi comes." No, it was not an hour at which Garibaldi could come, but the wonder of my niece was caused by this—the wide road of Clifton Gardens, at that early hour, 8 a.m., was full of people, who, so long before the time fixed, had thus anticipated it, in order that once in their lives they might have the good fortune to see Giuseppe Garibaldi.

We had been anxious to avoid anything like a crowd upon the occasion of the visit of our friend, but his popularity was so great with the good English people, that it was scarcely possible for him to move in any part of London without a number of respectful, but certainly eager, people around him.

I confess it was not without wonder that I saw so many collected together, and patiently waiting for Garibaldi, and yet I could not but admire the strong desire thus expressed by the English people to see and honour any one who appears to them to be good and great. I immediately went down into the dining-room, and had only been there a few minutes, when the visitors' bell was rung, and

repeatedly. I went myself to the door, and found waiting there many ladies and gentlemen, who directly and earnestly requested my hospitality on this, to them, most interesting occasion. This I was very willing to give them, feeling pleased to allow them the opportunity of seeing the hero of whom they had evidently heard so much. Whilst I thus, however, continued to admit these strangers, my dear little niece, wiser than I was, called my attention to the fact that these persons were not amongst those we had invited; that these last, our invited guests, would only come at the time appointed, and would then find the house quite full and no room left for them. This observation was only too true; and therefore, although not willing to be discourteous towards those I had already admitted, I afterwards prevented the entrance of any more strangers, and only admitted those friends and pupils who had been invited.

The house, although large, was full from nine a.m., as many of our former pupils during the past ten years, with perhaps parents, and sometimes husband and child, came in answer to our invitation, and were welcomed by Garibaldi.

The hour fixed for his arrival, eleven a.m., had struck, but he did not appear, and then, *mezzo giorno* (mid-day); but no, he does not come, and

the crowd outside, and the number of friends with which our house was full, had been expecting him since eleven.

The mirth and gaiety gradually gave place to a fear that he might not come after all. The disappointment became general as time passed on. Almost alone, I kept my faith in him, and had not the least doubt of the truthful promise of Giuseppe Garibaldi. Secure in him, I assured them all that without fail he would certainly come. And in fact, before the clock struck again, an immense cheer arose from the crowd outside, caused by the appearance of the carriage in which the great one expected came. It came on very slowly amidst the acclamation of the crowd pressing around it, and stopped at our door, and Garibaldi entered, leaning upon my arm and upon the arm of my wife, to whom he addressed the most earnest words of respect and esteem.

Turning to me he said, "*Oh se tutti i preti facessero quello che tu hai fatto, oh quanto sangue risparmiato alla bella Italia nostra!*" ("Oh, if all priests would do as you have done, how much bloodshed spared to our beautiful Italy!")

He went directly into the room on the ground floor—the dining-room—saying to me, "*So che tu hai una bella casa, ma ti prego non farmi salire nel*

Salone, risparmiarmi le scale." ("I know you have a beautiful house, but I ask you not to let me go up to the saloon; spare me the stairs.") Poor fellow! he was suffering from the wound which he received at Aspromonte.

He therefore continued in the dining-room and study, and went round them, observing the pictures with which these rooms on the ground floor were adorned. The folding-doors being open, they made for him one long promenade without the pain of mounting the stairs. Thus walking round the rooms, leaning upon me, he stopped at a picture of Naples; looking at it with much interest, he exclaimed with a tender emotion, "Noble, ah, yes! a noble people, but alas! too sad, too unfortunate!" He turned, and leaving that picture, he stopped before another, "Sorrento," contemplating it with much pleasure—evidently it pleased him very much. "*Oh questo é assai ben fatto, oh, come bene ritrae la bella, l'incantevole Sorrento. Chi ne é l'autore?*" ("Oh, this is very good. How well it paints—the beautiful, the enchanting Sorrento. Who is the artist?") My wife, observing that he kept looking at that more than any other picture, answered, "General, that is a poor attempt of mine to recall the beautiful Sorrento. You have given it value, since it

pleases you, and I hope you will give me a great pleasure by accepting it." Garibaldi quickly answered, "*No, no, gentilissima Signora, ve ne ringrazio con tutto il cuore, e come se accettassi, ma vi prego di tenerlo invece per il vostro Giuseppone.*" ("No, gentle lady, I thank you with all my heart, the same as if I had accepted it; but I beg you keep it for your Giuseppone,") (so he used to call me).

I then asked him to accept it, to give pleasure to us both, and said that I would have it sent in a case to him at Caprera. But he said it would distress him were I to do so; that I ought to keep the precious work of my wife always in the family. Finding him so resolute, we did not say more. But since that day I have kept it as a fixed law that the picture shall never leave our home, where it is endeared to us from its connection with this anecdote of our friend. Whilst Garibaldi, on his arrival, thus walked round the dining-room and study, and had said to me that he wished not to go up the stairs on account of his lameness, I had the beautiful and comfortable chair—embroidered and given to us by Mrs. W——, as I said before—brought down, destined as it was to be a seat for Garibaldi. It was therefore brought down, and placed at the study

window towards the garden. The sunshine of a bright English spring from this window to the south added to the beauty and interest of the scene. The benevolent and really heavenly expression upon the face of Garibaldi as, seated in the chair, he looked towards the numbers of happy young faces fixed upon him will never be forgotten by us.

At this moment many of those who were present moved forward, each one desirous to take the hand of our honoured guest. Upon this impulsive movement, I rose and requested that every one present would allow those who had been pupils at any time during the past ten years, or were pupils now, might be presented first to General Garibaldi.

Every one immediately gave way to the pupils, who thus, in good order, two or three at a time, were presented by me to the friend who had been the first to guide and animate me in the good cause, and who I held as my best teacher, since he gave me a constant example in his life.

Garibaldi seated; standing behind him, and leaning against his chair, was the well-known Giuseppe Guerzoni, a deputy to the Italian Parliament; at his right hand was the Dr. Giuseppe Basile; I, at his left, as our pupils slowly advanced,

presented them, saying with each a few words of introduction to him, and whilst they had each one the pleasure of shaking hands with Garibaldi, he said to each a few cordial and earnest words of encouragement and praise. Although he was well acquainted with the English language, he only spoke to them in Italian, having heard with pleasure that almost all of them had some knowledge of his native language.

More than two hundred young English girls were thus presented to Garibaldi, and had on that day the pleasure to see and to shake hands with him, and to listen and reply to the few words he addressed to them. Many of them are now excellent wives and mothers, and certainly never will forget the 14th April, 1864.

Whilst this long presentation continued, there was a profound silence amongst the visitors. Once only it was broken by the deputy Guerzoni, who in surprise exclaimed, "*Oh mi dica, Signor Campanella, come mai giunse ad ottener tanto?*" To which I quickly replied, "*E il lavoro di dieci anni.*" ("It is the work of ten years.")

And now those amongst the visitors who were anxious to be introduced to the General, came to him, receiving and answering just a few words, thus avoiding further fatigue for him.

It was just at this time that the attention of Garibaldi was fixed upon a number of girls, all dressed in red, who were seen through the large window in the dining-room, two and two in a line, waiting in the road. He asked what it meant, and was told that those young girls were orphans of soldiers, and belonged to an institution for those whose fathers had been killed in battle. Much interested, he said, "Make them all come in, that I may see them and speak with them." This done, they all with their matron came close to him, and he spoke in English most tenderly and with affection to them all, interesting himself especially with the youngest, really a sympathetic, ingenuous little child, kissing her several times with the affection of a father. The good matron shed tears at this welcome to her and her young orphan scholars from the General Garibaldi.

After this he rose and prepared to leave us. A profound silence of real sorrow responded to that action throughout all that large crowd in thus so soon losing his presence amongst them. Some of the ladies were in tears, and truly even I could not restrain tears of tender emotion. In fact only those who have seen Garibaldi can say how great is the fascination of his presence and of his manner, what is the gentle benignity, almost

supernatural, of his expression and the enchantment of his voice.

We accompanied him to the carriage, which was a few paces from the door of our house. Some time was necessary to pass through the number of people on each side. They would not in any way stand back, as every one wished to touch the hands or part of the dress of Garibaldi. The policemen tried to make a clear way, and especially to prevent any one touching our honoured guest; but I said, "Let them stay, no Englishman will hurt him, they only wish in this way to show their sympathy." Garibaldi quite agreed with me, and in a few words in English expressed his satisfaction and thanks. Thus very many could attain the desired object of just touching, even if it were only the mantle, of the hero whose name was so familiar to them. Seated already in the carriage, the last with whom he shook hands was the dear one, my Caterina, to whom he said, "*Il vostro Istituto, Signora, è un vero giardino Inglese, coltivato da mano Italiano.*" ("Your institution is a true English garden, cultivated by an Italian hand.")

The daily papers did not fail to notice the visit with which Garibaldi had honoured us and our school, and remarked upon this as a proof of

fidelity, and that he had not in the least forgotten his old friends. And in fact it was not in him—he could not forget me; and my true friend he always was, and certainly will ever remain the same. Neither can my friendship for him ever change, as it comes from the heart. Even before I saw him—before I had seen his writings, knowing what sort of man he was—I felt for him a profound love and respect, and when afterwards I received a letter from him animating me to advance courageously in the way upon which I had entered, I felt in his friendship renewed light and strength. Yes, in him I saw how one can and ought to love humanity and our country. Garibaldi was not only the one who awoke in me the ardent aspiration for liberty and progress, but also who strengthened me in the endeavour to promote the sacred cause. It is impossible not to see in his life a type of self-devotion, of which there are, alas, too few examples.

Let us then seek with him thus to live and serve our country. Before the sublime type which his life expresses, let every honest and true man, who has deeply in his heart the wish to do well, seek to conform himself.

We shall then be able to repeat with him the motto which came from his heart—that of “War

to War,"—expressing, as it did, the deep longing he felt for the time when "Men shall brothers be, the wide world o'er,"—a motto that yet came from him, a warrior *per eccellenza*. But why a warrior? For the defence of humanity and its inalienable rights, for the freedom of his country, for the defence of the oppressed.

That motto inspired Signor Pellegrino Rosetti with a poem which so well expresses the hope of the future that I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to cite it here. As if in bitter irony, this poem was published in November, 1869, only a few months before one of the greatest and most fatal wars—the Franco-German War—broke out, bringing desolation and misery over one of the most beautiful countries in Europe.

GUERRA ALLA GUERRA.

“Forza é Dritto,” fu il motto del Passato ;
 “Dritto é forza,” sarà quello dell' avvenire.

Se un senso pietoso ti guida nei piani,
 Che vider le pugne dei giorni lontani,
 Sugli aridi teschi, ludibrio del vento,
 Deh, sosta un momento !

Un tempo fur visti dai patrii burroni,
 Discender due volghi schierati a legioni,
 E un palmo di terra da porvi la tenda,
 Strapparsi a vicenda.

Cresciuti sull' alto d' opposte pendici,
 Si disser stranieri, si disser nemici,
 Che uguali li fece la mano di Dio
 Ponendo in obbligo.

Amici e nemici non scerna il tuo pianto :
 Fur uomini tutti, ciò pensa soltanto,
 Sventura a chi l' uomo dall' uomo separa,
 Perfin fulla bara !

Deh, grida a quei resti d'un popol di morti,
 Che cadde per sempre l' arbitrio dei forti ;
 Che oppressi e oppressori sui troni in rovine,
 Si abbraccian alfine.

* * * * *
 Via fasti di sangue dei tempi che furo !
 Son altri gli annali che aspetta il futuro,
 Son altre le glorie che sognano i grandi,
 Spezzate quei brandi !

Le sole conquiste sian quelle del vero,
 Sia il campo la Scienza, sia l'arma il pensiero,
 E in lotte più sante, trionfi più cari
 Il Genio prepari.

PELLEGRINO ROSETTI.

WAR TO WAR.

"Strength is right," was the motto of the past ;
"Right is strength," will be that of the future.

If a feeling of pity lead thee to the plains
Which saw the battle of days gone by,
Upon the dry bones, sport of the wind,
Ah, pause a moment.

One time were seen from their native hills,
Descending, two people arranged for battle,
And a span of land on which to place a tent,
Each one would seize.

Grown up on the height of opposite slopes,
They said they were strangers, said they were enemies,
That equals the hand of God had made them,
Entirely forgetful.

Friends from foes thou didst not discern in thy tears.
They were all men ; that is thy only thought,
Unhappy who would divide man from man,
Even at the tomb.

Ah, cry to those remains of a dead people,
That falls for ever the despotism of the strong,
That oppressed and oppressors over its ruins
Will embrace at last.

Away pomp of war of the times that were ;
Other are the records expected in the future,
Other are the glories of which the grand dream.
Break those swords.

May the only conquests be those of the Truth ;
Let Science be the field, let the weapon be Thought ;
And in a struggle more holy, triumphs more happy
Genius prepares.

I feel sure, however distant the time of their realization may be, that these aspirations were those of Garibaldi, and therefore I offer them now, when I seek to make known what sort of man he is; how gentle, and yet how brave, his life has been.

This is again seen soon after, when Mexico had succeeded in freeing herself from the usurper. In that event Garibaldi—who so bravely defended Rome against the liberticide army of Louis Napoleon, and who only saw in the usurpation of Maximilian the artifice of the man who, President of a Republic, had with brute force crushed the new-born Republic of Rome—sent a salute to Mexico expressing his feelings as a true Liberal of sympathy in their success, but at the same time entreating them not to shed the blood of the usurper.

All the writings of Garibaldi breathe gentleness and sympathy. This is especially felt in "The Salute to Mexico" in 1867. In this he salutes the people of Mexico in the name of the Sister Nations for having freed themselves from one who sought to force an usurper over them in order to establish in their Republic his system of servitude and corruption. He salutes also the old champion of liberty, Juarez, who had not

been discouraged in adversity, but had, with courage and constancy, sustained an apparently unequal struggle against the tyranny of sword and stole, and at length had succeeded in freeing from imported tyranny the virgin soil of Columbus.

But, after all this, he asks, "As enemies to bloodshed, we ask from you the life of Maximilian. Spare him! Supplicate this from you, the fellow-citizens of the brave General Ghilardi, shot through his order by his *sbirri*. Spare him; send him back to his family; an example of the generosity of the people who conquer in the end—but pardon!"

Thus he writes to the people. I have not been able to deny myself the pleasure of giving a brief notice of the General's "Salute to Mexico," but I so much feel its inadequacy that I must give it here in his own words:—

UN SALUTO AL MESSICO.

Quando una nazione si sbarazza dai suoi oppressori, come ha fatto il Messico con tanta costanza ed eroismo—essa merita una parola d'encomio ed un saluto dalle nazioni sorelle.

Un rampollo del dispotismo europeo—inneonato nel nuovo mondo—per fortuna dell' umanità non ha attecchito—Dio sia lodato!—poichè col germe di quella razza funesta, che ancora ammorbava queste belle contrade sacrificando i nobili figli della Francia alle sue libidini pervettrici—agognava il Parricida un semenzaio di tirannide desolatrice nella vergine terra di Colombo—l'annientamento del santuario della Libertà nella

grande Republica—la continuazione infine del suo sistema liberticida e corruttore—con tanta infernale studio impiantato nella sua Patria e nostra.

Salve valoroso popolo del Messico!—Oh—io ti invidio la costante ed energica tua bravura nella liberazione della tua bella Repubblica—da mercenarii del Dispotismo! Salve o Juarez—veterano della Libertà del mondo!—della dignità umana—salve!—Tu non disperasti della salvezza del tuo popolo—ad onta dei molti traditori—ad onta delle forze riunite di tre Imperi—ad onta delle arti della Negromanzia—sempre pronta ad associarsi alla tirannide!

Il popolo italiano ti invia un saluto dall'anima ed un cenno di gratitudine per avere tu rovesciato nella polve un fratello del suo Oppressore!—

Nemici del sangue però—noi ti chiediamo la vita di Massimiliano—risparmiarlo—te ne supplicano i concittadini del prode Generale Ghilardi—fucilato per ordine suo dai suoi sgherri—risparmiarlo—rimandalo tra la sua famiglia di carnefici nostri—esempio della generosità del popolo—il quale vince alla fine—ma perdona!

Castelletti 5 giugno, 1867.

G. GARIBALDI.

During his sojourn in London Garibaldi felt a wish to visit the Crystal Palace, and this was announced in the London papers. Early on the day fixed the immense building was full to overflowing with people desirous to welcome joyfully the hero who had redeemed nine millions of Italians in the two Sicilies. I also, amongst the infinite number, was in the Palace, finding myself on the platform of the orchestra. When I saw

that the great crowd were preparing to leave in complete silence (quite in a different manner to the religious silence of mute contemplation), but a silence quite peculiar to the English, giving proof of their respect for Garibaldi. Then, standing on the platform of the orchestra, looking towards the people underneath, I spoke with the utmost power of my voice, so as to be heard by all if possible, and turning to those on my right, and then to those on my left, and then to those in front, repeating, "*Inglese! Inglese! Inglese! Voi tutti quanti che qui siete—quel*" (pointing to Garibaldi) *che è là—esso che oggi l' Inghilterra festeggia è il mandato da Dio per liberare i popoli oppressi—Dunque—Viva la libera Inghilterra!"* ("English! You, all of you, who are here, he that to-day England honours is the man sent by God to free the oppressed people. Viva free England!") An enthusiastic and unanimous *c viva* answered my few but earnest words, "Viva Garibaldi! Viva Italia!" and the crowd quietly dispersed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PENITENT WHO MADE HIS CONFESSOR CONFESS.

THE departure of Garibaldi from London deprived me of the great comfort and solace his presence and affection had given to me. I returned at once, however, to my usual occupation, and did not fail to continue my visits to those places in which my Italian friends had fixed themselves. Often we conversed together upon the visit of Garibaldi, and upon all the memories of past times, and places and persons it recalled. Upon one of these occasions an Italian gentleman, a stranger to us all, came in, and after a little attention on our part to him as a stranger, he addressed a few words to me, and asked if I would permit him to visit me. In answer to this I asked him to take macaroni with me the next day. He accepted the invitation and came. To my surprise he introduced himself, and gave me his name and then I recognised him;

and I will now relate a fact which his presence and conversation vividly recalled to my mind.

An ancient and respectable Italian family was disgraced through one of its descendants—one of those priests who affect more than usual sanctity in order to gain influence over the people. With the cunning of a fox he had insinuated himself into some of the rich families in his neighbourhood, and with saintly language and manner gained from them a full confidence which he shamefully abused.

One morning this priest was sent for in great haste to confess one of his parishioners who was at the point of death. The confessor, the moment he saw the dying man, asked him if he had made his soul at peace with Jesus and the Holy Mary, and if he would confess.

To this the dying penitent did not answer a word, yes or no. The crafty confessor, however, took silence for consent, and ordered that the room should be cleared of the family. It was immediately left to the confessor and the dying man, since the command of the confessor was to them divine. Behold, then, the confessor *solo a solo* at the pillow of the dying man, with his ear close to the mouth. After having first assured himself that there was not a living soul to be seen in

the room, and no sound heard but the short breathing of the dying man, he then began to make use of all the satanic arts of the priest and confessor, in order to snatch from the relatives a treasure which they highly valued, as it had been long in the family and descended to the eldest son.

The confessor knew this. He also knew that a will had been made, leaving all to the family, in which, however, this heir-loom had not been mentioned. He was therefore desirous to appropriate this "little treasure" to himself by means, and under the forms, of religion.

Behold him, then, at the infamous work ! Only a few minutes of life remained. He felt the pulse, and asked the dying man if he had made a will. The penitent made a sign of assent.

"And have you not left anything for the safety of your soul ? "

The penitent, in a feeble voice : "I have placed all in the hands of my family."

The confessor : "Ah ! no ! no ! I cannot give you absolution, *mio caro* (my beloved), if you do not sign another testament !" and the astute confessor, placing a blank sheet of paper, pen and ink (already prepared), and, guiding the feeble hand, obtained the signature of the dying penitent. He then quickly recalled the family into the room

and assured them that in a few minutes the dying man would be in the presence of God, all having been well arranged for his soul. In a moment he obtained the signatures of two witnesses under that of the dying man, and thus still more confirmed the deed, which, though false in itself, yet with these two witnesses in the presence of the family, seemed legal. Another brief minute, the relatives were again sent from the room, and to end all quickly the death of the penitent was hastened. The family was recalled; they were assured of the death of the husband and father; cries and lamentations, as is usual in Italy, followed. They threw themselves upon the body of the dead—the scene was indeed mournful. The priest did his part to console them, speaking first to one and then to another, and thus they became a little more calm. He told them that he had very well prepared the soul of the deceased; that his conscience had been well purged from his sins by having left many masses to the holy souls in Purgatory, who, as a flash of lightning, had carried him to Paradise.

The afflicted family, convinced by the words of the reverend confessor, gave more money to him to pray to several *Madre di Dio e Santi* (Mothers of God and Saints).

The dead man was buried, and after a few days the priest took possession of the sumptuous *tesoretto* (little treasure) already mentioned. It will be readily understood he did so after having presented to the family the paper he had obtained with the three signatures alone upon it—at his own house, however, previously having carefully completed the document. Thus complete, it stated upon the space of white paper over the signatures that the dying man was fully conscious and consenting to that to which he attested:—"The table service of 36 knives, 36 forks, 36 spoons, of silver; and 36 spoons for coffee of gold; with the gold snuff-box, set with a large diamond, surrounded by rubies. These are all to be given, without any obstacle, to the reverend confessor, in order that he may celebrate holy masses."

Upon the presentation of this paper, the family of the deceased did not offer the slightest objection. They willingly consigned all to the confessor, who, when he saw the magnificence of these objects in his own house arranged before him, felt quite proud, and almost every day, with his penitents, spoke of "this rich gift for the holy masses." He often visited the family, and, amongst other foolery, he said that he dreamt to have seen, when absorbed in ecstasy, his defunct

penitent, conversing with several Madonnas, and saints, and angels. He obtained from the credulous people, with these and like words, more money for more masses and prayers.

I will not say more upon the treasures acquired by this reverend confessor, and not he alone; for, generally speaking, it must be said that confessors and "holy devout counsellors," with very few exceptions, are parasite and hypocritical *per eccellenza*.

The confessor was, as we have said, descended from a respectable family. He had, however, a brother a few years younger than himself, who was idle and quite given up to the *dolce far nulla* (indolence). He married this brother to a young lady, one of his own penitents, handsome, luxurious, and rather a coquette, with whom, he, however, was more in love than his brother. Thus the family of the confessor went on under the direction of a young and extravagant mistress, who in the course of time gave to light some beautiful boys and girls. And thus also evil words began to circulate respecting the good-will between the reverend confessor and his *cognata* (sister-in-law), and to avoid giving offence and a stumbling-block, he advised his brother and sister to try change of air, and to retire for a time to the

capital. A few months passed over, and the priest regained his character as a holy man, and became yet more renowned as priest and confessor. In fact, he was from morning until evening always in the confessional. It is not necessary for me to say here in what state of mind the confessors rise from their seats in the confessional! Attend fathers of families and husbands of honest wives. Look at the faces of these men, and you will generally perceive the impress of the dissolute man, resulting from the effeminacy of life in the cloister, where three extreme evils, ignorance, idleness, and enforced celibacy, bring their never-failing and most mournful consequences.

One fine morning, a genteel young man, quite *gentiluomo* (gentleman), presented himself at the confessional of our reverend confessor, saying, "*Padre*, I wish to confess." "I will confess you, my son," was the reply. Immediately the young man kneeling before the confessor, was exhorted by him not to conceal anything, but to tell all his sins with all the circumstances attending them, without the least shame or fear, since he, as confessor, "had the power to send direct to Paradise, or to the *casa del Diavolo* (house of the Devil), any person whatever."

The penitent assured the confessor that he would

tell him everything. He then recited the usual *confiteor*, confessing all the sins he had committed. The confessor, as usual, did not absolve him the first time, but ordered him to return in a week. The penitence he received was to recite twice a day a rosary to the Virgin Mary. The penitent took some money from his pocket and gave it to the confessor, telling him to say a mass to the *Madonna della Purità*.

Leaving the confessor, he went directly, knelt down in the middle of the church, and with devout expression and position began to recite the rosary. All his pious attitudes were within sight of the confessor, and in fact were observed by him. After a short time the penitent retired. The confessor also went home to take his usual dinner *a mezzo giorno* (at mid-day), and in conversation with his brother and sister congratulated himself upon having had three new penitents, two women and one man. This last he said was truly *un santo giovane* (a holy youth). He made a good dinner and they drank to the reformation of the new penitents. They drank with the more pleasure as the confessor had consigned to his *cognata* the money received for the new masses.

This week passed away, and behold faithfully the new penitent returns to the confessor. "New

sins," he said, "but slight;" and then the confessor gave him absolution, imposing upon him to recite five rosaries, one to the Madonna Adolorata, one to the Madonna delle Grazie, one to the Madonna del Carmelo, one to the Madonna della Misericordia, and one to the Madonna del Perdono. Receiving absolution, the penitent gives more money to the confessor and immediately goes to kneel down in the same place, in the middle of the church, always within sight of the confessor, and begins to recite the penitence given to him. The reverend father, although he was employed in confessing a woman at his side (the women always confess at the side, the men in front of the confessor), yet never lost sight of the penitent, and this one perceiving that he was observed, put on all those contortions and gestures with the little blows on the breast generally used, with head bent on one side and eyes upturned. When he looked round and saw that the eyes of the confessor were upon him, he made a sign as if he were trying to say the rosary, but was confused in reciting upon the fingers, in fact that he was in want of a *corona* (chaplet) to enable him to say the rosary. Inspired by this idea, the penitent was for once too much for the priest, and finding he was watched at every movement, and getting

confident of success in his intent, he quickly rose from his knees and went up to the reverend father. "*Padre santo! Cosa vuoi mio figlio. Ho perduto la mia corona e mi confondo nel dire; mio rosario alle Madonne Madri di Dio.*" ("Holy Father, I have lost my *corona*, and am perplexed in saying my rosary to the Madonnas, Mothers of God.")

To this appeal for help the confessor assented, and gave his *corona* to the pious penitent, who returned direct to his place, and continued the same hypocritical gestures and attitudes as before. In short, he did his best to deceive and delude the reverend father, who, in the midst as he was, of his female penitents—girls, wives, widows of all ages and conditions—was so entangled, enticed, and ensnared in hearing sins confessed of all kinds, and asking questions of all sorts, in which he felt so much delight, that he sank into a kind of ecstasy of blessedness—a celestial effeminacy—so that it was difficult to tear himself from it, and he had almost forgotten all earthly things. penitents, and churches.

The cunning penitent, seeing that the confessor was at the best moment of his beloved confessional, cleverly ran off to the *cognata*, and said, "*Signora*, I come in the name of your reverend *cognato* to fetch the case containing the thirty-six

knives, forks, and spoons, because he has arranged with other reverends, canons, and two bishops, to go to-day together, *una partita ecclesiastica* (an ecclesiastical party), to Posilipo, to enjoy themselves, and in proof of this, in order that you may have confidence in me, he has sent his *corona*," he said, giving it to the lady.

At the sight of the *corona* every suspicion which arose on his first arrival in her mind against the stranger, vanished away. Without further questions or delay, she consigned the treasures to him, and gave him back the token sent by her reverend *cognato*.

The penitent respectfully took leave of the *signora*. The precious casket was placed in a carriage, carefully locked, as the key had been confided to the messenger by the lady. All seemed well arranged, but it came to mind that *la scatola* was not there! He went back to the lady, "*Signora*, the reverend desired that you should also send by me the golden snuff-box full of good *rappee*." Faithfully the *signora* also gave to him the snuff-box as desired. Quickly the table service of silver knives, forks, and spoons, the gold spoons for coffee, and the gold snuff-box set with a magnificent diamond encircled by rubies, all were in the carriage, and it drove quickly away and disappeared.

But the penitent returned quietly to the church, and seeing that the confessor was fully engaged in confessing an elegant lady, went up to him suddenly and said, "Holy father, I give you back your *corona*."

"Ah! impertinent," exclaimed the priest; "wait a little, I am in the midst of giving absolution to this penitent!"

But the other, tired and in haste, shook his arm, so that he turned round, and to see his face, it would remind you of the turkey-cock when puffed up with conceit before his hens.

"*Padre*, I have finished my rosary." The *padre* took the *corona*, gave him the benediction, and he went his way.

In about an hour, the confessional finished, the reverend confessor returned to his house as usual for dinner. The *cognata*, seeing him home so soon, was quite surprised. "How!—did you not go as you said to dine in the country with your friends?"

"Country? What do you mean—country?—dinner and friends? I hope you have got my dinner ready?"

"No, my dear."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed again, angrily. "Dear, dear!"

“What is it that has disturbed you so?” she asked, her surprise increasing. “How!—did you not go into the country? Have you not had the *posata* (table service) you sent for?”

“*Posata!*” exclaimed the priest, “When, and with whom?”

“With one whom you sent for them,” said the lady.

“No, no,” he cried out, “I have not sent any one. *Furto! Furto!*” (robbery) they both exclaimed together.

After a pause the priest resumed, rather coaxingly, “No, my dear. Tell me now the truth. Is it not so? that your vagabond husband took the *posata* away from you to sell them and to gamble with the money, and has obliged you to invent this tale of an imaginary thief who came to fetch them? And thus your vagabond husband, not only wastes, in his extravagant folly, the money which the Holy Mother Church gives me, but now robs me of the blessed treasure, the *posata*, and you assist him.”

The woman at this imputation burst into a passion of tears, invoking all the saints, with the Madonna and the souls in purgatory, to attest her innocence, and finally with heart-rending sobs, she swore “upon her honour.”

The priest, *cognato* (brother-in-law), at this invocation, seized her hand roughly, and looking her fixedly in the face, repeated her words, "Swear upon your honour;" and said contemptuously, "and have you any honour?" The *cognata*, in a moment, with the greatest force, "And is it not you who have deprived me of it, *Mostro di Reverendo?*" (reverend monster.)

At this true word the priest could only answer in a melancholy tone, "Ah! *si*, it is true, it is true!" And like Don Abbondio in the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, threw himself, not in an arm-chair, but upon a soft luxurious sofa, and called for some biscuits and liqueure, and thus the brutal sensual *celibatario* (a man who has taken the vow of celibacy) gradually became quiet, and drawing the *corona* from his coat pocket, appeared as if he were reciting prayers for some miracle to find out who had been the thief. The victimized *cognata*, however, who had retreated to the farther end of the room, but did not lose sight of any of his movements, on seeing the *corona*, rose, no longer as a woman, but with the strength of a warrior, and coming up to the priest said, "That man who came to take the *posata* brought as a token from you the *corona* you have now in your hands."

The reverend confessor then remembered that

he had lent the *corona* to one of his penitents and exclaimed, "*Miracolo ! miracolo !* Ah ! it is true, my treasure, my *cognata*, my love !" She merely said in answer, "Impostor !"

The priest immediately presented himself to the Inspector of Police in a most irascible and furious manner, and related to him all the circumstances of the robbery committed. In those happy times priests and police were always one. Our reverend confessor had scarcely time to get home before the footsteps of the inspector were upon the stairs to inform him that the culprit was already known. In return the inspector received the reward which the priest had promised.

The culprit was put into prison and brought before the Minister of Police. Behold, then, the minister, the reverend confessor, and the thief. The thief openly and at once confessed the manner and all the circumstances and means by which he had tried to get back that which of right belonged to him. The confessor, as well as the minister, wished to know how the *posata* and the snuff-box could have belonged to him. The thief, in his turn, wished to know by what means and in what manner the reverend confessor had acquired such precious objects. The confessor did not wait to be asked such a question twice,

and, in a bold and rather insolent manner, said that one of his penitents—a pious and honest man, who died already some years past—had by legal testament left those objects on account of masses to be said every day for a certain period. The reverend confessor assured the minister that the defunct not only never saw the *casa del Diavolo*, but also remained a very short time to suffer the pains of purgatory, and added that “in consequence of the fervid prayers offered up, he may be considered as already in Paradise.”

The minister smiled. The thief asked if it were permitted him to speak?

“Yes, speak, certainly,” said the minister, who amused himself in this question.

“Some years ago, Signor Ministro,” said the young man, “an honest man, feeling himself to be dying, asked for the confessor, who immediately was at his pillow. The confessor sent out all the persons who were in the room, and the confessor took the hand of the dying man and made him sign his name; it was done all at once. The signature thus obtained, he called back those he had sent away, and got also two signatures for the validity of that of the dying man, and then sent them away again. Now, Signor Ministro, ask the confessor if this be true.”

“Confessor, is this true?”

“Yes, it is true,” answered the confessor.

The youth continued: “With that piece of white paper, with nothing but three signatures upon it, in his right hand, and leaning his elbow on the pit of the stomach of the dying man, and moving the other hand right and left, he pressed his elbow upon the stomach, so that under the pressure the last breath of life was spent! ‘*É morto! é morto!*’ (‘He is dead!’) exclaimed the confessor. Upon hearing these words, a little boy who had been hidden behind the *armario** in the bedroom came out, with mournful cries, and, seeing the priest, said, ‘You have killed him! you have killed my father!’ At this sudden apparition the confessor started and exclaimed, ‘A miracle!’ But, not losing courage, having little faith in miracles, he endeavoured to quiet the boy with soft and fine words, telling him that his father was already in Heaven. All this, Signor Ministro, was forgotten by me, child as I then was, because I was but a child; but now that I am older, and can understand things better, I feel a wish to regain that which my family, from remote times, have inherited, and which by right belongs to me, being the eldest son. Now,

* A large chest in which the household linen is sometimes kept.

therefore, Signor Ministro, this one has not only confessed to be a thief, but also to have killed my father. Decide with justice, then, which of us two is guilty."

Il Ministro answered this appeal very briefly. "This horrible case," he said, "must necessarily be decided with the verb *fare* (to do), that is to say, *bisogna fare* (must do), *far fare* (must cause to do), and *saper fare* (must know to do). *Io farò col far fare al Cardinale, il quale potrà saper fare presso il Papa.*" ("I will do, with causing the Cardinal to do, who will be able to know how to do before the Pope.")

The decision of the Pope was that the *posata* should be divided into three parts:—

One to Cardinal Antonelli; one to Cardinal Riario Sforza; one to Francesco Saverio del Carretti, Ministro di Justizia; and the gold spoons for coffee, and the rich snuff-box to the Holy Father, Pio Nono.

As to the confessor, he was suspended. *a divinis*. The penitent was set at liberty, with the order not to speak to any living soul upon what had happened. The homicide confessor was not punished by imprisonment, because the Church permits (*licenzia*), when the confessor has got from the dying penitent full conviction of pardon (*picna*

convinzione di perdono), he, the confessor, perceiving that the dying man cannot regain his former health, may with the hand suffocate him; or obtain death by pressing strongly the elbow upon the heart. Always be it understood with the intention of not letting him suffer any longer.

The Popes of Rome—some more or less—all have had the satanic ambition to be held, considered, and believed more than God. I will not mention the claims of all the Popes, and above all, those of Pius VII., because really it is disgusting to read them. I will merely cite from “*I Commentari sulle Decretali*”* of Prospero Fagnani, and the books of Cardinal Bellarmino.

“The Pope,” says “*Le Decretali*,” “is the sole supreme, absolute judge of the entire world. He can make constitutions and cannot be judged by any one whatever. *Si totus mundus in aliquo negotio sententiaret contra papam, sententiæ papæ stantum est.* The Pope can annul the civil laws of every country. The Pope is above every human right. The decisions of the Pope have more value than those of the Holy Fathers, of the Apostles, and of the Holy Scriptures. The Pope can dispense with the divine laws and with the precepts

* Canonical laws.

of the Gospel, can depose sovereigns, princes, judges, and other authorities from their positions, because he is a celestial power. He is (the Pope) Dominus dominantium. Can change the nature of things, and draw forth something from nothing. Papa est omnia et super omnia. Papa potest mutare quadrata rotundis. Papa super jus, et extra jus omnia potest. Papa est causa causarum . . . et qui de hoc dubitat, dicitur dubitare de fide catholica . . . Patter."

Innocent III. defined the Pope, "Citra Deum ultra hominem, minor deo, maor homine" (Serm. De consacr. Pontif).

Ed il Cardinale Bellarmino: "Summus Pontifex simpliciter et absolute est . . . itaut nullum in terris super se judicem agnoscat" (de Cons: auclorit):

The cardinals, archbishops, bishops, prelates, and all that succession of ecclesiastical authorities, not excluding the Sacristan, all infallible, in the last Ecumenical Council, consecrated similar blasphemy.

Yet more. The faithful Apostolical Roman Catholic has not a country; his country is the Church, at the head of which is the Pope, to whom, in all and for all, he owes a blind obedience. More still, he must hate and abhor

his own parents and relatives, and any others who do not hold the Pope as object and end of their thought and action.

As to the Pope, he may himself kill the heretics: "Potest etiam per se hæreticos occidere ut legimus de Samuele et Petro" (5), De Potter: *Letteres de Sant Pie V.*, *Indecation Historique*: He may torture, since in the torments of the body the soul may purify itself. If the means are most severe, the end is always holy.

I am sure that my readers, with me, will be horrified at all this; but so it is. To suppose that the end can justify the means is a fiendish immorality. Iniquity can never be permitted, not even with the pretence of justice. False, then, is the principle that to kill is the right of the man who cannot, except with his own hand, obtain justice. *Licet occidere regem tyrannum.*—San Tommaso D'Aquino.

I leave the commentary upon these facts to the good common sense and to the rectitude of mind and heart of my readers. I will only add that to the man ambitious, through lust of power, the words of the poet describe only too truly:—

. Comprendi
Che l'uomo ambizioso é l'uomo crudele
Tra le sus mire di grandezza e lui
Mette il capo del Padre e del Fratello
Calcherà l' uno e l'altro e farà d'ambo
Sgabello al piede per salir sublime.

“Understand that the ambitious man is a cruel man; and that, place the head of his father and of his brother between him and his aggrandisement, he will trample upon the one and the other, and will make of both a footstool upon which to mount sublime.”

CHAPTER XVII.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

ON the 10th of March, 1872, at Pisa, when, after the failure of his hopes for Rome, he had been set free from an Italian prison, Giuseppe Mazzini—beloved and honoured name—departed from this life, to pass into immortality amongst those who have truly served, the benefactors of their kind—the honest and just men. Shall I attempt to say all we owe to his devoted, unwearied service and work of love? Oh, no, it is not for me. The whole of humanity, instructed and elevated by him, glories in its benefactor. The breath of calumny and envy can make no more impression against him upon the people he loved and served than it could upon the granite rock. His opinions have not yet been generally accepted, but they certainly will be more fully appreciated in the future, and will then constitute

a monument the most worthy of such a man !
Let us all follow his example.

Animated by the most sincere respect and by the earnest hope that the service of the two great Italians, Mazzini and Garibaldi, might be secured for Italy, I ventured to write the following few words, when in 1870, the Italian people had elected their sovereign :—

13, Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill, W.,
London, 27th September, 1870.

To Vittorio Emanuele of Savoy.

The spontaneous and public opinion of the Italians, which I consider as a sovereign personification of God, has proclaimed you King of Italy.

To the Campidoglio then, your Majesty, surrounded by Giuseppe Mazzini, by Giuseppe Garibaldi, and by other truly wise, honest workers, who, if they do not rise to the height of these gifted men, are not on that account less sincere citizens.

From my heart I send you my *Sì*, having a right to vote as Italian and as a Roman citizen.

GIUSEPPE CAMPANELLA.

This, my vote, I sent in a registered letter to the King himself.

Giuseppe Mazzini, in diverse travels in his favourite England, and in the latter part of his life alternately between London and the Continent, had frequent opportunities for the study of men

and their various social arrangements. Also in long solitary journeys on foot he was accustomed to seek out and contemplate some of the most beautiful scenes in Nature, still always more and more delighting in them, thus more firmly confirming and strengthening himself in the most intense sentiment of love to God and the people. Hence also every form of beautiful art had in him a passionate and appreciative admirer.

With this he was also a man of the most positive and severe study; as a politician, most truthful and honest; as an economist, exact and scrupulous; as a philosopher, calm and open to conviction; as a humanitarian, the most loving; as a believer in God, the most firm and sincere.

Mazzini was the most frank, open, incorruptible, and unwearied representative of the rights and duties of the people—a defender of the most just and equitable administration of the taxes on property—with reason and sound argument, the opponent of Materialism, Communism, and Despotism.

Always the defender of the weak, Mazzini was accustomed to agitate (within the limits of the laws), in order that the one-half of the human race which claims to be the strongest may recognise—as invested with equal rights of every kind,

whether social or political—that other half which is not less intelligent, and is certainly more humane.

Listen to his earnest pleading. When speaking to the Italian working men, he says :—

“Listen to me in love, as I speak to you in love. . . . The family is the heart’s fatherland. . . . The angel of the family is woman. Whether as mother, wife or sister, woman is the caress of existence ; the soft sweetness of affection diffused over its fatigues, a reflex on the individual of that loving Providence which watches over Humanity. . . .

“Love and respect woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your intellectual and moral faculties. Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over woman. You have none whatsoever.

“Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice, have created that *apparent* intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression. But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation ? ”—Page 318-20.

There are many who, calling themselves in an

especial manner guardians of order, describe Mazzini as a Revolutionist, and therefore an enemy to order. To them it may truly be answered that it is in the true and sincere Revolutionist that order and moderation are really to be found—since order is harmony, and harmony is the daughter of Liberty.

The true character of Mazzini is clearly seen, and must be felt by all who read, in the deep sympathy of his earnest words addressed to the “Working Men of Italy.” I will cite here some passages from them, in addition to the one already given, as the best tribute to his memory. In the preface he says to them :—

“My voice may sound too harsh, and I may too severely insist upon the necessity of virtue and sacrifice; but I know, and you too—untainted by false doctrines and unspoiled by wealth—will soon know also that the sole origin of every right is in a Duty fulfilled.—Page 262. . . .

“I intend to speak to you of your duties. I intend to speak to you, according to the dictates of my heart, of the holiest things we know: to speak to you of God, of Humanity, of the Fatherland, and the Family.—Page 262. . . .

“The vital question in agitation at the present day is a question of education. We do not seek

to establish a new order of things through violence. Any order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is a tyranny, . . . The theory of Rights may suffice to arouse men to overthrow the obstacles placed in their path by tyranny, but it is impotent where the object in view is to create a noble and powerful harmony between the various elements of which the nation is composed. With the theory of happiness as the primary end of existence, we shall only produce egotists who will carry the old passions and desires into the new order of things, and introduce corruption into it a few months after. We have, therefore, to seek a Principle of Education superior to any such theory, and capable of guiding mankind onwards towards their own improvement, of teaching them constancy and self-sacrifice, and of uniting them with their fellow-men, without making them dependent either on the *idea* of a single man, or the *force* of the majority.

“This principle is Duty. We must convince men that they are all sons of one sole God, and bound to fulfil and execute one sole law here on earth ; that each of them is bound to live, not for himself, but for others ; that the aim of existence is, not to be more or less happy, but to make

themselves and others more virtuous; that to struggle against injustice and error (wherever they exist), in the name and for the benefit of their brothers, is not only a right but a Duty; a duty which may not be neglected without sin—the duty of their whole life.

“Working-men, Brothers! Understand me well. When I say that the consciousness of your rights will never suffice to produce an important and durable progress, I do not ask you to renounce those rights. I merely say that such rights can only exist as a consequence of duties fulfilled, and that we must begin with fulfilling the last in order to achieve the first. And when I say that in proposing happiness, well-being, or material interests, as the aim of existence, we run the risk of becoming egotists, I do not say that you ought never to occupy yourselves with these; but I do say that the exclusive endeavour after material interests, sought for, not as a *means*, but as an *end*, always leads to disastrous and deplorable results.—Page 273-4

“Working-men! Brothers! When Christ came, and changed the face of the world, he spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them; nor to the poor, who would doubtless have abused them, in imitation of the rich; he spoke

not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted; he spoke of Duty, he spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, and of Faith : and he said that *they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labour to the good of all.*

“And the words of Christ, breathed in the ear of a society in which all true life was extinct, recalled it to existence, conquered the millions, conquered the world, and caused the education of the human race to ascend one degree on the scale of progress.—Page 278.

“When the Christians declared to the world that *all* men were the sons of God, and brethren in His name, all the doctrines of the legislators of antiquity tending to establish the existence of two races of men, availed not to prevent the abolition of slavery and a consequent radical re-organization of society.

“For every advance in religious belief, we can point to a corresponding social advance in the history of Humanity, while the only result you can show, as a consequence of your doctrine of indifference in matters of religion, is anarchy. You have been able to destroy, never to build up. Disprove this if you can.—Page 284.

“To those who speak to you of heaven, and

seek to separate it from earth, you will say that heaven and earth are One, even as the *way* and the *goal* are one. Tell us not that the earth is of clay. The earth is of God. God created it as the medium through which we may ascend to Him. The earth is not a mere sojourn of temptation or of expiation; it is the appointed dwelling-place wherein we are bound to work out our own improvement and development, and advance towards a higher stage of existence. God created us not to contemplate, but to act. He created us in His own image, and He is Thought and Action; or rather in Him there is no Thought which is not simultaneous Action.—Page 285.

“Wheresoever is the spirit of God there is liberty,” has been declared by one of the most powerful Apostles the world has known and the religion he preached decreed the abolition of slavery.—Page 287.

“The first real, earnest religious faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds, will transform the whole of our social organization, because every strong and earnest faith tends to apply itself to every branch of human activity; because in every epoch of existence the earth has ever tended to conform itself to the Heaven in which it then believed; and because the whole

of Humanity is but the repetition—in form and degree varying according to the diversity of the times—of the Dominical Christian Prayer: Thy Kingdom come on Earth as it is in Heaven.

“Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. Let these words—better understood and better applied than in the past—be the utterance of your faith, of your prayer, O my brothers! Repeat them, and strive to fulfil them. No matter if others seek to persuade you to passive resignation and indifference to earthly things, if they preach submission to every temporal authority, however unjust, by quoting to you—without comprehending them—the words, *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's*. Nothing is of Cæsar's unless it be such in conformity with the law of God.—Page 288. . . .

“Prove to mankind that the work of progressive development—development to which you would call them, is a part of the design of God, and none will rebel. Prove to them that the earthly duties to be fulfilled here below, are an essential portion of their immortal life, and all the calculations of the present will vanish before the grandeur of the future.—Page 290.

* * * * *

“A thinker of the past century has described

humanity as *A man that lives and learns for ever*. Individuals die, but the amount of truth they have thought, and the sum of good they have done, does not die with them. The men who pass over their graves reap the benefit thereof, and Humanity garners it up.

“Each of us is born to-day in an atmosphere of ideas and beliefs which has been elaborated by all anterior Humanity, and each of us brings with him (even if unconsciously) an element more or less important of the life of Humanity to come. The education of Humanity is built up like those Eastern Pyramids, to which every passing traveller added a stone. We pass along, the voyagers of a day, destined to complete our individual education elsewhere, but the education of Humanity, which is seen by glimpses in each of us, is slowly, progressively, and continuously evolved through Humanity. . . . From labour to labour, from belief to belief, Humanity gradually acquires a clearer perception of its own life, of its own mission, of its God, and of His law.—Page 298.

“In order, therefore, to know the Law of God, you must interrogate not only *your own conscience*, but also the conscience and consent of Humanity. In order to know your own duties, you must interrogate the present *wants* of Humanity.

Morality is progressive, as is your education, and that of the human race. The morality of Christianity was different from that of Paganism; the morality of our own age differs from the morality of eighteen hundred years ago.—Page 299.

“*God, the Father and Educator of Humanity, reveals his Law to humanity through time and space. Interrogate the tradition of Humanity—which is the council of your brother men—not in the restricted circle of an age or sect, but in all ages, and in the majority of mankind past and present. Whenever that consent of Humanity corresponds with the teachings of your own conscience, you are certain of the truth—certain, that is, of having read one line of the law of God.*”—Page 300.*

We ought not to abolish property *because it is now in the hands of a few*, but we must open the way in which the many may acquire it. To the arguments of hypocrites putting on the forms of religion he reasoned thus—“God with the people. Thought with action. Faith with reason.”

Mazzini in the heavens, on the earth, and on the

* An Essay on “The Duties of Man.”—Mazzini. From the beautiful translation into English of Mrs. Emilie Ashurst Venturi.

sea, felt the divine inspiration of love to humanity.

For me these are as harmonious books, in which every being endowed with reason ought to study seriously and accurately, in order to venerate and adore the supreme source of All Perfection in God. Cease, vain men, to claim for yourselves alone to be the men of moderation and of order. Cease the delusion of calling you such. None are more likely than you are to throw society into the abyss of anarchy and disorder, resisting, as you are accustomed to do, every effort in progress.

In the honest and sincere Revolutionist order and moderation are really found, because order is harmony, and harmony is the offspring of liberty: since moderation is one of the most beautiful qualities which distinguish the man who is the sincere friend of men, because he seeks always to ameliorate their condition.

Oh, ye Revolutionists of Progress, in every country and in all times, I respect and love and venerate you, and recognise that from you has been derived all that of grand and good, progress has been able to attain. Yours is not alone the field of social science, but that also of every other science in which the genius of man has made real revolutions, as Galileo, who discovered the motion of the earth; Newton, the laws of gravity; Pamfilo

Castaldi, Italian precursor of Gutenberg, printing ; Alessandro Volta, Tommaso Campanella, and many others.

The men of progress of the present time cannot fail to recognise in Giuseppe Mazzini the patriot who, menaced, calumniated, and oppressed, yet strong in the truth which animated him, resisted the most perfidious and fair-spoken temptations, incorruptible and confident in the ultimate triumph of true liberty.

The true Revolutionists of progress, trustful in their faith that the future is theirs, care little if death overtake them before their object be attained, knowing that man is a link in the chain which departs from God, and in God returns, and thus certain to witness the triumph in a more serene, pure, and clear horizon.

These Revolutionists of order are more to be respected now in Europe, since the times unfortunately are still more in need of their redeeming work. One of the last amongst them—yet my conscience assures me that of their number I always was and still remain—only sorrowful that the years no longer permit that vigorous action which I feel in mind and still more strongly in heart.

Men of progress, who are now and will always

be found, do not mind if your numbers be few, but look only to the high ideal you have before you, certain of its final realization, looking to it as the banner of the future, as the benediction of humanity. Work on, then, without tiring, in the cause of progress. You will have the ineffable satisfaction that you have contributed towards the elevation of the people, which is that of the love of God, who wills that all humanity should be brethren, free and harmonized in the true religion of progress.

The prediction of the Hebrew prophet is slowly, as it seems to us, but surely advancing towards its fulfilment:—"They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain, for the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

And the number continually increases who say with the English poet—

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of
the suns.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I N M E M O R I A M .

I WILL not close this volume without a grateful and affectionate tribute to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gaskell, the warm-hearted friends whose generous sympathy has cheered and welcomed many of the best and noblest sons of Italy, when, driven from their country by Bourbon and Papal despotism, they sought refuge in England.

• They had travelled much in Italy, had studied its people as well as its works of art, and had delighted in its natural beauty. Their home was full of records of these travels; and many hours had been spent in the study of the great Italian poets. Often in our quiet hours, conversing together, I have listened to my wife as she described to me the happy time spent in the beautiful library at Lupset, turning over pages of Dante, Petrarca, &c., reading again and again,

and pausing at the favourite passages, by which she said, "These books are now rendered a priceless record of the one whose exquisite taste and loved hand had marked them." And then I was told of the almost daily visit to the school at Horbury, founded and built and permanently supported by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gaskell; how the first visit on entering the school was generally to the infants, whose gallery was full of happy little faces, as they saw the constant friend who loved them, and listened to their infant songs, and knew them all, and had a kind word for any little one who did not seem quite so well as usual.

Words of sympathy too, and encouragement for the teachers. And then the boys' school with its good master, Mortimer, shared in her watchful care. On the way home some well-known cottage was visited, and cheery words were spoken to the aged inmates as to old friends. Many similar visits were thus paid, and this was not evanescent, it was the routine week after week, and year after year. *Never did she neglect one in whom she had taken interest.* "I must be faithful," she used to say, when doubts were expressed as to the worthiness of any one of her poor friends. And the regular Christmas gifts were sent to all. Once I was told about a school in a colliery village, and

that its good teacher was ill in a brain fever, and Mrs. Daniel Gaskell went over to Warmfield, and sat up all night with her, and did not leave while there was danger.

Thus, blessing and blest, the time passed happily at Lupset.

But there were moments when the tone changed, and in a hushed voice I was told of the mournful, sad loss—of the usual annual spring visit to London—of the departure from home in good health as usual—of the sudden illness and death. And then of the gates of the park thrown open, and the mournful train from London passing through, and the school children and teachers, and friends who came to meet it following, and all moving slowly through the park, and the full moon shining calm and clear, as she loved to see it, over her home.

Mrs. Daniel Gaskell died April 16th, 1848.

When in the year 1833, the town of Wakefield obtained the right to send a member to the British Parliament, the electors of every class brought numerous and often unsolicited suffrage to one man. . . . A beautiful evidence of the esteem felt for him. This was Daniel Gaskell.

In Parliament he appeared what he was, a patriotic, intelligent, liberal friend to progress.

Humanitarian in the best sense of the word, and especially "un vero gentiluomo."

And in Parliament, as in his election, the fact was, that each party, and division of parties, however much opposed to each other, had for him no words but those of respect and esteem.

Fortune had given him riches; but in these he found the duty to be good and useful. And he did attain the success of becoming a blessing to all around him. Much more valuable in him than the nobility of birth, which is an accident, was the nobility of action. Generosity and benevolence were constantly manifest in him. This elevation of mind and purity of soul were seen reflected as in a glass in the attractive form and expression of the outward man. Even in advanced age he was beautiful, and instinctively all eyes were turned towards him.

Large were his gifts to the poor; but he was not content with this material succour, but made himself felt to be friend and counsellor. And friend he was of the best, and counsellor of the most judicious to those who needed help.

A friend to progress, he knew that education is the key-stone in the arch of social advancement, and therefore gave himself to encourage it, and to promote it in every way. To this end he

opened and maintained schools at his own expense.

Sudden death deprived Daniel Gaskell of his wife! Oh! what a noble lady was the one he had chosen! How truly worthy of him! In the most beautiful qualities they mutually encouraged each other in full sympathy.

This excellent lady was on the most friendly terms with many families in the vicinity. In one of these she found a friend; they passed happy hours together in study, and delighted themselves in reading the best English and Italian poets.

In 1853 I became the fortunate husband of this friend (Catherine Lindley), who is now my gentle companion. Soon after our marriage Daniel Gaskell invited us to spend the honeymoon at his hospitable mansion. It is not possible to describe the cordial welcome he gave us. Thus, through his courteous hospitality, knowing him well, I felt the greatest admiration for the rare gifts with which he was endowed, and at the extent and depth of his knowledge.

On other occasions, invited to Lupset, we enjoyed the hospitality of Daniel Gaskell. And again in 1872 we had the privilege to see him. Although in his ninety-first year he still enjoyed life, and his spirit was still young.

Amongst the old friends who were around him,

there are some whom I shall never forget, and I may mention more particularly two,* a learned cousin of our host, and a retired physician, who were ever kind to me, a foreigner, as true English gentlemen always are.

He liked music, and once on inviting a young Italian girl to the piano he asked her to sing. This request quickly answered, was addressed to one whom I love as much as any daughter could be loved, although the ineffable comfort of children had not been mine.

The young lady sang, and in her native language (so well adapted to the voice in music). “*Bello! brava!*” burst forth from the one who had asked for the song. And again he led her to the piano to sing to him, and so again and again, and as each time he was pleased, he became quite delighted—showing how much the sentiment of the really beautiful was felt by one so gentle and yet so noble.

Thus full of life and spirit, he gave us the fond hope that still for many more years his useful and precious life might be preserved. And it was in this hope that we took leave of him. Alas! it was

* James Booth, Esq., C.B., formerly Secretary to the Board of Trade, and James S. Harrison, Esq., of Lancaster, F.R.C.S. and J.P., an intimate friend and connection by marriage.

the last time we were permitted to see him and to press his kind hand with respectful affection.

On the 20th of December, 1875, he left this life for "another mansion in our Father's house."

Great is the grief we all must feel when a being so beneficent, so blessed, is taken from amongst us. My wife and niece feel with me the longing desire to place this votive offering upon his tomb, and to express the fervent hope that his memory may ever remain as an example, inciting many and many more, to live as he has lived, blessing and blessed.

In Memoriam.

DANIEL GASKELL

È trapassato

Bello egli era della persona

E di nobile portamento

Avea mente viva serena e nitida

Il giusto e l'onesto

Furono norma del suo viver sociale

Fido amico veritevole consigliere

Affettuosissimo sposo

Cultore e propagatore esimio

Dell' istruzione popolare

L'ebbe base ed apogeo

D'ogni bene sociale

Amante e benefattore del suo simile

Perché fidente

Nell' immenso amore di Dio

Sebbene morto vivrà imperituro

Nella mente di amici parenti

E di quelli che conobbero

DANIEL GASKELL.

24 Decembra, 1873.

G. M. C.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRESCIENCE OF GOD.

La divina potestate,
La somma sapienza, il divo amore.*

THERE are some who from ignorance, and others who from a desire to govern the people through fear, offend against the infinite love of God, representing Him as vindictive, and as willing to condemn His weak and erring creatures to the most fearful and eternal punishment.

It is truly mournful that many allow themselves to be deceived and persuaded by similar theories. And yet with very simple and clear reasoning they might convince themselves that a vindictive punishment—one *that does not* result in amendment—is impossible with God.

The argument is of great importance; and as it appears to me I will endeavour to place it before the reader.

It was a received opinion amongst the ancients

* Fra Tommaso Campanella.

that the gods were wont to converse with some men and to endow them with superhuman powers. Hence impostors gave themselves out as able to foretell and to reveal future events; and timid and ignorant people from ancient times believed—and in this—our more advanced civilisation—still believe in these assumptions of their fellow-men, not considering that amongst the phenomena of daily life very few can be said to be completely understood by man, and that it is very seldom he can foresee the result of events passing continually around him.

But God, the cause and reason of all things, knows completely before they happen the effects that must result, and is the sole Being universally and perfectly Prescient. Now, being thus fully conscious of the future reserved by Him for all things, and especially for man, can it be believed that, foreknowing all, He would have condemned His creatures to eternal punishment? How is it possible to combine this supposition with the certainty that in God is the infinite, inexhaustible love? How can we seriously believe that the Author, the Heavenly Father of Man, should with sure prescience have condemned him to endless misery?

Far from us be the impious thought which could

ascribe qualities worse than the most ferocious despot—worse than Satan himself—to the eternal source of all that is great, of all that is most perfect in Love, to the Supreme Being! to God! Such a thought is indeed heresy, and blasphemy to our Highest Ideal.

The men who thus paint the Deity in dark colours seek to make a tremendous scarecrow to debase and brutalise humanity. They are, too often, abettors of those who would govern men through fear, and would thus poison the little of good and peace they have in their short lives by continually directing their thoughts to a dark and terrible future, from which escape was almost impossible.

In this desolating thought the man is driven to a continued negation of himself—to the fear of never being able to reach a port of safety, unless he give himself up to the men who have reduced him to such a miserable state, and who promise to save him from these endless miseries only on condition that he surrender himself a passive instrument in blind obedience to them.

And what do all these denunciations mean? Folly—false assumption—infamous deception—the direction of the ignorant and the weak by the crafty and the strong.

Banish, then, once and for ever, the fear—even the slightest suspicion—of eternal punishment. Inconceivable and absurd in itself, and outrageous as referred to a God who is the very essence of love, the most pure, the most sublime; 'who in such love, as in all His other attributes, is unchangeable, and who in bringing into existence beings so highly endowed as man, and capable of a progress to which we can as yet see no limit, could have had no other end in view than their preservation and happiness. To suppose otherwise is the same absurdity as to suppose that knowledge may produce ignorance, power weakness, or wisdom folly.

Again, how is it possible to reconcile the doctrine of eternal punishment with the Divine Attributes demonstrated to us in this harmonious Universe, where "all is beauty to the eye, or music to the ear," and in which man, placed as it were in a beautiful garden, "with God himself holds converse." Progress, ever advancing, is evidently the beneficent law, and different degrees in happiness is a necessary consequence; and the warning voice of pain, called evil, is in harmony and perfectly consistent with our Heavenly Father's love. But to suppose that He would inflict endless punishment, eternal martyrdom, upon any

creature He has made—especially upon a being endowed by Him with the “glorious faculties that lie folded up in man”—is to suppose the impossible.

And, also, when we consider the moral progress of man. There is in man a consciousness of the existence of something superior to his own nature, some being—not, as his own, transitory and perishable, but immortal—uniting the creature with the Creator. In the consciousness of this spiritual nature he finds also an idea, a sentiment, which leads to the “hidden hope” of a future of never-ending happiness. It would seem a ray of fore-knowledge reflected upon the immortal spirit of man from the full and perfect prescience of God!

If a sentiment so general, that it may almost be said to be intuitive, be miserably suffocated by the ignorant fury of ungoverned passion, what then remains to the man? No longer cheered by the hope he once felt, terrified by the eternal misery with which he is threatened, he embraces even annihilation, and accepts, as the least evil of the two, the miserable idea that the “soul dies with the body.”

Thus humanity, even in its most degraded state, rejects the doctrine which has been used to keep

it down, first by the Papacy, and thence transmitted as the word of order, to numerous religious sects differing in opinion upon other questions but agreeing in this, as soldiers under the most inflexible discipline, to maintain the doctrine of eternal damnation, "to keep the wretch in order." In thus becoming advocates of an absurd and cruel dogma, they are really tending to drive weak and terrified spirits to such desperation as to make them doubt of a future life and even of the perfect goodness of God, with which the eternal misery threatened is completely incompatible.

I will give one example—one amongst many. It is the first day in Lent, and the fanatical devotee of the Roman Catholic Church prostrates himself before the altar, and the priest strews ashes upon his head, and in a low voice slowly utters the annihilating words, "*Memento homo quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris;*" words of which the full meaning is often thus given:—"Proud man, bear in mind that thou art dust. I pity and mourn for thee—with a little moisture the dust becomes mud. Come on now with me man of clay. Think that this clay of which thou art formed, with a little sun to dry it, soon becomes light dust. Think, again, if water comes over such dust it returns again to worthless mud and clay.

Therefore thou art entirely and altogether nothing else but dust, clay or mud." How is it possible that the man who listens to such crushing and desolating words from one whom he considers as a minister and representative of God, and in whose fully accredited authority he sincerely and devoutly believes: how can this poor and ignorant man do other than believe himself to be merely clay, dust, or mud? How can he ever believe that his earthly and mortal shell covers an immortal spirit? No, he will be led to deny the existence of the soul itself. Hearing from such high authority that he is merely dust and clay, he will look upon himself and upon his fellow-men, all of us, as mere worms, without the slightest idea or suspicion that, if worms, we are, as the divine Alighiere tells us—

"Noi siamo vermi

Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla

Che vola alla Giustizia senza schermi."*

It is not possible for the man thus weighed down and dejected to feel in himself any of the heavenward tendency of the "angelical butterfly." He rather holds himself as not in the least in a different condition to that of the lowest animal.

* We are worms, born to form the angelical butterfly,
That to Heaven's justice unobstructed soars.

And this is the natural consequence of the means made use of to influence ignorant and superstitious people through fear—step by step they lead to the most incredible excesses; and mournful scenes of fanatical, humiliating, and all-absorbing terror, fully attest the evils the people suffer. *They*, however, are so completely stunned and stupified, they do not even suspect the true cause of their degradation. But well *they saw the indisputable causes of the evil*, those intelligent and free-minded men, who to the honour of humanity, in every age and in every country, were not wanting; men who find strength in their own generous spirit to resist invincibly, and in the end to triumph. Meeting the evil with the impulse and the intrepidity of heroes, with the indomitable constancy and with the serene calm of martyrs, lamenting not for themselves, but for the whole of humanity suffering so many miseries from superstition and bigotry.

It was with these sentiments that the great Italian, Giordano Bruno, when condemned to be burnt alive at the stake for heresy, exclaimed, “How great are the miseries which the spirit of false religion inflicts upon mankind!”

And yet, even in our time, it is a fact, as true

as it is mournful, that many still believe in eternal punishment. What possibly can be said to convince them? Doubtless it is only education, the full development of the reasoning powers which can dispel the darkness by which reason itself is still obscured. But, even before such an important end is attained, I would suggest a way towards it which each one may try for himself. It is easy and simple, only this, that each one should every day for a few minutes meditate upon the admitted universal, continued, and eternal prescience of God, and calmly consider whether such fore-knowledge of the Being who is in the highest degree good, pitiful and merciful, can be consistent with eternal punishment reserved for the creatures of this All-perfect Being. Let him also consider how many there are *now*, have been in *past* ages, and will be in *future* on this earth, of these human creatures of God. Who can number the individuals of the human race who have received the breath of life up to this time?

It is far from being exactly known how many are *now* in existence; and the numbers of the *future* race who shall people this beautiful world who can reckon?

Now, of all those whom God has created, of those He creates and will create, a great part, if

not the greater number, He of His own free will and with full and perfect prescience, destines to eternal punishment. This is the orthodox dogma. *Can it be true?*

Ah, let us at once discard a belief which inevitably leads to so false and absurd an end, and let us recognise once for all the great truth which is suggested by the heart of humanity, and confirmed by its progressive intelligence, that God produced and produces His creatures in order that they may be happy, and not merely a transitory earthly happiness, but happiness in the future.

And even here, on this earth, in this state of progress, where ignorance and consequent evil passions make us mourn, the life of His creatures has much happiness, and this happiness ever increasing in proportion to their moral and intellectual progress. It is a school, this beautiful world, and a preparation for another mansion in our Father's House.

And if life is still at times a mystery to our finite intelligence, we must not say that God wills the evil of any of His creatures, but that for wise, if *to us* inscrutable ends, He tolerates *seeming* evil for a time. No; God does not finally will cruelty, but benevolence; not hatred, but love;

not vice, but virtue; not oppression, but liberty; not anger and vengeance, but mercy and pardon. Because He is the essence of perfect love because He is the source of all the highest perfection, because He is, in fine, the Creator of ~~us~~ His creatures; He is the Father of Humanity. Oh, the grand word! What a treasure of affection is comprehended in it! In the life of the family, in the relation of parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister, in the warm sympathy of mutual friendship, in the zealous love of the patriot for his native land, in the active benevolence and ready help for those who suffer—how much, what an abundance of love exists in the heart of this our much-abused, but *richly-endowed, Humanity!* The Divine precept, “My little children love one another, for love is of God,” is even now quietly but deeply felt and earnestly obeyed by numbers of whom little is said, and has been and is carried out in self-devoted exertions for the relief of suffering and the promotion of happiness. We think too much of the errors and sins of our frail humanity, and too little of the rich endowment of love, which will in the end triumph over all. And let us ask ourselves, Do we not know men who willingly risk their own lives to save the life of a fellow-

man?—and women who watch in the fever wards of hospitals, regardless of danger to themselves? And from *whom* descends this great human love but from God Himself, the Fount of Love?

It may then be asked how are we to account for the fact that although God wills the happiness of His creature man in the future life and also here upon earth, He yet permits that many by their conduct render such happiness impossible in this life? This is a mystery to us now, for we “know in part.” It is *beyond* our reasoning powers, but not *contrary* to them. And the answer, perhaps, may be found in the free-will of man.

This free-will has been denied and opposed by the theories of Fatalism and Predestination. Theories as old as superstition itself, and by the various divisions of religious opinion, has been either opposed or accepted, but is still maintained by some up to the present time. But it is not by the dogmas of an effete superstition that the free-will of man is to be put down. To philosophy, the science relating to the nature of man, the argument must be addressed.

Philosophy, whatever mode it adopts in directing the acumen of the human mind in the search of truth, proposes to itself questions the most elevating and interesting to humanity. What is the

destination of man? What are his relations with the Supreme Being, with nature, with his fellow-creatures? What are the hidden laws of the Universe? How to bring himself in harmony with them? These researches continually exercise the spirit of man, and as they have their root in our nature itself, no beginning can be assigned to the science which discusses them, to the activity of mind which seeks to develop their meaning, to observe their phenomena, and to investigate their causes, always recognising in itself the foundations of certainty, or the motive to doubt.

Philosophy elevates the mind of man to meditate upon the designs of God; opens an excellent exercise for the activity of his mind; shows the extent of his own faculties as compared with the grandeur of the truths he would investigate, and the short-sighted and limited view he can take of the vast universe in which he is placed.

Philosophy alone can satisfy that thirst for knowledge and truth which is a proof of the superior destiny of man, and helps him to understand the indubitable existence of free-will in himself, in union with the prescience of God.

By free-will is meant that faculty belonging to every man, by which he is enabled freely to follow any line of conduct he may choose and determine

upon. His own consciousness renders certain in him the existence of such a faculty, and the same consciousness assures him that to such liberty of determination no obstacle is found; that no force or power influences this within him in one way or another. Thus human consciousness itself denies the doctrines of Fatalism and Predestination. According to these doctrines, man is in position lower than the most timid animal. All that he does is directed by his fate; neither can he do otherwise. If destined to be wicked, it is in vain he tries to be good. He will go on from bad to worse, and if destined by his evil fate to be hung, useless, entirely useless his endeavours, he must end his days upon the gallows. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon the evil consequences resulting from a firm belief in these opinions. The man blindly abandons himself to that which he considers his destiny. If he hold it to be fatal, nothing will induce him to direct his ways to good, in order to avoid it. If he think it propitious, he will do nothing towards it by his own effort, equally convinced that the good will descend upon him as the manna in the desert.

The theory of Predestination is less severe than that of the fatalist, but it may be said to be almost the same. To the disciples of either system,

free-will in man is a deception. To them, therefore, there can never be any confidence in the efficacy of their own actions, or dependence upon their own exertions, or on the strength of their own will, always depending upon a predestined end. We ought not therefore to prejudge, in accordance with these dangerous and fatal systems, that free-will which every man indubitably feels in himself. Rather let us consider its action in harmony with the prescience of God.

Certainly it is known to God what every man will do, and the progress he will make during his life upon this earth. But this does not in any way interfere with the free-will of man, the way is before him and open to his choice. The fore-knowledge of God does not imply that man is necessitated, predestined, either to good or evil. No, entire liberty is left to man, and in that he feels the true dignity of his nature, liberty being the highest endowment he can imagine in himself. And in what way does the fore-knowledge of God interfere with this free-will in man? *Enough that He knows* where the exercise of this high dignity may and will lead man. Enough that He knows it, but in knowing it, no impediment is interposed, and *Infinite in mercy*, He reserves to Himself to repair the evil to which this full, unrestricted

liberty may lead His creature-man. What would man be without the free-will with which God has endowed him? He would be a passive and despicable machine merely.

But, on the contrary, made fully conscious of his own individuality, he assumes that responsibility for his actions, which alone can give amongst men those great examples of which humanity is justly proud. How is it possible for a man to be just and honest if he does not feel persuaded of his liberty, of his own free will? Such a man, even if endowed with noble qualities, would not be likely to have energy to form for himself some good and worthy object, to labour earnestly towards it, and to carry it fully out, because he knows his fate is already decided and that no efforts of his, nothing that he could do, would enable him to avoid that which is predestined for him.

But it is not so. Man is free, created free by God, and in full liberty he may begin, carry on, and complete his work. With this liberty he is encouraged and enabled to aim at perfection in all he wishes to do. And although it is perfectly known to God, the evil to which this may lead, He does not fatalise man, but grants him the warning voice of conscience, so that for the good he does he feels the recompense in himself, and

evil doing surely brings remorse as its merited punishment.

In this way the *free-will* of man is conciliated with the *prescience* of God. If there be one evidence of the Divine goodness more wonderful than another, it is certainly that gift to man of free-will without any kind of restriction. Thus man feels master of his own actions whether for good or evil. It is the will of God to give to man the free and certain experience of the importance of those actions, so as to make him deeply conscious of the difference between right and wrong—the one being always followed by sweet and pleasurable content, the other by bitter remorse and regret. In that joy and in that remorse man receives in this world and in the future a recompence for good and a punishment for evil doings. The perverse man is always troubled by remorse, and the just, honest, and good man feels a moral internal satisfaction and confesses that “Virtue is its own reward.”

And this feeling of remorse in the one case and of satisfaction in the other in this life may be followed by greater enduring joy or sorrow in the future. But of this we may be certain, that a vindictive punishment—one that does not result in amendment—is impossible with God.

In ascribing to the Supreme Being infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, let us also trust in that Divine prescience to which all the results of man's free-will are fully known, without in any way impeding the liberty which renders him a responsible being.

We can bring this thought home to us if we reflect upon the doings of an affectionate father with his son, with whose character he is fully acquainted. The son, led by his strong will and energy, enters upon a course of life in which the experience and larger views of the father enable him clearly to see difficulty and danger. But he knows that self-reliance will be gained, and that his son has with him a good counsellor to point out the right to be followed and the wrong to be avoided; and if the youth fall, remorse follows closely upon the fault. The father is ever willing to pardon the penitent, and the boy knows it, and returns, better and wiser, to the love he had not until then fully estimated.

Thus, but in an infinitely higher degree, is man's relation with his Heavenly Father. Let us therefore stand firm in love and reverence, and in the earnest endeavour to conform our will to His, casting out all fear—"For fear hath torment; he that feareth is not made perfect in love."

CHAPTER XX.

WAR.

FEELING a deep interest in this question, which at present occupies the public mind in Europe, I must, in conclusion, offer a few words upon the subject of War.

It is evident that one of the most irresistible incitements to war resides solely in that military organisation which is commonly called a standing army. It is sufficient to read Grazio, Einnecio, and Puffendorf, not to mention numerous passages in the Bible, to be convinced that it is violence alone which can authorise a man to resort to extreme measures for self-defence. Now, considering the grand principle in mechanics, in physics, and in morals to be true—"Nihil violentum durabile," it is difficult to conceive how human intelligence can support a permanent defence against violence, it being in its own nature passing and contingent. The beasts of prey themselves do not keep up a permanent ferocity without the stimulus of hunger, fear, or threatening.

Now, what is the meaning of the word War? It means a desire and thirst for blood—the increase of cupidity and licentiousness, justice disregarded, rapine unpunished, exaltation of the unscrupulous adventurer, oppression of the industrious peasant, unbridled licence, fields devastated, women outraged, virgins disgraced, towns and cities burnt and pillaged, monuments of antiquity and works of art destroyed or stolen, morals banished, virtue derided, public security weakened, commerce—the great pioneer, as it is truly called, of civilisation—prevented and families in consequence ruined, public works of the greatest importance absolutely at a standstill—the workmen starving and public convenience set at naught, the fields—ripe and abundant with food—ruthlessly trodden down as men pursue their brother-man to the death, trees—giving fruit and shelter—cut down in all their pride and beauty, and the rich gifts of bounteous Nature thus savagely destroyed.

These are some of the evils of which the word War is the symbol. I will not—I dare not draw the veil further, and show you the widows and orphans whose bread-winner comes home no more; and indeed who can listen without heart-break to the universal burst of weeping of widows and orphans, of sisters and mothers in utter

helplessness; at the sight of old men and women deprived of sons to whom they had looked for support; who can hear the sobs of the wounded, the cry of the mutilated, the sighs of the prisoners without anguish?

Having taken part in the war for the independence of Italy, and thus having witnessed myself and having heard and read of enormous brutalities consequent upon War, I can say with all my heart and mind—Happy that people, happy that nation which can realize the “disposition and hope” of the newly-elected President of the United States, Mr. Hayes, expressed in his Message to Congress on the 5th of March:—

“The policy inaugurated by my honoured predecessor, General Grant, of submitting to arbitration grave questions in dispute between ourselves and foreign Powers points to a new and incomparably the best instrumentality for the preservation of peace, and will, I believe, become a beneficent example of the course to be pursued in similar emergencies by other nations. If, unhappily, questions of difference should at any time during my administration arise between the United States and any foreign Government, it will certainly be my disposition and hope to aid their settlement in the same

peaceful and honourable way, thus securing to the country the great blessings of peace and mutual good offices with all nations of the world."

In this way we may hope to attain the pure light of truth and justice and to dispel the darkness of falsehood and wrong, so that the divine Spirit of Liberty may freely exclaim—

“Vindice al fin dopo ostinata guerra
Or sola e lieta armonizzeró la terra.”*

* After obstinate war at length a conquerer alone
And joyful I will harmonize the people.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.



Some warm friends to a most deserving charity have asked me for a few words in its behalf.

The Orphan Home now in Florence had its origin in London in 1853, when Signor Salvatore Ferretti took into his house two children of a poor Italian artist, who died leaving them in extreme poverty. About the same time another little friendless girl was left with them.

Signor Ferretti and his wife could with difficulty support themselves and their two little boys, as what he received from his lessons in Italian was his sole income. He and his wife, however, kept and supported these three orphan children, and taught them carefully, entirely gratis, as I can testify having, as the number of children increased, regularly assisted my good friend Salvatore Ferretti in the—to us both—most interesting work. Some kind friends from time to time assisted with gifts in money, clothing, and other useful help in the household. The evident progress made by these children occasioned frequent requests on the part of some poor Italian emigrants in London that their little girls might be received into Signor Ferretti's family. The school was then supported by voluntary subscriptions through the Italian Aid Society, of which Mrs. Craigie, of No. 1, Hyde Park Terrace, London, W., was Treasurer.

In the spring of 1862, as Tuscany was then free, Signor Ferretti wished to remove the Orphanage to Florence, and a Committee of English ladies was formed to enable him to do so. The late Duchess of Gordon was Patroness, Mrs. Craigie was Treasurer, and Miss Jean Anstruther Thomson was Secretary. The Committee was called "The Ladies' branch of the Italian Aid Society," by whose assistance a house was hired at Florence. It was here that a few years afterwards the Institution was visited by the well-known Dr. L. Di Sanctis. It gives me pleasure to extract a few words from the account given by my excellent friend, Luigi Di Sanctis :—

"On Thursday last we went to see the Protestant House of Education for Orphan Girls, and consider it a duty to make this modest Institution known to our readers. It is for the present located outside the Porta alla Croce. We visited the house and saw with pleasure the greatest neatness and order. The pupils are prepared according to their several dispositions and talents for various useful positions in life. Many of them become well-trained teachers in Protestant schools."

In 1868, as the number of children had increased, it was thought advisable to form a local Committee of American and English resident at Florence, to administer the funds contributed for the support of the Home.

In 1869, a villa with four acres of ground and a small chapel, was purchased by the united efforts of this Committee. Since the death of Signor Ferretti on the 4th of May, 1874, his widow has continued to be matron and superintendent of the Institution. The pupils are now thirty-two in number. •

One of the ladies of the Committee was at Florence in the autumn of 1869, and writes to a friend in England :—

"I paid a visit to the Orphanage. The house is charmingly situated at about a distance of two miles from the nearest gate

of the city, and surrounded by fields, orchards, and vineyards, and entered through a court-yard, in which I saw tethered the fine black and white goat sent by dear Garibaldi from Caprera.

"Behind is a profitable garden, and beyond a vineyard belonging to the house, but let off to peasants. Everything indoors seemed conveniently arranged, and in the best possible state of order and cleanliness. I heard the pupils sing, and carried away with me grapes, flowers and an orange, the produce of the garden and court-yard."

The progress made by the pupils, and their success in consequence of this good, useful education, in finding employments for them as teachers, nurses or companions to invalids, &c., &c. became so evident, that applications were continually made for admission to the Home. The state of the funds, however, does not permit this, although those who can afford to pay a small sum for their children gladly do so.

It was in the hope to assist so deserving an Institution, that, on the evening of the 15th of March, 1877, an Amateur Concert took place under distinguished patronage at the Langham Hall.

The earnest and active exertions of the Secretary were rewarded by the cordial co-operation of her numerous friends, and resulted in the sum of a balance of £80 after payment of all the expenses

Thus the ladies who patronised, and the amateurs who gave the assistance of their musical talent, all contributed to, and were recompensed by this good result. Thanks also are due to Mr. John Thomas and to Herr Curt Schulz, for their valuable and gratuitous assistance on the occasion, and to the Messrs. Broadwood, who kindly sent the piano.

As an Italian and a friend to the lamented Signor Salvatore Ferretti, and as one who always had and still has the Institution

at heart, I must thank all those who have thus contributed to the support of the Orphan Home. I earnestly hope that some who read this appeal may feel disposed to assist in keeping up so valuable an Institution, depending entirely, as it does, upon voluntary subscriptions and donations.

The Home is called Collegio Ferretti, and is situated No. 10, Via del Gignolo, outside the Porta alla Croce, a short distance from the new boundaries of the City of Florence. It is open to the inspection of visitors at all reasonable hours.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE LIFE OF AN EX-ITALIAN PRIEST.

It is well that such books as those of our author's should be received with a little distrust on the part of the reading public. We reasonably suspect a man who withdraws from a profession, especially if it be a sacred one, after he has spent the prime of his life in preparation for it. Turbulence of spirit, a morbid egotism, personal antagonisms, wild and untrained impulses, unregulated passions, a hope of worldly advantage, are as strong in their way as new light, or increased research, or profound conviction, or the call of duty. It is not morality, but the want of it, that often has made many a priest unfrock himself; nor does it follow that because a man has become a Protestant, and has renounced the errors of Rome, he has become a better man, or a more useful member of society. It is thus that the idea is created which we express with such force in the word renegade. The odium raised against the person to whom it is applied, it would be difficult otherwise to account for. On rational grounds what can be fairer or more natural than a change of opinion, in politics or theology, after a man has arrived at years of discretion? and what can be

more natural than that a man who has devoted his life to the pursuit of truth, and walking in accordance with the light and teaching of conscience, should be constantly gaining fresh opinions, and renouncing the creed of his youth as barren and outworn? Yet the fact is, society does not love such men, nor are their lives to be envied. There are few sadder stories than the histories of Blanco White and Stirling for example. When a monk renounces the atrocious bondage of the convent, or a man is set free to lead a simpler and more really religious life, the cynical will tell you that there is a woman or man, as the case may be, at the bottom of it; just as the simple villagers of the rural districts tell us, when one of their number abandons the conventicle, or the chapel, or the barn, for the more respectable service of the parochial Establishment, and worships God in the sight of the squire, and with a view possibly to Christmas fare, to say nothing of coals and blankets, that he has given up religion and gone to church.

As a rule, however—and every city of Europe is full of them—these emancipated brethren take little by their change, save that greatest and grandest of all earthly possessions—the approval of conscience, the sense that they are no longer lies, the feeling that they are men, from whose eyes the film has been removed, from whose hands the degrading fetters of priest-craft have been struck. It is a sad sign of the times the little sympathy shown for such men, and yet what can be expected in a country where the moral feeling is so low, that it may be taken as a fact to be proclaimed on the housetop, that by leaving the Church with which he could not honestly agree, for the Baptist communion (like Dean Stanley, we hate the word denomination), with which he had full sympathy, such a noble man as the late truly Honourable and Reverend Baptist Noel lost caste? It may be that the Poles have an answer for the want of friendliness towards escaped and exiled monks. When Lord Dalley Stuart was alive, it was the fashion to rally round the Polish patriots. We well remember the burning indignation with which an enthusiastic friend of distressed Poles and an Italian countess pointed out to us one who had disgraced himself in her eyes by marrying his landlady, the widow of a deceased baker, and carrying on the increasing trade, in preference to dying or starving on behalf of his country. Perhaps the good man considered he had done enough for his country, and had now to take care of number one. Perhaps he thought his compatriots had overdone the heroics. At any rate, since England lost her sympathies for the Poles, oppressed foreigners have fared badly in England. We are glad to find it has not been so in the case of our author. Such men as himself are under great disadvantages in fighting the battle of life. It is dull work for the poor foreigner, away from his native land and amongst men of strange aspect and speech. To the warm-hearted and generous English friends who have made his sojourn amongst them so peaceful and happy, our author offers his most grateful thanks, and the dedication of his work. In one respect this peaceful and happy sojourn is a disadvantage. Events move rapidly in our day, and things are different, indeed, in Italy to what they were when he commenced a period of twenty years' exile in

hospitable England. Still his experience is a valuable one, and worth recording. Gray went a little too far, when, as quoted by Horace Walpole, he laid down the maxim that "if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a useful and entertaining one." But a man who has played the part of a monk in Rome, and of an army chaplain when Venice was fighting under Manin against the Austrians, not merely has a right to be heard, but is sure to say something worth hearing. In narrating the events of his life, his only idea has been to state the simple truth. He desires that the cause of peace may triumph, and the miseries of war may cease. He is energetic in the assertion of the fact—one never to be forgotten or lost sight of—that if amongst men there are found those who are ignorant, perverse, hypocritical, and tyrannical, it is not so much their fault, but rather one of the consequences incident to the false system under which they have been brought up and enslaved. It is the system in their case which he contends should bear the blame.

Our author was born in Spinazzola, in the province of Bari; and there he had his earliest education. He gives us a beautiful pastoral. As he tells of the simplicity and honest industry, and manners and customs of the people, one can fancy it is an opera scene, or on the boards of the Adelphi. Surely it is distance lends enchantment to the view, and the country life of the people would seem very deplorable now in the light of actual fact. We should fear that the Arcadian picture is but a memory of a happy youth. It is a country, he tells us, with a fertile soil, where it is a pleasure to hear the voices of the cheerful laborers in the fields as they exchange a whistle or a merry greeting. In the cultivation of the soil it is not necessary to use agrarian machines. The peasants sleep—as they only return to the village on a Saturday—on a sack filled with straw, or in a manger, and their supper makes them happy. It consists of a certain dish called *acqua sola*, which is composed of long slices of bread prepared with salt and oil, and, if it may be had, an onion is added, and the scanty food is washed down with two or three gulps of wine and water. The labourer's wages are about one hundred francs a year, the proprietor supplying salt and oil, and sometimes a small piece of land, which is cultivated with corn or vegetables for family use. Amongst the labourers are boys of eight and nine years old accustomed to work and hardships, and thus become robust. They may be seen together in a group on a Saturday evening at the door of the house singing together the most harmonious songs. What peace and harmony, says our author, are seen in the family of the labourer! The *contadini* have no vain ambition to corrupt them: their wish, their only anxiety, is to see all their children employed. After the day's work the nights are happy, and the sleep is not disturbed by sad thoughts or vain desires. Amongst the young country girls may be seen much beauty and a noble candid expression. On the Sunday, an hour before midday, they go to the mass of the maidens, where all the lads of the village attend. As the girls come out they throw encouraging glances at their rustic admirers. At

twelve the family dine, in harmony and mirth, on macaroni. After dinner every one goes out to promenade in the village, particularly if the weather be fine. Our author next refers to the vineyards of Spinazzola in the same impassioned strain. One of the principal belonged to his family, and it is impossible, he tells us, to express the profound, joyous, and most gentle remembrance which that smiling country and its industrious cultivators has left in his heart. It is thus he describes.

AN ITALIAN VINTAGE.

But to return to our vineyard. The vintage begins in September, and is carried on into October.

This was a most happy time for us boys, since we had then our holidays. I remember now the joy of the announcement, "We go to the vintage!"

We began a week beforehand to run from room to room with delight, putting all the house upside down, until the longed-for day came.

Now it arrives.

In the morning before the dawn, our sleep was broken by the vine-cutters, who are accustomed to come to the house of the proprietor to inquire if he would like them to go into the vineyard. The voices we heard, the light we saw burning, made us get up in a moment, and go directly into the next room. There we found several young girls sitting close together. Soon my mother and sisters came into the room, and when they had arranged everything we set off for the vineyard.

Day was beginning to break as we crossed the Piazza. On arriving near the vineyard the sun rose.

There we rested a little; then, rousing up, all much of the early dew, until the vivifying rays of a splendid sun opened a glorious autumnal day, and the whole country, glowing on the robe of night, smiled upon us. Oh, how gentle and sympathetic the weather was! how peaceful were the elements! The golden rays of the sun falling upon the leaves of the vine, and upon the dew still on them, and on the ground beneath them, were reflected in a thousand varied colours, and made it seem, if so many gems were sparkling in the light. The birds fluttered over our heads, and cheered us with their harmonious song; amongst them the parents, prompted by a strong instinct to seek food for their little ones. What pure joy, what true happiness, is felt in these vineyards resonant from morn to evening with the cheerful song of the vine labourers! What delight for us children! We wished that these days might last for ever. Beloved memories of these early and happy age! Alas! inexorable Time in its rapid flight bears us on we know not whither.

Boys or men called *piccolanti* near the casino, ready to stamp or crush the grapes in a vessel of wood or iron, and to assist to watch them, and also to see the women, called *piccolanti* as they go along singing, and carrying the grapes upon their heads. They are usually young maidens chosen from amongst the female school-children, and their baskets of grapes beautiful faces may often be seen, and a corner of the jacket, then roll up the sleeves of the chemise, and the beautiful arms are seen supporting the basket; a handkerchief is fastened to the back, and with a graceful undulating motion they carry the grapes to the mill, singing, as they go, the gentle airs of their country.

About two in the afternoon the *piccolanti* become more populous, on account of the concurrence of friends, relatives, and neighbours. They converse, sing, and dance together; then they go towards the vineyard, and try to get them to sing, and the vineyard resounds with the popular airs so well composed by these country people. Intelligent and educated masters of music might take from these airs excellent *melodies*; and, indeed, some of them have been thus taken. These bashful *contadini* do not begin to make the whole valley echo

their harmonious voices without laughing heartily at our request; but soon they become serious, and, gathered into a circle, open their voices in song, the effect of which they increase at the end by throwing out the voices in falsetto. Until they have been heard no one would believe how good their voices are, how exact is their intonation.

Spinazzola has excellent *casini* in which all implements necessary for the vintage are kept. Some of them are in good taste, and offer all that is necessary for the comfort of life. From the month of May—that is, from the commencement of the fruit season to the end of the vintage which is generally from the first of September to the middle of October—the country are accustomed to enjoy the country in their *casini*; and there the days pass pleasantly, with the evening spent amongst friends.

How enjoyable were the evenings spent in such society in that beautiful country! The full moon of September throws its gentle light upon all; and man, wrapped up in thought, contemplates the grandeur of nature, and delights in that beautiful planet, which, with its sympathetic light, so tenderly harmonizes the scene. The chirp of the grasshopper, the rustling of the leaves stirred by the evening breeze, the occasional appearance of a bright light, which comes and then is lost, and is merely the shepherd's fire as he prepares his evening meal—all is peaceful.

Sometimes may be heard the cautious step of some labourer, who noiselessly seeks to take some grapes. Now, if an overseer who well understands the interest of the proprietor should take one of these men with the plunder upon him, he is pardoned for the first time, but the second time he is obliged to leave some article of dress, a jacket or cloak, or perhaps a bag, or, if not, he is brought before the master, who often again punishes him; not, however, without a serious and brotherly admonition, which often is so efficacious that the delinquent becomes quite sensible of his fault, and thence begins to think, and to lead an honest life. How strongly do these frequent examples bear testimony to the influence of reason and persuasion over brutal punishment!

The grapes when pressed are left to ferment ten days, when the must is drawn off, and the grounds which remain are put under the press; whilst the must is transported in skins to the respective cellars. An excellent quality of wine is produced; and it would be much to regret if the quality derived from nature were added a little of the art used by the French and Spaniards, and by many of our own countrymen in Upper Italy. Then the excellence of our vineyards in Spinazzola would be fully appreciable and visible.

And now the vintage is getting towards its end; and our joy as boys is always diminishing. No more the merry faces; the former delight is gone.

The vines begin to put off their festive dress, losing by degrees their leaves and their bright colours.

Then, at every step, poor women and ragged children may be seen in the vineyard, intent on gathering up the small bunches or single grapes that have been left by the labourers.

In their way the people are religious, and you will see the women between two and three in the afternoon going towards the churches to assist at the Christmas Eve. An unusually good supper of fish and turnip-tops and other delicacies is consumed, and then the peasants take part in the

CELEBRATION OF THE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Few of the middle class are seen at the church on Christmas Eve, and peasants hasten to obey the summons in great numbers. They come in to make the best of themselves to appear in the church, and to be seen by their friends. They are quite untidy; fully occupied, however, in arranging their hair and their faces on the 21st of December. Assiduous at the looking-glass, they have carefully arranged their dress and ornaments, in order to become fascinating, in the eyes and in the opinion of the youths, their hoped-for future partners. These, on their part, are arranged as in mimic battle before them at the given place, and soon an

active telegraph is established between the two parties, a reciprocal interchange of goodwill, in spite of the vigilance of the old but muscular sacristan, armed with the long bamboo cane used by him to light and extinguish the wax candles. Woe, if, by the wandering looks of one of the girls, a youth who believed himself preferred suspects a rival in another! The fancy, which dates only from an instant, is already so powerful, that in a moment he throws himself against the supposed rival, and a struggle impends, although perhaps this may be the first time that either of them have seen the girl--so impetuous is their character! At the noise of the dispute, the sacristan runs with his long bamboo cane, exclaiming, "Si non vi stete cit, ii vi cacci dalla chiesa!" (if you are not still I will turn you out of the church). Then they become tranquil; but it is not long before the youths attack the girls, each one his *inamorata*, with a shower of sweets, chestnuts, nuts, or other fruit. They readily, although bashfully, hold out their aprons to receive the welcome gift, which afterwards at home they show with pride to their parents as proof of the fortunate meeting.

At this new scene, the well-known sacristan runs again to set all right: but this time, receiving underhand from the youths some four or five *grani*, he is content, and allows the game to go on so much the more easily as the fumes of the abundant supper and large quantity of wine begin already to produce their effect upon him. And as with the sacristan so also with the *contadini* assembled in the church. The effect of the unaccustomed variety of food, and of the generous wine of the evening, begins to manifest itself; and this so much the more as their constant daily diet is very spare and frugal. It is only three or four times in the year that they enjoy abundantly of the best, and among these festivals the most important is Christmas-eve.

The scene in the church may easily be imagined. The laughter between the girls and boys, finding that with a little present they had quieted the now jocund sacristan; the smell of incense; the heat from the number of wax lights and the concourse of people; the fetid smell of oil lamps; the intonation of psalms, in which, on account of the heavy supper, even the best voices have fallen into most unpleasant disorders, render the confusion complete. It is really a continued going and coming between the church and the caffè, as both are kept open all night. The great door of the one and the little door of the other are literally besieged. The fainting come out of the church to refresh themselves, and the desperate who have lost at the game of cards in the caffè enter in. Those who enter the church become, unknown to themselves, subjects for general mirth. Their foreheads are marked with black.

Some would-be wits had put soot into the receptacle for holy water!

Every one on entering the church necessarily put his finger into the holy vessel in order to make the sign of the cross upon the forehead, and the black marks make every one laugh. Some of the most impudent blackened themselves on purpose before entering the church, and then pretend not to know anything of it. These probably fraternise with the vilest and most infamous, who are there also in great numbers. Some of the men provide themselves with very dry ground pepper, and put it into a tube, into which blowing strongly, they force the pepper into the air, so that, falling down upon the crowd like a fine shower, it introduces into the general turmoil the variation of continued sneezing.

Our author's father, occupied with his profession, left to the wife the arrangement of the boys' destinies. As the family consisted of six boys and two girls, it was found necessary that three of the former should be ecclesiastics. Our author was one. From the first he seems to have been distinguished by his voice. As he was moved from one convent to another, he writes: "With very few and rare exceptions the scenes of infamy, turpitude, and brutal obscenity amongst these men, truly not holy, of which I was a witness, are such and so many that modesty, and the fear of

revolting the reader, forbid my pen now to describe them." We extract one short article respecting

THE NOVITIATE.

But now, at this time of which I am speaking, in the southern provinces, and also in other parts of Italy, the interment of human bodies took place *generally* in the churches, in the *common* sepulchre, whilst the rich were always buried in the churches, in their *private* sepulchres.

Not to speak of the offence to public health when these *private* sepulchres were opened, as they often were in churches constantly frequented by the people, this was slight in comparison to that which took place when the *common* sepulchres, being full, were obliged to be emptied. Unfortunately for me it happened that in the first year of my novitiate the clearing out of the *common* sepulchre in the church of the convent was to take place. The coldest part of winter was waited for in order to effect this.

The sextons for this object took out the bodies, and placed them upon the pavement of the church, on one side the decomposed and not to be recognised, on the other the most recent, and amongst these some that are naturally still fresh. The object of this horrible show was twofold. First, to expose the dead to the faithful, who hastened to see if they could recognise a relative; and, secondly, to make it easy for the sextons afterwards to collect the spoils which were their due.

Oh! the lugubrious, the revolting spectacle of those bones, of that putrid flesh, of the corruption which covered the pavement! Many still alive must have witnessed it, and shudder, as I do, at the remembrance, and exclaim at the barbarity of those times and customs.

We novitiates, by turns, were obliged to assist night and day at this revolting operation.

One evening, when it fell to me with two fellow novices to be present there, to our surprise the Padre Gian Francesco of Potenza called me aside and said to me, "Can you contrive cleverly to lock up, during the supper, the five sextons and your two companions in the sacristy, and you in the meantime come and open the door of the church to me, and to the Padre Guardiano Carlo da Palazzo, and to the Padre Filippo da Buoto, as we three intend to go and amuse ourselves a little in your gay Spinazzola?"

I was stunned at first by this strange proposition; but with ready intuition, considering from whom and for what the request was made, I quickly perceived that for me there was nothing else to be done but to second it, and that, whether I would or not, I must accept the office, and thus assist the friars in their midnight revels.

Coming then quickly to action, I, with Padre Gian Francesco, went into the sacristy with my two companions and the sextons to supper, and it was understood between me and Padre Gian Francesco that after half an hour I must, upon some pretext, leave the room, locking the door after me, and waiting for him in the choir.

Behold us, then, in the sacristy, I and my two companions on one side, and five sextons on the other: these all intent upon devouring, with a famous appetite, bread, sausages, and cheese, washed down with generous wine; and I punctually at the half hour, with a well-prepared pretext, go out and lock the rest in, securing them thus in safe keeping, and straightway place myself behind the high altar in the choir. If the proposition made to me to co-operate with the jolly friars surprised me, here the contrasts of the scene before me were yet more strange.

A magnificent church. The choir adorned with a semicircle of superb stalls, exquisitely carved in wood, for the use of the fathers. The pointed roof also richly carved. On each side the nave noble sanctuaries enriched by gifts from the faithful. The pavement, of large and beautiful mosaic (now defiled by putrefying bodies). The whole dimly lighted by a rich silver lamp, which was kept always burning at the high altar in honour of the Eucharist.

Now, what do I find in the choir? Three masked figures! The three *padri*

were dressed in the strangest manner, but had still the face uncovered. I quickly said, "And the masks?" The words were scarcely spoken before three deformed and most ridiculous masks covered their faces. Then I, walking in front with the great key in my hand, the friar-maskers behind, made our way, avoiding the corpses and the pollution as we best could, towards the door at the further end of the church.

Arrived at the door, I open it, and go from one surprise to another. At the porch of the church are five more masks, and, with them, three graceful young girls expecting the fathers! And then all the eight, passing quickly through the little village of Banzi, took a carriage which was waiting for them, and went on merrily towards Spinazzola. But my impression of the horrible incongruity was still stronger when, after locking the door, I had to return up the whole length of the nave to the sacristy.

Entering on his priest's office, our author's musical ability was recognised, and his talent in this respect was cultivated by the celebrated Francesco Stabile. Ultimately, he was sent to Rome as primo basso at the Sistine Chapel. At Rome, in spite of all the pecuniary and social advantages he enjoyed, he became tainted with Liberalism, and was banished to Naples, where he became an active worker in the cause of Italian regeneration. When Pio Nono became Pope, our author repaired to Rome, to place himself at the disposition of the Liberal Committee. The narrative of his escapes, adventures, and flights, in this new capacity, is full of interest. When the army raised to drive the Austrians out of Italy was defeated, our author was with Manin, aiding in the glorious defence of Venice. On one occasion he thus refers to

GAVAZZI AT BOLOGNA.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. Whilst we are thus in Bologna the minds of men agitated by these passing events; whilst all the volunteers, and also part of the royal troops, stood firm in their response to the invitation of Italy; whilst, on the other hand, the great number of the troops would no longer hear of it, but had changed their cry of "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva la libert !" into the mournful one of "Viva Ferdinando II. ! we will return to our king!" (*cogitamus ritornare ad re nostrum*)—Padre Alessandro Gavazzi came forward to try with his eloquence to turn the hearts and open the eyes of the blind and foolish men.

Gavazzi's friends at once interfered to try to dissuade him from a useless attempt, which would only expose him to danger, and could not have any good result.

But the heart of this true apostle of liberty beat too ardently for his country; too irresistible was his generous impulse, and it was impossible to turn him from his design. He looked only to the justice, the sanctity of the cause which lay before him, and for which he would plead; without any other consideration he set himself to do it.

With eloquent words which came from his heart, he endeavoured to convince the soldiers that the path of return was that which would stain them with the blood of innocent citizens, would oblige them to become butchers of their own brethren, and instruments in the slaughter necessary to maintain despotic and absolute power; that they would have no excuse of any kind, by which to purge themselves from the horrible stain of assassins, when how the way of honour, in the faith sworn to the liberal command, that of redemption, in making themselves champions of liberty and of Italy, lay open before them. Following this path, and throwing down the hated despotism of Austria, they would become the best of emancipators, destroying at one blow the foreign oppression and internal tyranny. Since, if the Bourbon be the strongest despot among the Italian princes, he is not on that account the less a vassal of Austria,

to whose imperious commands he yields full obedience, and without whose assistance he could not keep up his absolute power. He conjured them, therefore, to save themselves from the perdition into which they were sinking, and to follow the good road to the defence of their country, now extending its arms for help.

Much more he said to them, which ought to have convinced the most inert; but they were as words thrown to the wind, towards ears deafened through brutal ignorance, and hearts which the corrupt influence of gold had made hard as stone. The patriotic orator, the good, intrepid citizen, was received with words of mockery and insult; and he, true evangelist as he was, not heeding this, and continuing to speak, found the rifles of the soldiers pointed at his breast. Not fear—this is not possible in him—but the mournful conviction that his efforts were useless, made him at length retire.

Bologna was beyond measure excited, both by the mournful suicide of La Gala, which excited universal compassion, and by the failure of Gavazzi's appeal. A splendid funeral was ordained as the mode of expressing the profound grief of the citizens for the fate of La Gala—that victim whose conscience was so pure that he could not bear to see the defection of his soldiers, and who, not having been able by his efforts to prevent it, preferred to die rather than to survive their dishonour.

It was then that the thought occurred to me and to other patriots to invite Gavazzi to speak over the bier of La Gala. We went to his house on this mission. Gavazzi willingly consented. On this occasion we became acquainted with his mother, who was truly one of the strong women of ancient times. Rich in beautiful talents, and inflamed with the love of country, she told us how all her five sons had exposed themselves bravely against the foreigner who unjustly trod under foot the sacred soil of Italy. The mother was truly worthy of such sons!

As we have shown, the book is a very readable one, in spite of a style somewhat more ample and oratorical than suits our northern clime. All interested in the history of Italian independence, and in the unsuccessful efforts of its patriots to achieve it, will thank Giuseppe Campanella for his lively volume.—*Literary World*, July 17th, 1874.

• *My Life and what I learnt in It.* An autobiography by Giuseppe Maria Campanella. London, Bentley and Son. This book is full of the deepest interest, and we hardly know whether the touching pastoral scenes with which it opens, or the thrilling incidents which gather round its close, are most to be enjoyed and admired. Signor Campanella is evidently no ordinary man, a proof of which is obtainable from almost every page of this graphic narrative of his life. Bound to the cloister and the priesthood by the strong chains of family preference and early prejudice, and strengthened in his connection with the Romish Church by flattering personal attention, and a relatively high position, he nevertheless had sufficient force of character and strength of mind to pierce the veil of prejudice, renounce the allurements of selfish ease, and assume the noble attitude of a lone and persecuted apostle of humanity. There have been false patriots and heroes, as well as false prophets; but in spite of this the day will hardly fail to dawn when the true martyrs and regenerators of society will be held in far higher honour than the world holds them now. It will be more clearly seen

that they merit the everlasting gratitude of mankind for the fortitude and self-denial with which they have risen above the boundary lines of nationality, disregarded the crumbling landmarks of tradition, and thus caught at least a glimpse of that possibly far off land of true progress and civilisation, in which the conjoint reign of reason and religion, not in name alone, but in controlling energy and fertilising power, shall establish a new and ever during golden age to charm and bless the world. Apart from the romantic interest which attaches to the life of a man who spent his earliest years in peaceful rural seclusion, was educated in the cloister, then became a sort of popular favourite at the Papal Court, and afterwards played a conspicuous part in the revolutionary aspirations and activities of young Italy in its most eventful years, his book is one that from literary considerations alone commends itself to the reader's attention. The wonder is, how any foreigner, even with the aid of no matter how many English friends, could have succeeded in producing a literary work which is characterised by as much force, purity and vivacity of style, as it is rich in thrilling human interest. In describing his strangely eventful career, the author has displayed none of the rancour of the renegade, though he is boldly outspoken in denouncing the evils to which the monastic and ecclesiastical systems give rise. As he glides along the thread of events, not seldom does he find those who in spite of the iniquitous system of which they formed a part, share his liveliest gratitude and call for his warmest praise. Evidences of an heroic spirit exist on every page. He has mourned over the sorrows of his beloved land, but it has always been with hope. The gloom of the cloister has left no traces of asceticism on his spirit, and there is nothing morbid or misanthropical about the book before us. He is evidently a man of a singularly harmonious development. Even Charles Kingsley cannot have hoped for a better blending of physical, intellectual, and moral power than Signor Campanella embodies. In the eyes of some the work may be considered to have two defects. These are absence of dates and an exuberance of demonstration. To us this latter characteristic is one of its charms, for the strong man is thus to be seen with the gushing enthusiasm of the child.

Turning to the contents of the book in the preface, the author expresses his gratitude to the English people, to whom in the modest hope of creating an interest he dedicates his work. He also disclaims any personal antagonism towards those whom he has necessarily mentioned, and says it is against the system of the Papacy any strong terms he may use are directed. Whether the reader faithfully peruses this preface or not, we should recommend him to turn to the Appendix before entering upon the general narrative, because he will find there a biographical notice of an eminent member of the Campanella family who is often referred to in the pages of the book. Beginning with a description of his native village, the name of which is Spinazzola, a derivation from *spina aurea* or golden thorn, the author tells us it is situate in that part of Southern Italy now called Puglia, but anciently known as Apulia. The picture he draws of rural life

in these primitive regions, and of the simple habits and domestic pleasures of the *contadini* or labourers, is one that cannot be easily forgotten. Consciously or otherwise, he has produced a beautiful pastoral upon which the affections and the imagination delight to linger. There are labourers singing airs composed by themselves while at their work in the fields; meals of the simplest kinds, dress of the quaintest fashion, and homes of the most peaceful description. Hardly anything could be more enjoyable than some of these sketches of the labourers' homes, and of the way the young people spend their evenings and their Sundays; but we pass on to the following reference to the vintage, which in its dreamy sweetness and beauty of expression ought to satisfy even the fastidious taste of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

In the morning, before the dawn, our sleep was broken by the vine-cutters, who are accustomed to come to the house of the proprietor to inquire if he would like them to go into the vineyard. The voices we heard, the light we saw burning, made us get up in a moment and go directly into the next room. There we found several young girls sitting close together. Soon my mother and sisters came into the room, and when they had arranged everything we set off for the vineyard.

Day was beginning to break as we crossed the Piazza. On arriving near the vineyard the sun rose. There we rested a little; there remaining still much of the early dew until the vivifying rays of a splendid sun opened a glorious autumnal day, and the whole country, putting off the robe of night, smiled upon us. Oh, how gentle and sympathising, how poetical, were those moments! The golden rays of the sun falling upon the leaves of the vine, and upon the dew still on them, and on the ground beneath them, were reflected in a thousand varied colours, and made it seem as if so many gems were sparkling in the light. The birds fluttered over our heads and cheered us with their harmonious songs, amongst the parents, prompted by a loving instinct to seek food for their little ones. What pure joy, what true happiness, is felt in these vineyards, resonant from morn to evening with the cheerful song of the vine labourers! What delight for us children! We wished that those days might last for ever. Beloved memories of that careless and happy age! Alas! inexorable Time in its rapid flight bears us all on with it.

About two in the afternoon the vineyards become more populous on account of the concourse of friends, relations, and proprietors. They converse, sing, and dance together; then they go towards the vine-dressers and try to get them to sing, and the vineyard resounds with the popular airs so well composed by these country people. Intelligent and educated people might take from these airs excellent *melodi*; and, indeed, some of them have been thus taken. These bashful *contadini* do not begin to make the whole valley echo to their harmonious voices without laughing heartily at our request; but soon they become serious, and gathered into a circle, open their voices in song, the effect of which they increase at the end by throwing out the voices in *falso-lla*. Until they have been heard, no one could believe how good their voices are, how exact is their intonation.

Spinazzola has excellent *cantini*, in which all implements necessary for the vintage are kept. Some of them are in good taste, and offer all that is necessary for the comfort of life. From the month of May - that is, from the commencement of the fruit season - to the end of the vintage, which is generally from the 1st of September to the middle of October, the gentry are accustomed to enjoy the country in their *cantini*; and there the days pass pleasantly, with the evenings spent amongst friends.

How enjoyable were the evenings spent in such society in that beautiful country! The full moon of September throws its gentle light upon all; and man, wrapped up in thought, contemplates the grandeur of Nature, and delights in that beautiful planet which, with its sympathetic light, so tenderly

harmonizes the scene. The chirp of the grasshopper, the rustling of the leaves stirred by the evening breeze, the occasional appearance of a bright light, which comes and then is lost, and is merely the shepherd's fire as he prepares his evening meal—all is peaceful.

After reading this from the pen of a man who has again and again stood amid the smoke and the roar of cannon, and whose nerve has been strong enough to keep him serene among the wounded and the dying while death was still hurling his unnatural darts around, who can wonder that the Italian language is nobly melodious, and that the greatest writers of this old classic land have clothed their thought in harmonious utterances almost divinely attuned? Who can doubt, indeed, that the father of Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, Galileo, and Bruno, has a great future now that it is politically free, though it still has so much to struggle against from the inveterate superstition and obstructive traditions of the Papacy.

Leaving our author among his vineyards, one of the principal of which belonged to his family, we reluctantly pass on to the second part of the book, which describes his life in the cloister. Here we have left behind us the sweet simplicity and elevated joys of Nature to encounter the foolish and mischievous results of a degrading superstition. The author tells us his friends destined him and two of his six brothers for the monkhood and the priesthood because this was both an easy and an honourable way of settling them in life. This choice of a profession was left to his mother, his father being fully engrossed in the duties of his public office. At fifteen, therefore, the boy Giuseppe was placed in a monastery under the immediate charge of an uncle, who had become a monk somewhat late in years and in rather an inexplicable manner, though it was known afterwards that his true motive was to pursue his favourite studies and avoid all suspicion of Liberalism. In going from monastery to monastery during the next three or four years, our author saw little to induce him to assume the cowl, but at length he allowed himself to be persuaded into doing so, and he accordingly enters upon his novitiate at Banzi, having yielded to artifices similar to those employed to secure the conversion of Lothair. During this period of training he narrowly escapes being detected in his connivance at the midnight revels of several of the friars, and is afterwards convicted as the ringleader in a most sacrilegious act. He and his young companions obtained surreptitiously a quantity of maccherini, which they found themselves unable to cook for want of a saucepan, whereupon they made use of a copper vessel employed for preparing holy water. This done, the difficulty was to avoid discovery, for to their horror they found themselves unable to efface all traces of their act. However, Fra Luigi, of Spinazzola, as our hero was called, suggested an excuse which would save their criminality at the expense of their carelessness; but one of the band turned traitor, and, as may be supposed, the inventor of the lying excuse came in for the heaviest punishment. The head of the establishment is furious and exclaims, "Impertinent rascal, before you are expelled you shall undergo a severe penance—bread and water until your expulsion—and besides, this evening you shall lick the pavement of the church from the door up to the high

altar." Now, as the common sepulchre of the church had been recently opened, and the floor covered with human bodies in every stage of corruption, and this had not been cleaned from the dirt these putrefying bodies had left upon it, the punishment was a revolting and inhuman one; still, it had to be endured, obedience being the first law of the cloister. The following passage describes its infliction:—

The evening came. After our supper, the hood over our heads and with folded arms, we go into the church reciting the *Miserere* the *De Profundis*; then opening wide the arms in the form of a cross, we obtained indulgence by the recital of five *paters*, *aves*, and *credos* to the holy souls in purgatory. After this the litany was intoned by Padre Beniamino, instead of by me as was usual; he saying to me that I was no longer worthy to open my mouth in praise of Maria.

Finally, all stood up. The master, in a tone of authority, said to me, "Go, Fra Luigi, of Spinazzola," the name that had been given me on my novitiate; "for truly you are a thorn (*spina*); go to the far end of the church and draw your tongue."

As usual I did not answer, but obeyed. I went to the end, and on all fours drew the tongue along the floor: my companions on each side singing alternately *De Profundis*, and flogging themselves with their ropes, having the three symbolical knots of poverty, obedience, and chastity, joined into one. The friar, with abusive words, walked backwards in front of me, leaning the right hand upon a stick with which he had provided himself, bending his body, and in the left hand holding out a small lamp to see if I did my duty.

The angry friar was not satisfied with the original penance, either from lack of penitence or some other cause, and inhumanly orders its repetition. Whereupon young Campanella shows himself rebellious. A scene ensues. All the fathers collect in judgment against him, and he is asked how it is he is refractory? "Because the punishment is too barbarous," he replies. "But you obeyed the first time," they urge, "and why not the second?" "I did not obey either the first or the second time," is the further reply, "since I did not draw the tongue on the pavement, for it was well protected with a covering of linen, prepared beforehand and placed by me in the folds of my cloak, and when the means of preservation were exhausted, I withdrew myself from the inhuman punishment." Thus foiled in their purpose, the good friars thought it wise to let the delinquent sleep over his manifold and complicated transgressions. A few days after he is visited by his friends, and unable to resist their counsel and entreaties, he shows himself less obdurate, and consents to remain in and comply with the requirements of the career upon which he has entered. The friars in their turn are not to be outdone, and what they could not effect in one way they will do in another. Consequently an order speedily arrived enjoining him to make a public profession of his vows immediately. To his destiny he bowed, and took the solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Now he is made a saint. Instead of being a troublesome and wicked novice, to be punished in the most brutal manner, he has become *del bel numero uno* (one of their beautiful number), and the very men who have been most severe in the past are foremost in their flattering caresses, being gratified, he tells us, at having secured his naturally fine voice to their order.

Close upon this followed his merely nominal examination for and ordination to the priesthood at Grassano, whereupon he is removed to Potenza, where we leave him still struggling with his conscience, but making a thorough study of music, and becoming known all over Italy for his rich and powerful bass voice.

The third part of the work describes his residence in Rome, where after severe and repeated examinations, which contrast singularly with the idle examination at his entrance upon the priesthood, he was appointed *Cappellano Cantore Pontificio, Prebato di Mantelletta ad vitam*, or *primo basso* in the Pope's Choir at the Sistine Chapel for life. He was told when he received the appointment that it is given to few mortals to arrive at such an honourable position, which brings with it the prerogative, and raises to the glory of forming part of the splendour of the Vicar of Christ, and urged to become more fervent in unshaken faith towards the Papacy, so as to ensure the reward of salvation in a future life. We pass over a sad statement he makes about the sopranos of the choir, and the treacherous and other temptations he has to endure as Chaplain in the Church of the Nuns of San Michele, to find him opening his heart to a liberal-minded doctor in the infirmary which he often had to visit. His liberal ideas now developed rapidly, as through this medical man he made the acquaintance of the leaders of the progressive party in Rome. As his circle of acquaintance enlarges his influence increases. A letter reaches him from Garibaldi shortly after his sympathies are known among the patriots, in which he is urged to be cautious, and reflect over any words likely to compromise him. Meanwhile the storm is brewing, and the first distant rumblings of it make themselves heard in a prohibition to sing as hitherto in the various churches of the eternal city. Shortly after this comes the order to leave Rome altogether for Naples, the life appointment being cancelled. But all is mysterious, no direct charge whatever being brought against the Liberal priest. He is to go into seclusion.

Passing over what followed in Rome, and a hundred other interesting parts of the narrative at Naples and elsewhere, we find our author in the fourth part of the work acting as Chaplain to the Regiment of Neapolitan Volunteers in Venice, where in 1849 the brave patriot Manin held out so long against the Austrian troops. Here his powerful voice, no longer employed to charm the ear of Pope and Cardinals, is used to urge on his gallant comrades, or to fill the air by night with the stirring words of right and liberty, so that Radetsky and the Austrians may hear them. Listen to his words in this new position:—

At last, by the enormous force of the fire of the enemy, the guns of the battery were dismounted. But in spite of this continued deadly fire we managed to re-mount our guns and to answer the enemy bravely by re-commencing firing on our side. These were gigantic and heroic efforts, because we fought in the proportion of one against twenty. So great, however, was the enthusiasm, so strong the determination, so ardent the patriotism, that the defence of the battery, as well as that of Venice, would certainly have been still longer maintained if bread and ammunition of war had not failed, and if the cholera had not increased so terribly. Yes, the defence would have been prolonged

with unshaken firmness, because all were animated by an idea, and were firmly convinced that if men die and time passes, ideas neither die nor pass away, but end in obtaining certain triumph.

In those terrible moments when the battery, displaced by the adversary, had just been re-mounted, an intrepid superior officer stood erect, careless of his safety and with the national banner in his hand, encouraging the defenders in strong and exciting words. It was the brave Rosserol. Turning towards the Volunteers, and therefore presenting his back to the enemy, he exclaimed, "Be firm! Victory will be for the just and the right! Justice and right are with us! Before us are only foreign aggressors, who seek to force themselves upon us, and to oppress and rend in pieces our Italy!"

The noble Rosserol had scarcely uttered this sacred name when a cannon-ball, re-bounding, struck him from behind. He fell senseless, striking his breast against a gun that lay at his feet. The breast in which dwelt so large a heart was crushed. . . . The few and broken words he spoke to me on the passage were words of earnest desire that we would with all our strength continue the defence of the fort to the last man. This unconquerable energy, this courage, indomitable even at the point of death, excited by turns admiration and the deepest grief in all present. A few hours after we arrived in Venice, consoled by me in assured faith in a God of Love and reposing tranquilly in that animating trust, he breathed his last in my arms.

At last it was necessary to capitulate. This took place on the 22nd of August, 1849, thus bringing to a close the first phase of the Italian Revolution, which had extended over fourteen months. A general pardon was promised all the volunteers, but there was really nothing left for them but exile, which was assigned to forty citizens. Our author and many others decided to go into Exile. It is thus he describes his departure:—

I embarked on board the Venetian vessel the *Isabella*, and now it moves and we leave Venice. The sorrows and the uncertainty of exile are before me, whilst the illustrious and unhappy city, the pearl of the Adriatic, fades gradually from my sight. In that moment of supreme and unutterable anguish I had no words, but in heart I mournfully took the last farewell. Yes, I thought, while all the past glories of the now conquered Venice crowded on my mind—Adieu, wonderful city, fertile mother of heroes, temple of genius and of art, of science and literature, once the centre of commerce and of industry, the Queen of the Adriatic! The great misfortune which now so undeservedly overwhelms thee will only render thee more firm in generous determination, in magnanimous action! If not now in arms, in thought and in words thou wilt still fight for liberty and independence against tyranny of every kind! And then . . . time will bring thy victory, since violence does not continue and no mere brute force can kill an idea; but, on the contrary, in the struggle against the highest and most sacred aspirations of humanity will itself be broken in pieces.

Here we have to take leave of the writer, but not till the generous Manin, himself poor and an exile, has sent a considerable sum to be distributed among the departing Neapolitan Volunteers. An irrepressible and unanimous cry of "Viva Manin!" rises from every breast, and, while its echo is dying away between the opposite shores, the vessels disappear in the distance. But though we thus lose sight of Signor Campanella at the end of this charming volume, happily his heroic struggle was not over, nor is this the end of his eventful story. Another volume is also to be published, which will record his life in the elbano, at the Papal Court, and in exile; and to its appearance we look forward with the greatest interest. If we have succeeded in so matter how faintly photographing some of the striking

features of the author's life and character—if we have reflected any of the radiant glow of truth and liberty found in his book—we think our readers will share the interest we feel in the forthcoming publication. Whether this be so or not, we hope this Italian champion of Liberal ideas will find numerous readers among the English public, and that as we learn his language more we shall honour him as “Campanellone.”—*Nent County News*, April 6th, 1877.

My Life and what I Learnt in It. An Autobiography. By Giuseppe Maria Campanella. R. Bentley. If all men and women told the story of their lives as pleasantly, and filled the narrative as copiously with incident as this Italian gentleman, we should have no wish to protest, as we are often bound to do, in the public interest, against the common belief that the record of every human life must be worth reading. How many of the published memoirs of A.B. and C.D. that are cast upon the waters in the hope that readers will be found for them after many days, are floated, notwithstanding their modest disclaimers of containing nothing new, because it is taken for granted that they possess the justifying qualification of being absolutely true! Their success is due to that tendency in human nature to like to see its own consciousness reflected in that of others; if we behold our common experience mirrored in some form it conveys a sort of pleasure, like that of looking at ourselves in a glass, or even at the exaggerated distortions in a spoon; the interest is the same, though we smile at the grotesque image.

Such, however, is not the qualified praise which the story of Signor Campanella's adventurous life will receive at the hands of his English readers. “*My Life, and What I Learnt in It*,” may be trusted to win for itself a welcome; it needs no justification for having its story told.

Men who are by character and the force of circumstances brought to the front in times of intense popular excitement, when affairs of national moment are transacted every day, feel under a necessity to utter their prophecy. They have a burden to deliver, and woe to them if they do not deliver it. They have been actors in thrilling scenes, they have become practised in difficult parts, and they are justified when recalling their share in their drama in rehearsing before a sympathetic foreign audience the incidents enacted on another stage.

The experiences of an unusually varied career seem to have accumulated on Signor Campanella. We are introduced by him to a boyhood passed as a convent student, and we become acquainted with his youth wasted as a cloistered monk; we are scarcely surprised next to find him with the ripened instincts of manhood, struggling against the yoke of ecclesiastical despotism, and at last demanding for himself, and succeeding in obtaining, the less fettered position which, indeed, in his case, was comparative freedom of secularisation, a condition still of priesthood, but in a modified form, and exempt from the trammels of conventual supervision.

An interval of high honour and distinction at the Papal Court was, however, to precede the final disruption. Before the monk was able to break away from his spiritual prison and escape into a freer air, he was to enjoy the mixed benefits that attend on the temporalities of this world and the glory of the *quasi*. Being endowed by nature with a marvellous voice, Signor Campanella was appointed to the coveted position of *Cappellano Cantore Pontificio*, with sundry privileges *ad vitam*. This elevation to the foremost place in the Papal choir secured to him not only participation, of itself glorious to a musician, in the service of song within the Sistine Chapel. This we should judge sufficient to fire the breast and satisfy the desires of any musical enthusiast. We are told, however, that in a solemn Synod he was instructed that more than musical science, or the practice of musical art, was required of the new procenter. He was to consider himself henceforth as forming part of the splendour of the Vicar of Christ; he must become more and more fervent in unshaken faith towards the Supreme Pontiff; by this means ensuring to himself salvation in the future immortality of a Catholic. He must promise full faith and blind obedience to the Supreme Pontiff and all his institutions; and, by a curiously adjusted measure of reward, he was to be relieved from the obligation to eat of oils or other food that might injure his beautiful voice.

An introduction to the houses of several Liberal Romans, after his appointment fixed him in Rome, assisted Signor Campanella to develop the advanced views, the seeds of which were already implanted in him, by his rooted and life-long antipathy to the system in which he had been reared. A letter from Garibaldi at this critical juncture, warmly approving, but advisedly cautious, gave the impulse which ended by sending the *quasi* monk and consecrated singer into the thick of those political agitations which at that time roused and absorbed the youth of Italy, whence he naturally emerged as the saviour of fortune in the ranks of her liberating armies.

Lives of life so untravelled by ourselves point to a career lying outside the ordinary groove; to a space filled up with human action removed beyond the usual pale, and unconditioned by those limits which in England mark out to most of us the way we should go.

The study of life other than our own is always of exceeding interest and value; the exacter judgments we are enabled to form in estimating others being the measure of its worth to ourselves; and the instructiveness of the study is conspicuous when we are brought to confront characteristics belonging to different types of national life.

Who shall say in what the element of nationality consists; or how can we define the subtle diversities of character that mark off one race from another? What do we mean by nationality, and from what far away causes does it spring? It is the sum total of impulses from a remote past whose force and direction are unseen and incalculable. Like the shifting winds and changing currents of the physical world, which shape future continents out of shoaly seas and determine the rainfall of the present month, their influence dates back from prehistoric times. We look in vain for the beginnings of

these divergences, because their origin was with the men who made history, but did not write it.

Yet the study of causes that may have helped to build up national life is incontestably valuable, and it becomes imperative on us, if we would understand the moral changes our globe has undergone, that we should concern ourselves more than we do with watching for those slight deflections and tracing those minute deviations by which the course of a nation's progress was altered, or obstructions created, which stopped advance in any direction, and thus gave rise to diverse types of character. It is therefore manifest that Signor Campanella has much to tell that is novel to an English reader, and that it is told from an unfamiliar standpoint. His varied experiences monkish, priestly, political and military, produce a stirring narrative of action, quite out of the common path; they enable us to observe influences, and discover motives, foreign to ourselves, and to which nothing among our surroundings offers any parallel.

Life in the Cloister has a dream-like existence to most English minds; a hazy unreality over-shadows it, like the unsubstantial vision of the Delectable Mountains, or our vague imaginings of heaven. Most of us have, at some period of our lives, had dreams of rest and peace, of deliverance from pain, and immunity from care and trouble, and we have possibly identified this ideal with some peaceful ivy-covered pile, hallowed by tender thoughts of holy lives passed in its calm retreat, where the voice of prayer daily ascended to heaven, and men had time and scope for devotion and pious acts, with life spread out before them as a long preparation for the tomb.

Life in the Cloister, as interpreted to us by Signor Campanella, means young life repressed and shut up, its hopes subdued, its fears excited, its passions crushed, but not controlled, its field of experience narrowed to a point, its force and energy shrunk to the smallest manageable dimensions, its entire conscience starved into the practice of the one virtue of obedience, its ultimate aim and object, the glorification of the sacerdotal system. Some curious, though revolting, instances of the discipline enforced during the novitiate are given in the course of this portion of the narrative, of which happily the public school life of English boys can never suggest an example. Whatever mischief may be thrown off by undisciplined lads, for the first time measuring their strength, and finding their level in the little world of a big school, has no parallel in the public punishments, outraging decency and good manners, which Signor Campanella shows us to be part of the educational system practised towards him in his youth.

The rural life of Italy is very pleasantly depicted in these pages. The little sketches of happy country life among the *Contadini*, in his boyhood, are among the most interesting chapters of Signor Campanella's book. Peasant life in Italy, notwithstanding its utter poverty which entails the constant practice of a most frugal thrift and close self-denial, possibly, by virtue of these qualities, never shows the hideous squalor and outward unloveliness which attaches to destitution in England. Their kinder climate

makes life enjoyable, and at least the Italian labourer knows no pinching want, nor does he suffer from the animal depression which leads the stifled inmates of our crowded courts and back streets to forget their misery in a degrading stupefaction. There is sunshine and joyousness every day for the poorest *fagghino* who carries your bag and regales you with his conversation, and when he has parted from you with a gracious courtesy worthy of a prince, and wished you a happy night and the protection of the Holy Virgin and the Saints, in return for the soldi you have bestowed, he throws himself down under the shadow of some street shrine and takes his delightful siesta, while the soft winds play on him and the sweet scents of abundant blossoms sooth his slumbers and give him happy dreams, from which he is only disturbed by the tumult of some *festa*, or the passing by of some impressive street pageant, made musical by the solemn chaunt of white-robed priests, carrying the dead by torchlight to their graves. These things make up an enchanted life in a land where outdoor existence is in itself a sensuous delight. Nor is the busier life of the *Contadini*, who are the working bees of the community, devoid of pleasures, though of a peaceful kind. We can picture to ourselves, from Signor Campanella's descriptions, those pleasant outlying farms, with roomy homesteads, where the proprietors house as well as feed their labourers; the daily course of their peaceful lives; the cattle they watch and follow through all the long hours of a summer's day; the corn plots they cultivate with implements of the same primitive kind, perhaps, employed by their fathers in days of yore, when their Roman masters were spreading civilisation over the known world. Few meals, and those of the simplest kinds of food, satisfy these frugal people; bread, salt, and oil, with the thin wine of the country supplied by the master, with a mess of cooked vegetables, and on rare occasions a little meat and macaroni for holiday fare, this list sums up the simple provisions within reach of the Italian labourer. But upon this regimen they manage to have the lightest foot in the evening dance, and the blithest songs when dusk draws on, and all this joyousness of heart and spirit seems to be carried on and supported on wages of a hundred francs a-year; tell it not to Mr. Arch; or tell it with the reminder that nature in this favoured land makes large compensation. Light wages and lighter fare have this overwhelming advantage under an Italian sky, that their possessors can forego luxuries which are absolute necessities to our chilled and depressed populations, and that neither climate nor food ever tax the endurance or affect the digestion or daunt the spirits of the light-hearted races of Italy.

Many years of Signor Campanella's boyhood seem to have been passed entirely in the society of monks, in the convents at Matera, Altamura, and Gravina. Of this period of his life he remarks:—

With very few and rare exceptions, the scenes of infamy, turpitude, and brutal obscenity amongst these men, truly *not* holy, of which I was a witness, are such, and so many, that modesty and the fear of revolting the reader forbid my pen to describe them. As I now recall those scenes, I cannot express my indignant feelings of shame and disgust. It is a true miracle that I did not

return from those convents with a mind darkened and a heart corrupted and dead. . . . Education in a monastery is an abyss in which only by a prodigy can any avoid mental and moral suffocation.

There prevailed formerly among Italian families of respectability a strong feeling in favour of the dedication of one or more members to the altar. To be closely connected by kinship with the priesthood was to acquire a social status of marked elevation. This prejudice was not wanting in the family of young Campanella, and it seems in his case to have been accompanied by pressure from outsiders at the hands of dignitaries and monks of high standing. The new candidate for the novitiate was fortunately endowed, as we have said, with a voice of rare compass and power, which through the careful lessons of skilled instructors became modulated into an instrument of great flexibility and force; this valuable gift could not be suffered to be lost to ecclesiastical uses. Its possessor was coaxed and artfully flattered by those who had the control over his movements; now he would be sent for to sing the *tantum ergo* when the Bishop officiated, and at all times he would be enticed by opportunities to exert his wonderful voice. This treatment doubtless modified to some extent the dreariness and monotony of convent life; at last, besieged by a monk more learned than the rest, who plied him with arguments in favour of monasticism, the victory was won, and Campanella tells us how he made his novitiate.

We judge that Fra Luigi di Spinazzola, as he was called, from the place of his birth, must have been a sharp thorn in the flesh of his spiritual pastors and masters, evidently being not one of those who can suffer fools gladly; but we leave his readers to follow this curious part of his story for themselves. His comments upon the Pagan form imposed on a simple Christian rite show that his mind received no bias towards the faith of those who taught him:—

That every priest in the world can with the form of words he uses, *Hoc est corpus meum*—believing it, and in good faith giving it to be believed, —that he can, I say, change a piece of bread into the body, blood, and divinity of Christ visible on earth; and that by especial privilege on the 25th of December every priest should have so much virtue as to convert, in a few minutes, three pieces of bread into three Christs—is such an absurdity, such a heresy, such an offence to common sense, such an outrage against Deity, that only the grossest superstition could have invented it. From the touching and simple evangelical narrative of the Last Supper of Christ, to arrive at such a conclusion is something monstrous.

It must have been an effort of no slight difficulty for a mind trained in the lecture-halls of convents to assume this attitude of a critic, in the face of a practice and belief which had hitherto been surrounded with the deepest contemplative awe. Freedom in thinking is the divine right of every man, and is an appanage of the soul quite distinct from what is called free thought, although the latter is often confounded with it, and even appears as its substitute sometimes. That Signor Campanella exercised this natural right with no detriment to the religious principle is shown by the extract with which we close this notice:—

In the course of my adventurous life death has very often been near, both when I knew it, and when I knew it not, and now, in the decline of life, that I

have arrived at that period when "*agli occhi stanchi si scolora il mondo*," I stand as firmly fixed as ever in those principles of humanity and of progress which will be sacred for me, in thought and in action, to my last breath.

I have a sincere and unshaken faith that the infinite mercies of God will descend as they have hitherto never failed to descend upon me since. I say it openly—I always have believed, and I believe now in God, the beginning and end, omnipotent, eternal, infinite. In God, whom the whole order of the universe confesses, and the human conscience cannot ignore. In God, wisdom, power, love. "*Amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle*." Love which gives life to man and woman, and which propagates and maintains the human species, and every other kind of animated and living existence, from the gigantic elephant to the smallest insect, from the towering palm to the smallest blade of grass. Love so great and so intense that it does not disdain to descend even to me, although a transgressor, alas, too often, of those His divine precepts, which, even in me, as in every one, to strengthen us in the pursuit of the good and the best, have been, by his power, written in our hearts. In God is infinite, perfect, and unfailing justice, which cannot do less than punish the ill-doer and reward the good, too often inadequately recompensed in this our earthly pilgrimage, and to whom, in consequence, is given an eternal future life.

I do not believe in those systems of theology which degrade the Supreme Being, even so far as to represent Him as ferocious and inexorable. God all Love is my faith. I believe simply, fully, and in perfect trust, in *God all Love*. This is my faith. I feel Him to be perfect goodness, and proclaim the blessed truth.

We have not space to notice the chapters devoted to that period of Signor Campanella's life which was passed with the defenders of Italian Independence. The story of the rising of May, 1848, the passage of the Po, and the march on Venice, will be read with interest as a contribution to the history which is as yet unwritten of that great struggle by which the republics and kingdoms of a divided realm combined to throw off a foreign yoke, and became an united Italy.—*The Inquirer*.

"AN ITALIAN PATRIOT AND EXILE.—The history of the Italian movement of the first half of the present century has been written in many forms; but Signor Campanella, in his Autobiography, rewrites it from a new point of view. After twenty years of exile in England he reverts to the agitated period of his youth, and in telling us what 'he was as monk and priest,' and what he 'became when regenerated as man and citizen,' he gives us a picture of Italy as it was in the long struggle which ended in its regeneration. The period of Signor Campanella's youth and early manhood was the heroic age of Italian freedom. It was the time of the secret propagandism of Liberal principles; and then of their open appearance on the stage of public life. His Autobiography, as recorded in this volume, does not include any reference to his life in England, but ends where his expatriation begins. Signor Campanella was one of those defenders of Italian independence who saw the last hope of Italy die out when the first phase of the revolution ended by the capitulation and submission of Venice on the 22nd August, 1849. He had been chaplain of the regiment of Neapolitan Volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Rossari, who had fallen in the defence of the city and had died in his arms. Among the men whom that event scattered abroad, Signor Campanella was not the least esteemed. The friend of General Pepe and Manin, he went into exile with them. Twelve vessels bore away from Venice the leaders of the movement, the heroic dictator of Venice having distributed his whole fortune, such as it was, among them. Signor Campanella was one of them, and his story breaks off

leaving him on board the *Isabella* in the Adriatic, the sorrows and uncertainties of exile before him, 'while the illustrious and unhappy city, the Queen of the Adriatic, fades from my sight.'

"Signor Campanella was born at Spinazzola—once Spina-aura, golden thorn—in the province of Bari, in the hilly region of the ancient Apulia. His picture of life in his native village is like a glimpse of an older world. Time and exile have perhaps shed over it the enchantment distance lends, but there is a *sensò* of sunny fields and plenteous crops, of primitive simplicity and joyousness in the domestic life of the people, which suggests how little the inner depths of society are stirred by the chances that agitate its surface. The life of these labourers could have differed but little in the beginning of this century from what it had been at the commencement of the Christian era. They have even less communication with the outer world, for the Roman roads had fallen into decay, and the wretched Bourbons had done nothing to restore them. Signor Campanella belonged to a middle-class family. He had an uncle a monk; and in due time was himself duly designated for the ecclesiastical profession, his experiences in which constitute the second book, under the title of 'Life in a Cloister.' He soon distinguished himself by his musical capabilities, and some time after his novitiate was passed, and he had taken the irrevocable vows, he was sent for to compete for the office of primo basso at the Sistine Chapel at Rome. His removal thither opens the third book of his Autobiography, entitled 'Life at the Papal Court.' He arrived in Rome in 1813, and was speedily elected one of the Pontifical singers, which, as he was told on his installation, 'brings with it the prerogative and raises to the glory of forming part of the splendour of the Vicar of Christ.' He soon became well known in Rome; and not many weeks had passed before he became chaplain at San Michele. Here he came in contact with patients and medical men, and imbibed the Liberal principles then spreading under the shadow of the Pontifical throne. His Liberalism becoming known, he was banished from the city, and took refuge in Naples, where he lived in the seminary of Avellino as a teacher of singing. Here, too, he soon found that his Liberal opinions brought him into the churches of the Bourbon police; but the death of Gregory XVI. brought a new era, and in the first flush of popularity of the new Liberal Pope, Pio Nono, Signor Campanella returned to Rome. The fourth and last book, headed 'With the Defenders of Italian Independence,' is a history of the whole Liberal movement of the next three years, as far as the writer was himself connected with it. We need not retell the story of the premature outbreaks of the frightful reaction of that disastrous time. Signor Campanella narrates it with great vivacity and power. Him-self a Neapolitan, he had gone with the contingent which the King of Naples had sent to the war of Italian independence. He claims to have saved the life of Ferdinand II. by dissuading three citizens from an attempt, to which they had sworn themselves, to assassinate the tyrant. 'Who these were' he says 'is a secret which shall go down with me to the grave.' Then came the 15th May, 1848, 'a day which, written in the blood of its innocent and generous victims then sacrificed, will remain for ever upon the page of history to perpetuate the infamy of Ferdinand II. and his guilty accomplices.' Signor Campanella was among those who were regarded by the Monarch as 'agitators,' and marked out for slaughter. Happily he was away at Bologna with the Neapolitan Volunteers, who resolved when the treacherous order to return came, to go forward and cross the Po. The disasters which followed drove the regiment to Venice, from whence, as we have said, Signor Campanella eventually went forth into exile, when the last hope of Italian freedom and independence seemed to disappear with the fall of that city.

"The Autobiography is written in admirable English, and with much vivacity and force. The contrast of the quiet, placid, old-world life which is described in the first book with the turbulent and sorrowful scenes through which the story passes to its close have all the effect of literary art. It is no exaggeration to say that we have found the book most interesting merely as a story, apart from the new glimpses it gives behind the stirring scenes of the Italian revolution. The only defect which strikes us is that the writer does not give us dates enough, so

that one is not always certain at what part of the general Italian movement some of the events which he describes took place. The book is admirably printed, forming one handsome octavo volume, and is illustrated by an excellent photographic likeness of the author, who during his long residence in England has become well known to large sections of the public."—*Daily News*, July 8, 1874.

"*My Life, and What I Learnt in It*' (R. Bentley and Son) an autobiography by Giuseppe Maria Campanella, is a tale of revolutionary Italy some thirty years ago. Not less contrasted than picturesque are the scenes to which its reader is introduced—peasant life in remote provinces on the Adriatic, a priestly career in Rome in the last days of Gregory XVI., the outburst of '48, and the defence of Venice under Daniel Manin. Born at Spinazzola, in the hilly district of Bari, of a family collaterally descended from a philosophic reformer of the sixteenth century, Fra Tommasso, the ambition of his parents, common to most Italian *contadini*, to train one or more children for the priesthood, sent the young Campanella from the Theocritean scenes which he describes so lovingly to the hateful discipline of the convent school. On him, as on many more, early insight into the life of the cloisters seemed to have worked invincible repugnance. Persuaded, however, to take the vows, and soon after, thanks to his magnificent *basso profondo* voice, appointed to the most important post of priest-singer in the Sistine Chapel, he had now to learn all the plots and snares which at that time were laid for every one suspected of the crime of Liberalism. Beaten at last, and sent back in disgrace, for all he could do, to the diocese of Naples, we follow him next into the movement of '48, and the advance of the Neapolitan volunteers, with Campanella as their chaplain, to aid their brethren in the North. How Ferdinand and Pio Nono proved false from the first, and brave old Pepe struggled on with a few hundred lads to join Manin at Venice, and how Neapolitan and Lombard volunteers shared equally in the honours of the siege, is told by Signor Campanella with a naive simplicity which, if it sometimes raises a smile—as when the brave chaplain utilises his strong bass voice to lecture Radetsky across the canals on Liberty and Fraternity—in no instance justifies a sneer, and without pretence to a detailed history of those gloomy months of 1849 leaves to the reader a vivid picture of the beleaguered city and its heroic chief. As a characteristic portrait by his own hand of one of the enthusiasts of the revolution the autobiography is extremely instructive, and, though naturally somewhat fierce in its treatment of the Neri, commendably free from excessive personal bitterness or intentional exaggeration."—*The Graphic*, July 18, 1874.

"*My Life and What I Learnt in It*." By Giuseppe Campanella. (Bentley and Son). The twenty-two years' struggle which ended with the entry of the Italian army into Rome, while the French defenders of the Temporal Power were otherwise occupied, still awaits its historian, though, judging by the rapidity with which the events of the present century become historical, we should think it cannot have much longer to wait. In the meantime, *Mémoires pour servir*, of various degrees of merit, continue to appear; and among these Signor Campanella's autobiography will no doubt take its place."—*The Athenæum*, August 22, 1874.

"*My Life and What I Learnt in It*. An Autobiography by Giuseppe Maria Campanella. London: Richard Bentley and Son. We have in this very interesting volume a recital of the eventful life of a genuine and earnest man; written for a benevolent and holy purpose, its wide circulation will be fraught

with lasting good. Part I. contains a sketch of Spinazzola, his birth-place, traces his early education and the surrounding influences of his boyhood. Part II. unfolds his life in a cloister, choice of his profession, his novitiate, and his summons to Rome. In Part III. we have his life at the Papal Court, the growth of Liberalism and the repressions of the Government, his departure from the city and entrance upon the life of an exile. Part IV. gives us his thrilling experiences and noble bearing with the defenders of Italian Independence as chaplain to the regiment of Neapolitan Volunteers. In the appendix is given a short notice of the great reformer, Tommaso Campanella, in which we gain sufficient insight into his noble character to desire to know much more. To those persons bent on Ritualism, or any unmanly deference to authority in matters of religion, we commend the earnest perusal of these pages. Signor Campanella gives a vivid sketch of the oppressions, cruelties, and wrongs inflicted by the Roman Catholic system, and we can only hope it will be read with candour, as it must be with lively interest, by a large body of readers. Mr. Bentley has sent it out in a most inviting dress, both in binding and typography."—*Dorset Express*, September 18, 1874.

"Among the not too numerous interesting works published lately is G. Campanella's *My Life, and What I Learnt in It*. The author was formerly a monk at Rome, and took part in the attempt to liberate Italy twenty-six years ago. He has long since thrown off his cowl, and is now a married man well advanced in years. The book is a very instructive one."—*Public Opinion*, August 1, 1874.

"*My Life, and What I Learnt in It*. An Autobiography, by Giuseppe Maria Campanella. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—This is a most remarkable volume, and will undoubtedly receive the attention of many of our readers. The author was trained as a singing monk, and in the course of his official and other duties acquired a more than usually varied experience of men and things in the Roman Catholic Church. An exile from home in consequence of his love of liberty, he has occupied his leisure in this country by recording some of the scenes and incidents with which he has been associated, and in this way he has furnished a very interesting work, which we heartily commend as well worthy of perusal." *The Rock*, June 24, 1874.

"*My Life, and What I Learnt in It* (Bentley and Son) is the title of a curious autobiography. "Giuseppe Maria Campanella was a leader in the early struggles of Italian independence in 1818 and the ensuing years. He shared in the heroic defence of Venice by Daniel Manin, and on the surrender of the city fled to England, where he has since lived peacefully for twenty years. It is therefore of a bygone period that he speaks, but he gives an interesting account of the general ferment which preceded and accompanied the uprisings of those days. His own career was singular. Born of a noble family in Apulia—a rude district, whose rural life he lingers over with a poet's fondness—he was early destined, much against his will, for the priesthood. Ultimately he became not only a priest, but a monk—as far as we can make out a Jesuit—and, through the possession of a grand bass voice, became enlisted as a Pontifical singer in the Sistine Chapel under Gregory XVI. This gave him many opportunities of society, and he became deeply mixed up in all the Liberal plots of the day; and when the accession of Pius IX. gave sudden liberty and the wildest hopes to all, he went out as chaplain with a regiment of Neapolitan Volunteers to fight Radetzky."—*The Guardian*, April 14, 1875.

We have already said that our author entered a monastery as a pupil at the age of fifteen. The incidents of his life therein differ little from those of any other man in the same situation, with this exception, that his admirable voice rendered his position one of greater pleasure and ease. "I must say" (he says, p. 68), "the monotony of my life in this convent [at Venosa] was a little relieved. For, in fact, whenever the Bishop was sent for, either to officiate himself, or to assist in any sacred ceremony, he always invited me to go with him, and sing litanie, tantum ergo, or other ecclesiastical hymns, which served to break the monotony of the cloister, and to give me a pleasant recreation." Here it was that he was persuaded to take up the profession of a monk, and enter a royal abbey. In convents, as elsewhere, it need hardly be said that youthful pranks crop up. The life of Campanella in the monastery scarcely showed the promise which his later days fulfilled. But the punishment of these frolics is what is most remarkable. The Guardian left for a four days' absence, and the key of the dispensary or larder was confided to one of Campanella's companions. Ten rolls of macaroni were quickly carried into the convent, but the difficulty suddenly arose how it was to be cooked. This is what thereupon happened. "The sacred vase [containing holy water] was converted into a saucepan, the macaroni was placed in it and put on the fire; the grated cheese had been prepared the day before; the two lay novices assistants to the cook had procured some gravy, so that the macaroni was excellent, and in less time than I can tell was devoured by the formidable appetites of nine robust youths." But the vessel was irredeemably blackened, and the culprits discovered. We should have said that at this time the church had been lately full of disinterred bodies, in consequence of the emptying of some of the sepulchres, as was the custom in Southern Italy. The horribleness of the punishment can therefore be appreciated. "Impertinent rascal!" exclaimed the master, "before you are expelled you shall undergo a severe penance; bread-and-water until your expulsion, and besides, this evening you shall lick the pavement of the church from the door up to the high altar."

In the Third Part, however, the interest of the book really commences. In this, we have a curious account of the examination which was passed by candidates for the Choir of the Sistine Chapel. Our author was successful, and accordingly, we next read an account of the life of a Cappellano Cantore Pontificio. To obtain this post four examinations or trials were necessary, and as they were partly private and partly public, there could be little trouble in admitting a favourite or dismissing an obnoxious applicant. But accustomed as we strangers are to regard the Sistine Chapel, with its ceiling adorned with the "Last Judgment," as something almost apart from common buildings and ordinary life, it is both curious and interesting to know something about the internal management of the affairs of the gorgeous spectacles, which on high-days and holydays are to be seen there. The strange mixture, too, of practical tests with solemn blessings, when the aspirant was successful, altogether make this portion of the book very readable. At a later period we find the Pontifical singer imbued with Liberal opinions, and compelled to fly to Naples, when Ferdinand II. was still King. From the time of his arrival here till the end of his Italian life, Campanella was engaged in striving for national liberty. We have spoken of the moderation of Campanella and his compatriots; it is in that feature that they most differ from their French neighbours. It would be possible to give many instances of this, but one must now suffice. In the midst of the disturbances at Naples, the Convent of the Jesuits was surrounded:—"Then in an impatient attitude we encircled the Convent of the Jesuits. Then, with the strongest and most sincere conviction, and with an impulse that came from my heart, I broke out into the cry, 'Away with the Jesuits!'" Such a cry was in a moment responded to by that of 'Death to the Jesuits!' But to this I immediately replied, 'No! not death. We will not wish death to any one. Away, away! and no more. Let them go to their own countries and their own homes. Every one to his own fireside.' The crowd restrained itself as to any personal injury, but, increasing in numbers and force, entered the convent like a high tide. It was a moment of extreme danger, and most important that such

men (some marauders) should not be allowed to compromise the honour of the Liberal cause, disgracing the patriotic demonstration by guilty and disorderly conduct. Parisi and I strove together to our utmost to prevent things going too far, and our efforts to this end were successful. He took care of order in the interior of the convent, while I remained firm at the door. Our strong and fervid exhortations had the desired effect. The people proved themselves to be sincere Liberals, and therefore honest citizens, worthy of the name of Italians." Then moving on with the order of events, we find our author Chaplain to the Battalion of Neapolitan Volunteers to aid in the expulsion of the Austrians from Venice. Feathers show the direction of the wind, and the following little sentence seems to prove that Campanella was practical in his views, and not devoured by motives of theoretical equality and fraternity. It will recommend him much to Englishmen:—"Besides moral education," he says, "I was obliged to occupy myself in forming habits of cleanliness; washing them first myself and thoroughly well." We are inclined to laugh at this, coming, as it does, in the middle of patriotic narrations and denunciations of regal tyranny, but it shows a thorough knowledge of the actual necessities which are required to obtain liberty. For in Southern camps dirt means disease, and disease too often means more certain defeat than can be inflicted by the musketry of an enemy. With the recall of the Neapolitan Army and the struggle of the battalions under General Pepe, we reach almost the close of Campanella's career. This career was ended by the siege of Venice, which is narrated with spirit and pathos. But it would take too much space to enter more particularly into this event. The book ends with a noble trait in the character of Daniele Manin, one of the writer's compatriots. Embarked on board a vessel bound for Greece, Campanella and his companions were stopped near the Gulf of Corfu by a small boat. Each man on board was given a sum of between twelve and twenty scudi. Manin had desired that nearly all his property should be divided among the émigrés on board the twelve vessels. He himself went abroad also, and lived and died poor. We do not know how this narrative of a patriotic life and patriotic deeds could be better ended than by telling of this act of generosity to the exiles who had just left their country, and from whose sight had lately faded the pinnacles of the Queen of the Adriatic.—*The Spectator*, August 29th, 1874.

THE STORY OF CAMPANELLA.

The title of this work is misleading. One would expect from it that the volume to which it is prefixed would give the summing up of a thoughtful man's conclusions after his review of an eventful life, and that what those events had taught him would be clearly and somewhat didactically stated. Instead of this, we find a description of Spinazzola—the author's birthplace—an interesting summary of his boyhood and training for the priesthood, with a severe scalping of the Jesuits, an unsparing exposure of the dark sides of the Roman Catholic system as seen in Italy, and finally, a spirited account of the first struggles of Venice for freedom soon after the accession of Pio Nono to the Pontifical chair. The autobiography ends with an event that occurred twenty-five years ago, and though the author is still living, and of the ripe age of 60 years, we have no further account of him or of the lessons which he may be supposed to have learnt during the last quarter of a century, and which it is the professed object of his book to teach.

What is told is sufficiently attractive to make us wish for more, which Signor Campanella might easily have supplied. Indeed, it is due to the interest awakened by the title that he should supply it. Great allowances must be made for an English work written by a foreigner, who brings to his task a cast of mind with which we in England are not familiar, who breaks out into pathetic interjections which our less demonstrative temperament

scarcely appreciates, and abounds in a sentimentality unusual among writers in colder and more northern climes. A power of condensation is wanting in our author. He gives us much about what we do not care—such as his detailed account of the manners and customs of the Spinazzolese—and very little about matters for which we care very much—such as the political lines of action which led up to the first blow struck for Italian unity, and the first clear enunciation of the formula, "Italy for the Italians." Our author's style is of the gushing character, made expressive by a copious use of superlatives. Whatever he thinks is good is described as perfect, whatever is bad is execrable. Nevertheless, the volume is easy to read, and the interest of the narrative grows as it proceeds.

Turning from style to subject matter, we have first a description of Spinazzola, its people and its customs, as they were some 40 years ago, and probably much as they are now. According to our author the place is lovely, the people virtuous and happy. Yet it must be the happiness of brute ignorance in many instances. Certainly the condition described would not yield happiness to the lowest of the English people. Spinazzola is described as a rich and fertile country with beautiful farm-houses and rich agriculturists; but the picture of the peasantry is the reverse of cheering. We constantly hear complaints, and very just ones too, of the manner in which the English labourer is housed; let us see how the same class are sheltered in Italy.

"There are also sleeping places for those labourers who on account of distance from their farms only return to the village on a Saturday. These sleep in their clothes upon a sack filled with straw, or even in the manger. They rise with the dawn, attend to the animals, and then go out to labour. About eight o'clock they make a breakfast, which consists of a little bread and wine. At twelve, bread alone, or accompanied with a little cheese or some vegetable. About two they have some wine, and any pieces of bread they may have left in the morning."

And now comes the supper. Hear it, Oh ye locked-out stalwart Englishmen of the Eastern Counties.

"His bill of fare consists of a certain dish called *acqua sala*, which is composed of long slices of bread, prepared with salt and oil, and, if it may be had, an onion is added, and the scanty food is washed down with two or three gulps of wine and water. This is sufficient to render the industrious peasant of Spinazzola happy."

So there are men worse off than the English labourer, and yet happy, guiltless of strikes and unions, although their wages are only about 100fr. a year, the proprietor supplying oil and salt, and sometimes a small piece of land for corn or vegetables. Here is another point in the picture—the labourer's Sunday dinner. Read it, Joseph Arch, and tell it at your next meeting, as an illustration of the happiness of farm labourers everywhere but in England.

"Now comes the family dinner-hour, and all the children press round the fire close together on account of the narrow space. Upon a chair (!) in the midst of them stands a large deep round dish, called *spase*; the father, or in his absence the eldest son, cuts the bread into slices and places it in the dish. Upon this bread the mother empties a saucepan full of cooked vegetables. All take their share from this heaped-up dish, so that in less time than I can tell it is quite empty, so great is the avidity with which they enjoy this simple food, the young ones in particular, who for one or two weeks have scarcely eaten anything but simple bread. At the side of the father is a wooden flask full of wine. The contentment of the parents thus seeing themselves surrounded by their children arrives at its height. Oh, what peace and harmony are often seen in the family of the labourer! The Contadini have no vain ambition to corrupt them; their wish, their only anxiety, is to see their children employed. After the day's work their nights are happy, and their sleep is not disturbed by sad thoughts or vain desires. Their physical and moral strength are due to labour and to family affection."

This is a glowing picture, but there is another side to it which is only briefly and insufficiently stated by our author when he says that "these peasants cannot become complete men, because they are without book education, and their mental faculties are undeveloped. But," he adds, "they are not to blame for this. It is rather a consequence of the double yoke of the past despotic Government and of the Papacy, which for so long has oppressed them."

In these few words we have the key to the whole book, and, starting with that, the remainder of the volume is occupied with the narrative of Signor Campanella's exertions, perils, and sacrifices in the cause of Italian independence. Early designated to the priesthood he was placed in the monastery of Matera, which he afterwards exchanged for that of Altamura, and afterwards for another at Venosa, where he passed his novitiate. Very painful is his account of his preparation for the most responsible of human functions. Everything that can narrow the mind and crush out the personality of the individual man is resorted to; and "the entire being is immolated to that passive obedience which dares not, and never ought to ask why. The novice during his year of probation must entirely abandon all his studies; must not even see any book excepting that of the rules of the novitiate and the Breviary." Signor Campanella passed through this terrible time, not wholly without detriment, but with less than could have been expected. The interior of monastic life which Signor Campanella ruthlessly lays bare is very disgusting. It may possibly be overdrawn, it may belong to 40 years ago, and not be true to existing facts, but if only half of it be true the marvel is that any man can be an Italian monk, and yet maintain his manliness. Our author, however, succeeded in doing so, and after first becoming a secular priest, he at length threw off the priesthood altogether, and devoted himself to the rescue of Italy from the power of her then oppressors; Nature had blessed him with a splendid voice, which procured him the appointment of primo basso at the Sistine Chapel, in the latter years of Gregory XVI. During his residence in Rome he made the acquaintance of the leaders of the Liberal party, and being disgusted with the intrigue, the trickery, the morals, and servility of the staff about the Papal Court, he became a warm patriot, and eagerly joined the movement which it was thought Pio Nono would cheerfully have recognised and approved. He joined the Neapolitan volunteers, who were resolved to overthrow Ferdinand II., and ultimately joined the expedition to the relief of Venice, under General Pepe. The history of that movement to its close, occupying about 200 pages, is by far the most interesting portion of the book, and is full of life and sparkle. This narrative ends with the capitulation of Venice to Radetsky. It would have been more interesting if it had touched upon the siege of Rome, upon the Franco-Italian war 10 years later, and finally the taking of Rome by Victor Emmanuel. As it is, we are let down in the middle of a story and when we look at the title it is impossible not to ask, "What is it that, after all, our good author has learnt in the life which he thus insufficiently relates?" We gather from his own account that he is now a Liberal in politics, and a Protestant in religion; but his Liberalism is decidedly Radical, and his Protestantism is of the unbelieving and humanitarian school, all which is doubtless the reactionary result of the impression made upon him by his own observation of the social and religious working of the Papal system in its relation not only to the Church, but to Governments, to armies, to learning, to literature, to liberty, to all that makes man free and great. Society, as it is found on the Italian soil, has been leavened everywhere by corrupt theology and crushing despotism. For years Italy has groaned beneath these, and it is not even yet entirely free; but with the next avoidance of the Papal chair will come changes, which will perhaps settle the future of that fair land for many generations. —*Morning Post*, August 28th, 1871.

"From the spirit-stirring life of a famous Emperor to the autobiography of an impetuous Italian, who flung off the monk's hood and the priest's vestments to become a political worker for the freedom of Italy, may seem a descent from the great to the common-place. Giuseppe Campanella was, however, no common-place man; and we are not in the least surprised that the opinions and habits of the monks, or the rather torpid life of a Roman Catholic priest, should produce in him an intense feeling of opposition to the whole Papal system and to the Jesuits in particular. He dedicates the work to 'The English People;' and we earnestly hope that the said people will duly appreciate the honour thus conferred upon them by the enthusiastic Italian. The object of the book is to make known 'what I was as monk and priest, and then what I became when regenerated as man and citizen.' Those who wish to see a little into the inner life of the Italian people, whether peasants or townsmen, will not regret reading the book. The free and easy religious habits of the masses, the strange approach to profanity in some of the church festivals, and the hatred shown by the Jesuits towards all who dare to think, are described with all plainness of speech. The great skill of Campanella as a singer introduced him to the Sistine Chapel and to the notice of the present Pope. But as the singer would not only think but speak his thoughts, a warning was given that so free-spoken a gentleman had better leave Rome to escape unpleasant consequences. He then joined the Italian Volunteers in 1819, and was in Venice during the siege of that city by the Austrians, to whom at last 'the Queen of the Adriatic was forced to surrender.' The Italian officer who *viséé* Campanella's passport dismissed him with the courteous words, 'Go: cursed by God.'"—*The Windsor Gazette and Eton College Journal*, July 11, 1874.

"*My Life and What I Learnt in It.*" By G. M. CAMPANELLA.—Revelations of an Italian priest—specially recommended to those on the brink of changing their form of religious belief."—*Vanity Fair*, Nov. 7, 1874.

"*My Life and What I Learnt in It.*" By GIUSEPPE M. CAMPANELLA. Bentley. The life of a Neapolitan monk who has shaken off the cowl must always attract the attention of a certain class of readers. It promises to be full of revelations, of mysteries unravelled, and secret doings brought to light. There is nothing of all this—at least in any exaggerated sense—in the present volume, and the author's reminiscences of the cloister lose nothing by being given with moderation. A good case is only weakened by extravagant statement. Signor Campanella was in many respects hardly used. Having been made a monk in the first instance against his will; later, when in a good position as chief bass singer in the Pope's private chapel, he was sacrificed to priestly intrigue. It is to his credit that with so much just cause for complaint he can write, notwithstanding, in a temperate tone. But it is pretty evident from these pages that the condition of the Papal priesthood is capable of improvement, and people who are at this moment more than usually exercised at the insidious progress of the Ultramontane belief will be but little consoled by this picture of its inner life, painted by one who was himself behind the scenes. But the iron discipline enforced goes far to explain the success of the Romish Church. In this respect our own dignitaries might take a lesson for the correction of its restive Ritualistic rectors and M.B. curates. A great part of this book is filled with personal adventures with the defenders of Italian independence in 1848."—*Vanity Fair*, Sept. 12, 1874.

"Chi non ricorda i *Misteri del chiostro napolitano* di Enrichetta Caracciolo?

"Ebbene questo libro ha avuto un compagno a Londra sotto il nome *My Life and What I Learnt in It. An Autobiography*, ossia la mia vita e ciò che imparai in essa—autobiografia di Giuseppe Campanella, ex-frate.

L' autore ci mostra ciò che era e come divenne libero cittadino. Dopo i lieti tempi dell' infanzia passati in una ridente città alle falde dell' Appennino pugliese, il Campanella ci fa assistere alla trista vita del chiostro che fu per lui una lunga tortura morale. Egli si abbrutisce sotto l' ipocrisia e i vizii che ci richiamano alla memoria le monache di S. Arcangelo a Bajano. La sua rigenerazione comincia colla musica, poichè essendo dotato d' una magnifica voce venne chiamato alla Cappella Sistina. L' orizzonte si allarga, ed egli sente la voce de' Camilli e de' Bruti e corre nelle file di Garibaldi quale cappellano nel 1848. Poi prende parte alla difesa di Venezia, e quando ha perduto l' ultima speranza di conciliare la religione colla libertà, depono l' abito e si stabilisce in Inghilterra, ove non gli mancò un angelo consolatore come lo aveva trovato l' Enrichetta.

"La sua politica umanitaria e' espressa in un altro libro stampato l' anno scorso a Lugano sotto il titolo: *Impressioni del mio ultimo viaggio in Italia*."—*Roma, Giornale Del Mattino*, 15 Luglio, 1874.

"*My Life and What I Learnt in It. An Autobiography*. By GIUSEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA. Bentley and Sons.—The key-note of this volume is struck when its author says that he determined to make known what he was 'as monk and priest,' and what he became 'when regenerated as man and citizen.' After this, we are not unprepared for echoes from Father Gavazzi and General Garibaldi. But there is, notwithstanding all the rancour of a renegade, a tone of truth in the narrative, which lends to it a kind of personal and, at the same time, a general interest. Campanella was born at Spinazzola, a town of the ancient Apulia, and his description of life and manners in that country is vivid and picturesque as the best of Dutch pictures. There is no possibility of doubting that he copies from the life. We might linger long among these social etchings, for they are alive and aglow with national characteristics. Indeed, all through, the autobiographer is far less egotistical than any autobiographer may be pardoned for being, and he never misses the chance of opening a portfolio of happy sketches—of the local vintage and wine-pressing especially, when, without any Lars Porsena or House of Tarquin to consult, the Tuscan fruit is really pressed by Lord Macaulay's 'white feet of laughing girls.' It is with regret we quit, with brother Campanella, these pastoral pictures, to hear his dreary recital of experiences in the cloister. The brethren punished him for every venial fault; he grew sick of their 'brutal, ugly faces,' his novitiate in a Royal convent was a long torture. One characteristic of the narrative deserves particular notice. It is the author's ungrudging and generous treatment of his companions in disaster. Thus he writes:—'Munin died poor but calm, and true as he had lived, consoled by an unshaken faith in the approaching redemption of Italy. If it should be given me to see Venice again, and, under the dome of San Marco, to find the ashes of her martyr, how great the solace would be to kiss and weep over the marble enclosing them! Oh Venice! guard that monument with love and pride as one of thy best treasures, ever inspiring deeds of strength!' The author forgets to mention that Daniel Munin died in 1857 in Paris, where his tomb was once made the centre of a great political and 'publican demonstration, and that his remains were conveyed to Venice, where they now lie 'under the Dome of San Marco.'—*Standard* for June 22, 1874.

"This volume contains an account of the early youth of Signor Campanella. It was passed in the southern States of Italy up to the period when, for political reasons, he found it expedient to come to England, where he has

resided for the last twenty years. It is written with spirit and simplicity, and in excellent English. Nevertheless, we often detect in it a combination of naïveté and subtlety thoroughly Italian. The period over which the history extends includes much that is stirring in incident. The first Austro-Italian war, so unfortunate in its issue, is described with vigour, while in happy contrast is set forth the peasant life of Southern Italy. The innocent pleasures of these poor people, their intense ignorance and superstition, their habitual indolence and spasmodic industry, their hot, vindictive temper, their childish gaiety, their abstemiousness as to wine and food, are all described, and well described. The outline of his story is as follows:—He was one of eight children, of whom six were boys, and it was decided in family council to be a necessity that at least three of the latter should become ecclesiastics. On his mother's side Signor Campanella seems to have been related to men nominally ecclesiastics, liberal, learned, and patriotic. One of these was his uncle Luigi Clinco, a man who, though he had attained distinction as a student of the natural and exact sciences, had nevertheless become a monk in the Riformati—as it was afterwards ascertained—in order to find in the cloister a refuge from the secret police of Cardinal Ruffo. Under his uncle, of whose character he always speaks in the highest terms and with the greatest affection, Campanella was accordingly placed in a monastery at Matera, being afterwards transferred at different times to others at Altamura and Gravina; and his introduction behind the scenes did not exalt his opinions of the actors on the stage. Afterwards he was with the Capuchin monks in Spinazzola, his native place. This is an order of a very severe kind; and Campanella, who was already, he tells us, "stout, thoughtful, and taciturn," found the perpetual mortifications, penances, and punishments so grievous to endure that 'many a time he wept with his mother and implored her to take him from those ugly, brutal faces.' However wishful the poor mother might have been, she was, as may be supposed, powerless in a matter of this kind, and in the end her son was by weight of moral pressure induced to take the vows—sorely against his inclination, for he had already become attached to a young Italian girl. A fine bass voice made him a desirable assistant in the offices of the Church, and with this view he was specially instructed. At Grassano he celebrated his first mass, assisted by his brother Felicetto, then also preparing for the priesthood. He soon afterwards resisted a proposal, accompanied by munificent promises of pecuniary gain, that he should leave Italy in order to sing at the theatres and operas of the United States. To do this it would have been necessary to bribe certain officials and procure forged passports. The professor under whom he studied music, whom he terms, 'Francesco Stabile, my beloved master,' dissuaded him from this project, exhorting him to wait till a better opportunity for freedom and a career should offer—one for which false documents were not necessary. Campanella was convinced by this reasoning. Ultimately he was promoted to the Sistine Chapel as "Cappellano Cantore Pontificio Prelato di Mantelletta ad vitam" under Gregory XVI. He received at this time a monthly stipend from the Pontifical treasury, and was allowed to supplement it by taking engagements at other churches, for which he was handsomely paid; so that it does not appear that the vows of poverty were very strictly kept. He remained long enough to see the death of Gregory XVI. and to witness the accession of Pius IX. He had thus the advantage of intercourse with two Popes; and we may note that he accuses the latter of having "a pharisaical smile." Long before the death of Gregory, however, Campanella had secretly joined the Italian patriots, was in correspondence with Garibaldi, and was soon hopelessly compromised. With his ardent admiration for "that true apostle of liberty, Gavazzi," we have small sympathy and the issue of events has demonstrated that if Garibaldi is sincere, brave, and patriotic, he is yet something less than wise. When the death of Gregory XVI. occurred, and the struggle with Austria commenced, Campanella at once threw himself eagerly into the cause. He accompanied the Italian patriots throughout that war as chaplain, and the exciting scenes he witnessed are well described; the supreme effort made by Daniel Manin in 1849 to save his

countrymen is especially well told. The book is throughout tinctured with a spirit strongly antagonistic to the *parti prêtre*—as might have been expected from its author's history; but, some obvious considerations apart, we are little disposed to quarrel with him on that account.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 10, 1874.

* * * * "This book begins with a description of the Arcadian scenes in Southern Italy, where the author passed his youth, where life is still simple and beautiful, and the one black shadow is, or was, cast by the presence of a lazy and corrupt priesthood. The people would be everything that a poet's fancy could demand were it not that religion with them has become a degrading superstition. It is to be hoped that when the superstition is gone some purer faith may take its place."—*Saturday Review*, July 4, 1874.

"*My Life, and what I Learnt in It.*" (By Giuseppe Maria Campanella. R. Bentley and Sons).

We can cordially recommend this book. It bears an impress of truth and reality that carries the reader with it, undoubtingly, through the remarkable scenes it depicts from the first page to the last. While the clear insight it affords into the state of Italy at the time of which it treats, and the warm-hearted and appreciative notices it gives of the author's coadjutors in the cause of freedom, invite the attention of the more mature, the stirring incidents with which it abounds will make it equally attractive to the young. Nor is there a single page that the most scrupulous need fear to place in the hands of their daughters. The volume opens with an idyllic picture of rural life at Spinazzola, the author's birthplace. Darker scenes then follow, and our hearts bleed for the unhappy youth forced into the uncongenial society of monks, many of whom were brutalised by ignorance and superstition, and others depraved by hypocrisy and the worst vices. The wonder grows upon us how the fine instincts of man's better nature could have escaped being thwarted and stifled in such a hot-bed of corruption. Fortunately for our author he was possessed of an exceptional voice, and the fame of his musical powers soon spread beyond the convent walls. He became a successful candidate for the office of Cappellano Cantore Pontificio, but in Rome new trials awaited him. His ardent desire for the liberation of his country was only strengthened by his experience of life at the Papal Court. Here also he became acquainted with other patriots, burning, like himself, with ardour for freedom. It was not to be supposed that sentiments so opposed to the teachings of the Roman hierarchy could long remain unsuspected, and suspicion in such a case was enough. "*Ex informata conscientia*" was the only plea vouchsafed. Banishment from Rome, and the loss of position and emoluments the punishment inflicted. But not long was Signor Campanella destined to inaction. The vivifying breath of liberty began to cause the Italian heart to pulsate in unison from

north to south. As chaplain to the brave band of Neapolitan Volunteers, chiefly organised and disciplined by himself, our author found himself called to upper Italy, where he took a prominent part in the memorable siege of Venice, together with General Pepe, Daniell Manin, and others, whose names will be held in veneration as long as despotism is hated and freedom held dear. We look for another volume to tell us the story of a long exile, which we doubt not will prove equally interesting with the one before us. The book is written in correct and vigorous English, and is placed before the public in a handsome form. It is in every way fitted either for the drawing room table or for the shelves of a gentleman's library. We congratulate the author upon a success he so well deserves.

M. L.

16th July, 1874.

"73, HARLEY STREET, W., *March 26th, 1877.*

"Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your kind note and for the interesting volume which accompanied it. Though very much occupied I have found or made time to read the greater part of that volume, and have felt the greatest interest in your accounts both of the village life of Southern Italy, and of what may be called the interior of clerical and monastic circles. I have always hoped, and even still hope, that from out of the bosom of the Italian people and priesthood much good for religion might develop itself.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

(Signed)

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Rev. G. Campanella."

"CAPRERA, *June 10th, 1874.*

"My dear Campanella,—Little appetite as usual, but on the whole I live on. Only in mind and heart I am the same. Oh, if all could read your Autobiography, it is certain that the majority of humanity would become conscious of its true dignity.

"As always, saluting you, your wife, and your niece.

"Yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

"LONDON, *July 1st, 1874.*

"Campanellone mio,—Your Autobiography is grand because it is true. Who will read it? I hope that, as I am, you with your wife and Rosinella are well.

"Yours,

"ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI."

"BERLIN, *August 25th, 1874.*

"Sir,—I thank you for your sincere sympathy for me when the ferocity of superstition again failed in its object, from which God mercifully preserved me.

"I have received your Autobiography, and from the little I have read it seems to me worthy of general perusal. ,

(Signed)

"BISMARCK."

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